Mar. 24, 1973

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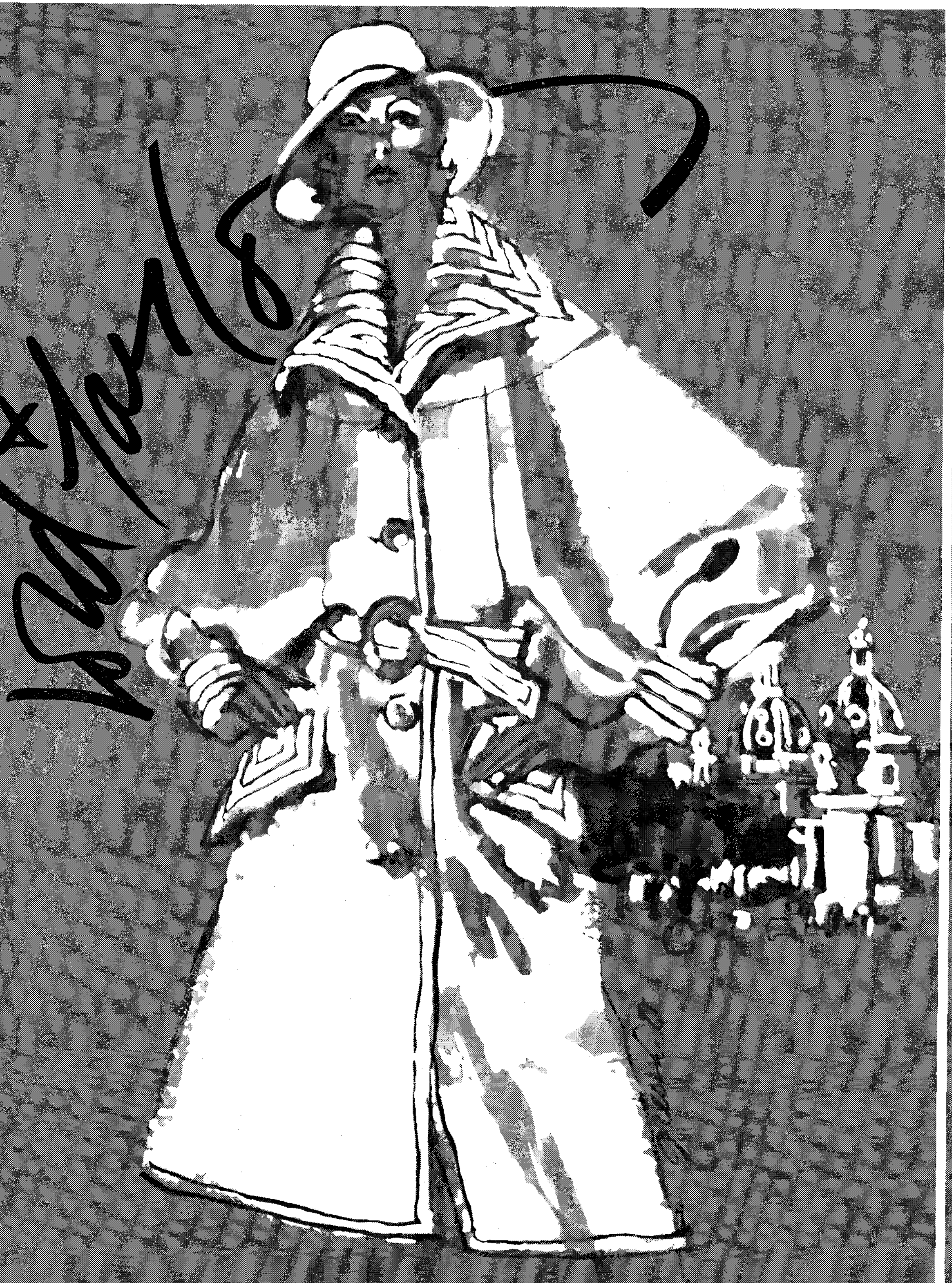

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—Semi-pro Rugby in the North of England is plainly a tough game. David Storey tells us what the players say before, during, and after the game, as they horse around in their chilly locker room, but we never get to know them. Admirably acted by a large cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Detective Story—A five-week engagement of a revival of Sidney Kingsley's 1949 play, with a cast that includes Marty Brill, Nancy Dussault, Rita Gam, Paul Lipson, Rita Moreno, Barry Nelson, Robert Strauss, and Charles White. Harold J. Kennedy directed. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

Emperor Henry IV—Rex Harrison, Eileen Herlie, and Paul Hecht in a five-week engagement of the Pirandello play. Directed by Clifford Williams. Previews Monday and Tuesday, March 26-27. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical **out of this world** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening with the Poet-Senator—A play by Leslie Weiner, with Peter Brandon, Tandy Cronyn, Henderson Forsythe, Margaret Linn, David Margulies, Thomas A. Stewart, and Donald Symington. Opens Wednesday, March 21. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Sin—A play by the Israeli playwright Aharon Megged, translated into English. A production of the Jewish Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, at 7:30, and final performances Sunday, March 25, at 7 and 10. Free.)

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Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—A series of four shows, the first one called "From Palo Alto to Brooklyn." The performers are Paul E. Richards and Gerald Hiken, of the New Theatre, in Palo Alto, California. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Green Julia—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Previews through Sunday, March 25. Opens officially on Monday, March 26. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, March 24, at 2.)

The Hot l Baltimore—A play by Lanford Wilson. Preview Wednesday, March 21. Opens officially on Thursday, March 22, at 6:30. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Herbert Goldberg, Edward Koren, Alan Dunn, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Al Ross, Stan Hunt, Joseph Mirachi, Charles E. Martin, Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Charles Saxon, Dana Fradon, Frank Modell, William Steig*

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Spring

Banks of brilliant flowers transform part of our First Floor into a beguiling Old World Flower Market. Take home a handful of fresh daisies from the stall, an old-fashioned nosegay from the irresistible cart, or your own intriguing miniature jungle in a terrarium. It's a year-round breath of spring to welcome you to our State and Washington entrances.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—A fine, old-fashioned English comedy about a lot of ruddy rascals, some on the Tory side, some on the other. Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner are the three irresistible stars. The author is William Douglas Home, pronounced Hume, and why not? (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 24.)

A Little Night Music—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Karl Marx Play—A play by Rochelle Owens, with music by Galt MacDermot. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30; Thursdays at 6:15; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon.* John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

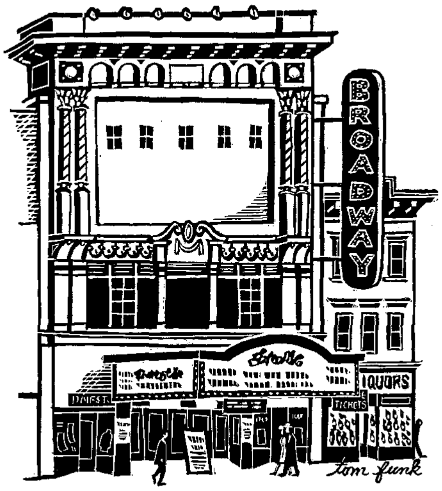
Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Moves uptown to the Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W., 245-3430, for a Broadway opening on Tuesday, March 27; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Previews Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25. Schedule of performances: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and Ken Howard, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Step Lively, Boy and **Croesus and the Witch**—Two musicals by Micki Grant, directed by Vinnette Carroll. Miss Carroll adapted the first from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead." "Croesus" is the curtain-raiser. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Sunshine Boys—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thoughts—A musical by Lamar Alford. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

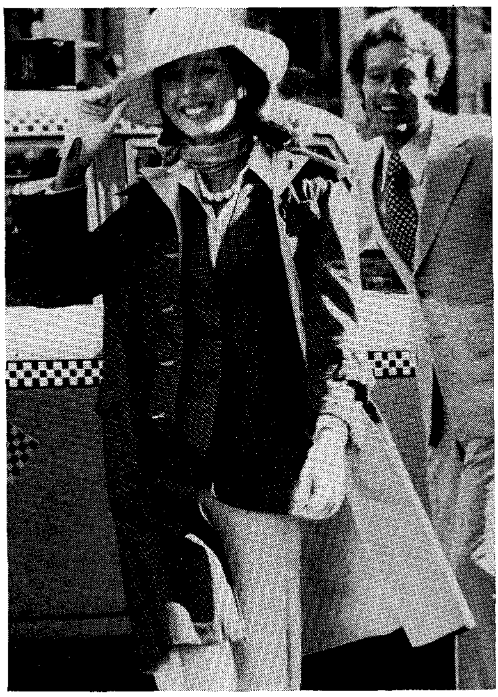
The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... THE FANTASTICKS: 5,366 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR: Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE: Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and AFTER MAGRITTE: Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... SLEUTH: Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... SUGAR: A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA: Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Parade" (première), and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Reflections," "Abyss," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais," "Weewis," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 2: "Chabriesque," "Feast of Ashes," and "Jive."... ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 7:30: "Konservatoriet," "Parade," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Lesson," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Square Dance," "Parade," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "Reflections," "Parade," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Chabriesque," "Valentine," "After Eden," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Reflections," "Jive," and "The Green Table." (City Cen-



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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

ter, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 1.)

Polish Mime Ballet Theatre—Henryk Tomaszewski's company of twenty-nine in a one-week engagement. Wednesday through Friday, March 21-23, at 8, and Saturday, March 24, at 2:30: "The Menagerie of the Empress Filissa" and "The Kimono." . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 24-25, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2:30: "The Kimono," "The Labyrinth, and "The Departure of Faust." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Thursday, March 22, at 8: "Event 65." . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Event 66." . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Event 67." . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 2: "Event 68." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Emily Frankel—In a concert for the benefit of the Dance Collection of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will return with the hundred-and-third edition of The Greatest Show on Earth on Tuesday, March 27, and will be here through Monday, May 28. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, at 1 and 7:30; and Saturday, March 31, at 10:30, 3, and 8. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Bewitched Bayou," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call 427-6000, Ext. 720, Friday, 10:30 to 3:30; Sunday, noon to 4; and Monday, 11 to 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—A seagoing squire, to judge by the nautical oddments about. John Foster, a pianist with funk and forward-looking ideas, directs a trio Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, George Coleman will sit in on sax. No music Mondays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Oscar Brown, Jr., Barbara Mason, and Jean Pace will be singing here through Monday, March 26. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas.

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Tenor-saxophonist Clifford Jordan will be in charge of a quartet beginning Thursday, March 22. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A good-natured dining establishment, with a convivial bar and some interesting canvases on the walls. Guitarist Joe Beck leads a duo six nights a week from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, Bill Rubenstein is at the piano between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is back, and so are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and it is just one of those things, the way the crowd loves Bobby and Bobby loves the crowd, and *everything* is wry—but not acerbly so—in this little piece of the world which hardly ever changes. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, one of the great ones, is at the Steinway, working with bassist Milton Suggs, Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Singers and songwriters Weeden & Finkle will be here with a group known as Samantha through Saturday, March 24. An outfit called Mount Airy and folk singer Bob McCarthy open Tuesday, March 27. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 25, they will play an all-Frank Loesser program from five to eight, before their regular session. Mondays, another piano-and-bass team performs. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. The Modern Jazz Quartet is currently onstage, alternating with the guitar team of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between nine and two, a big band under the leadership of Dick Cohn and Leo Ball makes big sounds.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Not since the 1932 Irving Berlin-Moss Hart "Face the Music" has there been so much singing and dancing in an Automat—and that one was only a stage set. This is the real thing, and it comes to life Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one, when the lights are dimmed and space is cleared for dancing. Harpy, a rock group, provides the auditory stimuli. Snacks and alcoholic beverages are served. The patrons are sometimes as interesting as the performers.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A new, long, narrow bar-and-back-room with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. Alto-saxophonist Gary Bartz will conduct a quartet through Sunday, March 25. Singer Grady Tate comes in with a quartet on Tuesday, March 27. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Mondays, other musicians are in evidence. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Singers—usually folk—are in evidence most nights. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Singer-guitarist John Herald arrives Wednesday, March 28, with a backup group. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folkies and rockers. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one, pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson do some sterling things. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, guitarist Roland Prince will direct a trio. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, drummer Freddie Waits will lead a trio. Music from ten to three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young singer and jazz pianist, collaborates with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Mondays, Don Heitler is at the piano, accompanied by Lind, from seven to twelve. No music Sundays. Dining.

ONLIEST PLACE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) Trumpeter Joe Newman is on the stand with a quintet. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—Singers Joey Cord and Baby Jane Dexter finish their engagement Saturday, March 24. Another singer, Betty Rhodes, opens Tuesday, March 27. Permanent members of the crew here are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Benskin is present from seven to one. Daniels and the other entertainers appear at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays, there are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Vocalist Sally Stark is being assisted by a pianist and a guitarist. Nine-thirty until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small and attractive. Fridays and Saturdays, March 23-24 and 30-31, flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay will direct a quartet. Music from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays and at four-thirty and six-thirty Sundays in this little bar-and-restaurant. Herbert Bushler is her bassist, and the whole thing is done as a brief concert, with a pause or two for beverage refills.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bassist Charles Mingus will be here with his quintet Friday and Saturday, March 23-24. Pianist Ahmad Jamal will turn up with his trio on Tuesday, March 27. Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman joins the proceedings. On Monday, March 26, at eight, Jazz Interactions will present a special concert, including percussionist Ray Barretto and his Latin band, and a quartet headed by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—McCoy Tyner, an influential and often furioso pianist, will lead a quartet through Sunday, March 25. Pianist Randy Weston, who usually performs in his own club in Tangier, Morocco, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, March 27. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

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DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at ten-fifteen Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Preceding the show, Mondays through Thursdays, comedian Jimmy Walker appears at nine-thirty, and following the show, Tuesdays through Thursdays, Hattie Winston does a song recital at eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays Miss Winston goes on at eleven. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The **ROYAL BOX** accommodates the Jonah Jones band, which plays for dancing from seven-thirty to two. On Monday, March 26, Bobby Hackett's All-Stars (including Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, and Remo Palmieri on guitar) will come in. No music Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, stamping, cavorting, and singing. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Sarah Vaughan is doing the singing, Lonnie Shorr is doing the talking. On Thursday, March 29, they will be succeeded by comedian Don Rickles and singer Peter Lemongello. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Colin Beaton's orchestra and a soft-rock band called Boogie from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, March 24, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio will prevail Sunday through Saturday, March 25-31.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The singing duo of Sig and Gary have the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting humorist Jack E. Leonard and vocalist Carolyn Daye. Every night but Sunday; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE,** the showpiece at dinner and supper is the George Shearing jazz quartet. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Janì Sarkozi. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, there is Peggy Lee. shining bright. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

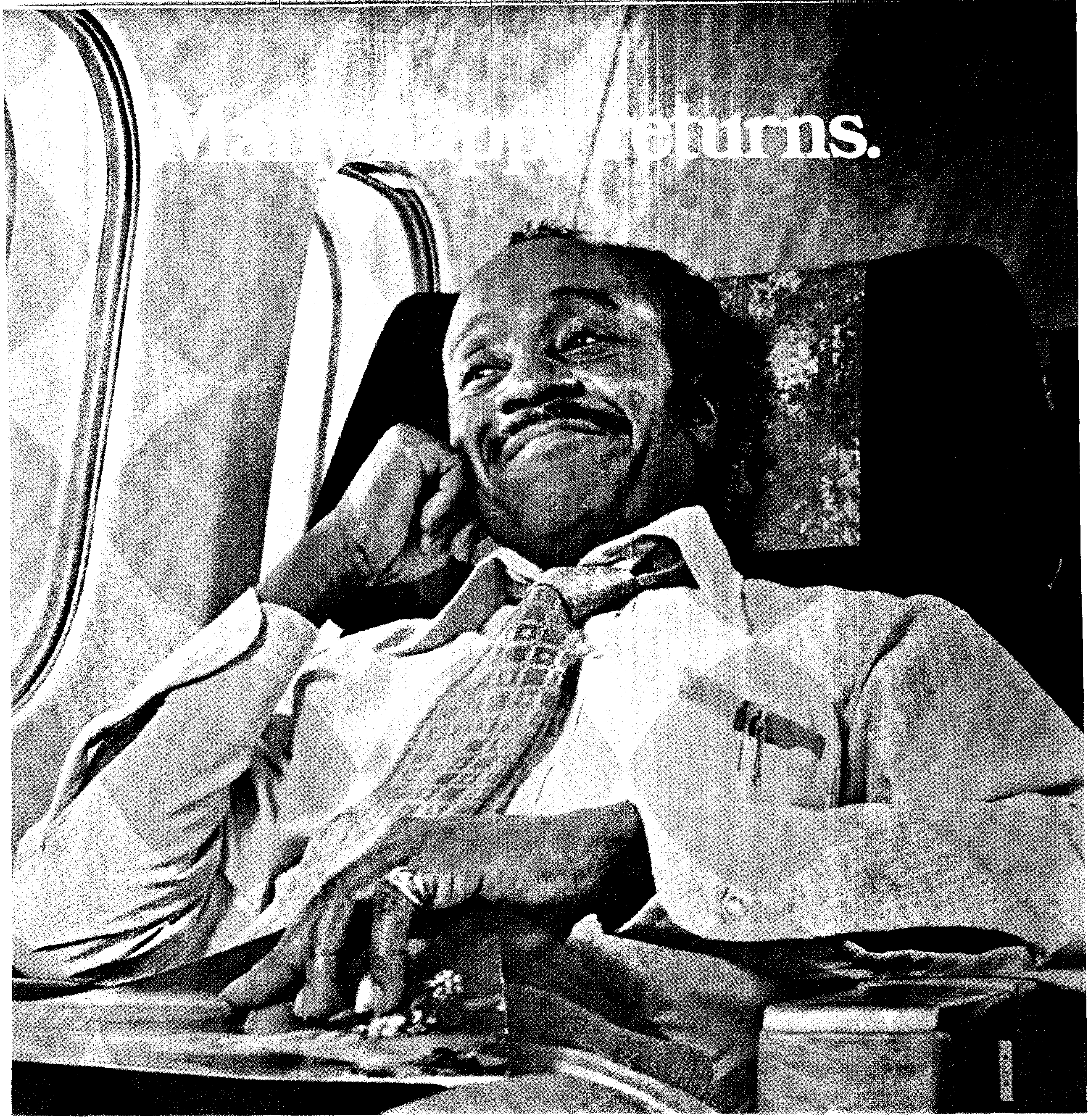
DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revivalist musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk dance. Again, until all hours. Additionally, singer-guitarist Robert Miano performs at ten-thirty and midnight, every night but Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek Revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome is on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): A collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A busy bar and tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri sings from atop the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's mod concept of Imperial Rome. Songs and guitar from Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St.

Many happy returns.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(371-4542): No rush, no fuss. Piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette is the current pianist in this aged Village bar. His hours are eight to two every night but Monday and Tuesday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. Piano by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, pride of Western Australia, is at the piano from four-thirty to ten-thirty. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, if not the view over the Park, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARRYL ABRAHAM—Models of scenes of rural America (motels, trailers, and so forth), with figures; through Saturday, March 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Thirty-four Optical paintings creating effects of halos of light; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MARCH AVERY—Landscape and figure paintings; through Sunday, March 25. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

RALPH A. BLAKELOCK (1849-1919)—Seventy paintings covering the entire career of this outstanding American artist; through Saturday, March 31. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MANUDE BOLTZ / NANCY SPERO—Rope-and-string sculptures./ Works on paper incorporating figurative elements and writings of Artaud. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through April 4. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes by a veteran colorist; through April 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings of cartoon figures, numbers, and letters, with a three-dimensional effect; through Saturday, March 31. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FROM BUDAPEST—Representative works by three artists in the Hungarian capital—Endre Balint, Pal Veress, and Oszkar Papp; through Monday, March 26. (Center for Continuing Education, Columbia University, 420 W. 118th St.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic paintings; through April 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CHILDS—Fifteen large abstract oil paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Landscapes from the late thirties to the present; starting Monday, March 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Freely painted works by an abstractionist; through Saturday, March 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Geometrical paintings and sculptures done between 1958 and 1972; through Saturday, March 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GENE DAVIS / BILL JENSEN—Drawings and lithographs by an artist who has specialized in stripes./ Abstract paintings that emphasize texture, some through the use of sand. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Through April 5. Closed Mondays.)

PETER DEAN AND PHILIP SHERROD—Figurative Expressionist paintings; through March 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID DIAO—One huge abstract painting in heavy pigment; starting Saturday, March 24. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—New paintings and drawings by this former Pop leader; through Saturday, March 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

JOHN DUFF—Molded fibre-glass wall pieces in gold and orange; through Thursday, March 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH FIORE—Landscape paintings of Maine, also cityscapes; through Thursday, March 29. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Cape Cod landscapes and figure paintings, frequently consisting of two or three panels, with heavily painted surfaces; through Friday, March 30. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract and semi-abstract oils of still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors, some with suggestions of the human figure; through April 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCES GODOWSKY—Abstract paintings and collages; starting Tuesday, March 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of figures, frequently with ominous overtones; through April 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARVEY GORDON—Photo-realist paintings of the urban scene; through Saturday, March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY GUSSOW—Stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through Thursday, March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN HALL / CARLOS VILLA—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes. / Paintings in dark earth colors, with beads and feathers. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through April 11. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUSTE HERBIN (1882-1960)—Twenty-five works, from 1917 through the nineteen-fifties, by a geometrical abstractionist who has recently aroused interest in Europe and the United States; through April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through April 28. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SHEILA ISHAM AND ARLENE SLAVIN—Abstract paintings; through April 5. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Figurative painted-plaster and ceramic wall pieces and sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Watercolors in this artist's free-flowing rich colors; starting Tuesday, March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Abstract Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, March 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Abstract human figures, animals, and birds in stainless steel, bronze, and found materials; through Saturday, March 24. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944) / **CRAIG KAUFFMAN**—Forty watercolors and drawings from 1911 to 1914. / Vacuum-formed colored plastics by a Los Angeles artist. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 4. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; through Saturday, March 31. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS KLEIN—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, March 24. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

HARRIET KLINE—Painting-constructions using Plexiglas; starting Tuesday, March 27. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

TERENCE LA NOUE—Poured-latex wall pieces with gauze backing; through Wednesday, March 28. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES LECHAY—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by an artist now of the Midwest; through Saturday, March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARRY LEVA—One sculpture of circular metal elements and connecting rods; through April 17. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

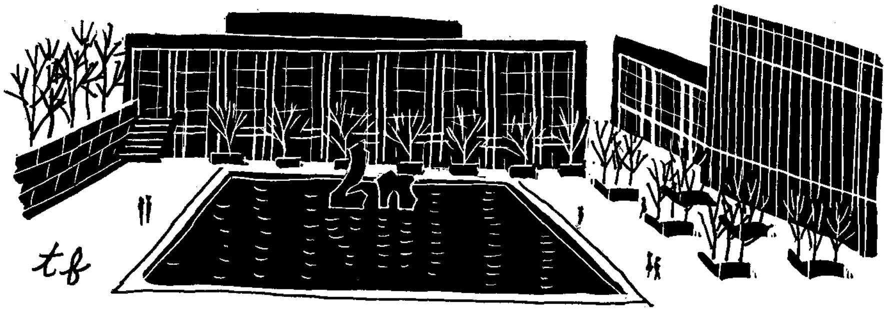
ALVIN LOVING—Abstract pieces of dyed canvas, leather, vinyl, and velvet sewn together; through Thursday, March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; through Saturday, March 31. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings; through Saturday, March 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL McGEE—Color-field paintings; through April 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS MOLLER—Landscapes, most of them of Monhegan, Maine; through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Paintings of nudes, pears, and apples, by a Nicaraguan; through April



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21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Moses—Paintings built up in several layers of paper; through April 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Romantic paintings, based on photographs and postcards, with the theme of water; through April 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ulrich Niemeyer—Plastic sculptures in geometric shapes; through Wednesday, March 28. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; through April 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Studies for frescoes: oil on paper; through Wednesday, March 28. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Pascal—Paintings based on the comics, by a cartoonist and illustrator; through Saturday, March 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Reed—A show of Abstract Expressionist paintings that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney; through Saturday, March 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Rivers—Large paintings, some with cutouts; starting Saturday, March 24. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Salt / Jorge Stever—Paintings of automobile interiors. / Abstract paintings. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Through Saturday, March 24.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—A comprehensive exhibition of the graphic work by this well-known Surrealist; through April 14. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Thomas—Drawings and collages on the theme of the waterfall; through April 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Lloyd Tugwell—Paintings of Chinese architectural subjects; through Saturday, March 31. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

H.C. Westermann—Sculptures in several mediums, and drawings and lithographs, by a constructor of fantasies; through April 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Isaac Witkin—Five large steel sculptures for the outdoors; through April 7. (Elkon, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Color-field paintings; through Wednesday, March 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

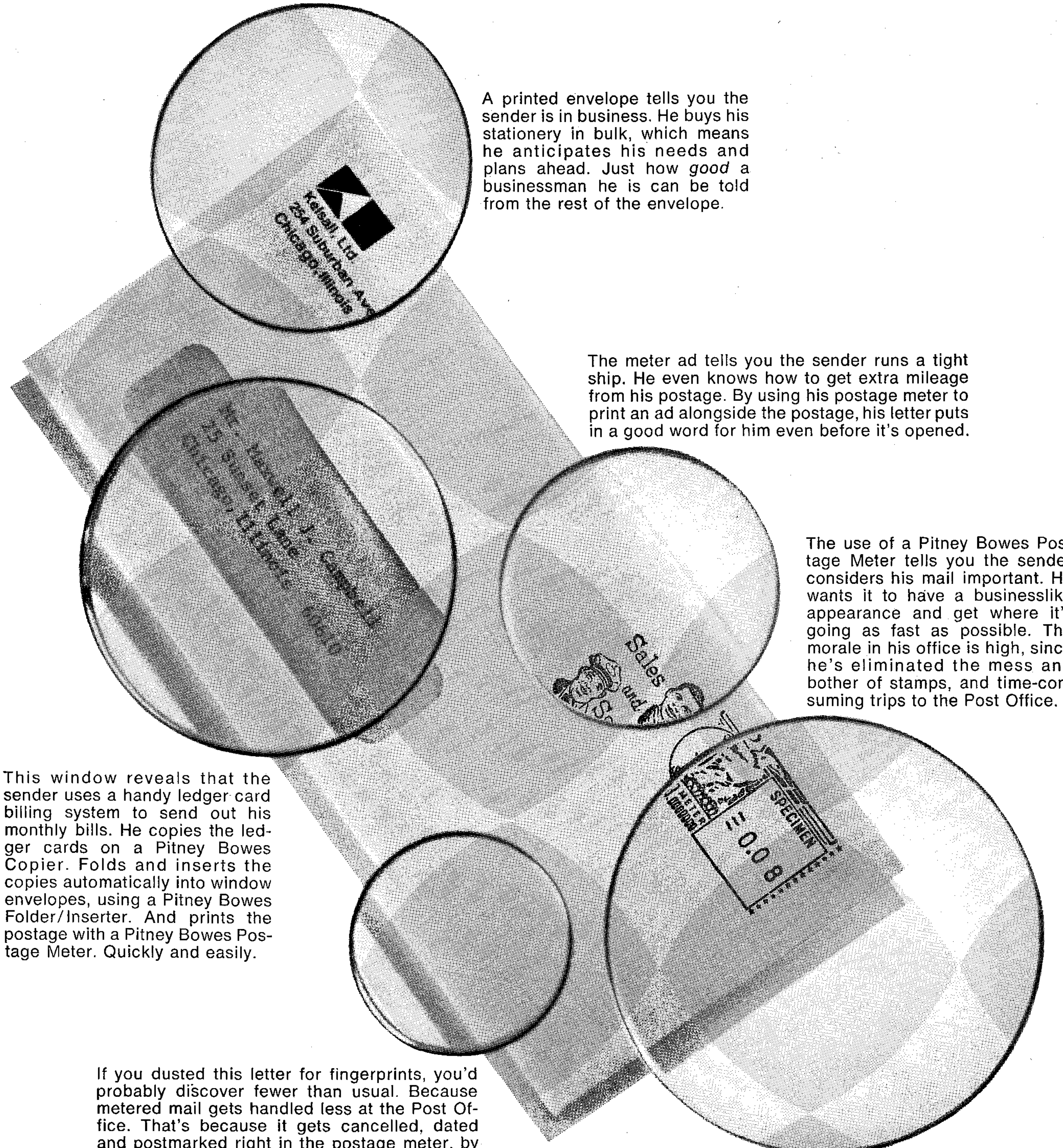
Group Shows—At the **arras**, 29 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and wall hangings by Enrico Baj, Peter Collingwood, Lee Krasner, Miró, Bernard Pfriem, Vasarely, and others; through April 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures by Archipenko, Arp, Lipchitz, Maillol, Nadelman, and others; through Saturday, March 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gordon**, 37 W. 57th St.: Thirty-seven items of American folk art; through April 7. (Closed Saturday afternoons.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Carved ivories, figurines, paintings, and artifacts by thirty-seven Eskimos from Alaska, as well as works by American painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, such as Copley, Homer, Eakins, Johnson, and Peto; through Saturday, March 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **logiudice**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Artschwager, Budd, Marden, Ryman, Warhol, Andre, Chamberlain, di Suvero, Serra, and others; through April 4. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **pratt graphics center**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Black-and-white photographs, color slides, and rubbings of plaster casts of folk art on gravestones in the United States; starting Saturday, March 24. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Thirty-six works on paper (drawings, pastels, and watercolors) by nineteenth-century Continental and British artists, among them Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Millet, Lear, Cruikshank, Bonheur, Cabanel, Gros, and Sickert; through April 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptures by David Smith, Lipton, Bourgeois, Ferber, Hare, Noguchi, and Lassaw; through April 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through April 1. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Mr. Hoving's endeavors to keep the comic spirit alive in New York continue unabated; the latest Met entertainment is an exhibition of thirty-five paintings, mostly of classical Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836-1913), which all belong to the TV personality Allen Funt. In his foreword to the catalogue, Mr. Funt writes, "I started assembling Alma-Tadema paintings eight years ago when we were decorating a living room in a new apartment. . . . Soon after, I began reading about Victorian painters. I was jolted by a statement by Ruskin that Tadema was the worst painter of the nineteenth century. How did it happen, I wondered, that I should have selected a painter, without advice or guidance, and come up with the work of a man who ranked last of all the artists of his time?" Some people are just lucky, we guess. If Adelaide de Groot had only collected Alma-Tademas instead of van Goghs and Rousseaus look where *her* collection would be now. Among the high points of the show—which is entitled "Victorians in Togas" and takes place in a room decorated with potted palms and a dimpled banquette left over from the "19th-Century America" show of 1970—are "The Roses of Heliogabalus," a reconstruction of a Roman orgy, in which the guests are lolling in a sea of rose petals while the dissolute host and his toadies finger the inescapable orgiastic grapes, and "The Finding of Moses," which depicts the Pharaoh's daughter as a stylish society matron, borne on a litter by a procession of black slaves; she is looking beamishly down on the baby Moses in his basket, who is being toted along by two ladies as if he were a delivery of fancy food from Harrods. An excellent catalogue essay by Cristopher Forbes tells you everything you've always wanted to know about Alma-Tadema, and black-and-white reproductions of all the paintings in the exhibit facilitate home study. Through April 29. . . . ¶ About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1. . . . ¶ Over a hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; starting Friday, March 23. . . . ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through Sunday, March 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; starting Tuesday, March 27. . . . ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29. . . . ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 16. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29.

How to read an envelope.



A printed envelope tells you the sender is in business. He buys his stationery in bulk, which means he anticipates his needs and plans ahead. Just how *good* a businessman he is can be told from the rest of the envelope.

The meter ad tells you the sender runs a tight ship. He even knows how to get extra mileage from his postage. By using his postage meter to print an ad alongside the postage, his letter puts in a good word for him even before it's opened.

The use of a Pitney Bowes Postage Meter tells you the sender considers his mail important. He wants it to have a businesslike appearance and get where it's going as fast as possible. The morale in his office is high, since he's eliminated the mess and bother of stamps, and time-consuming trips to the Post Office.

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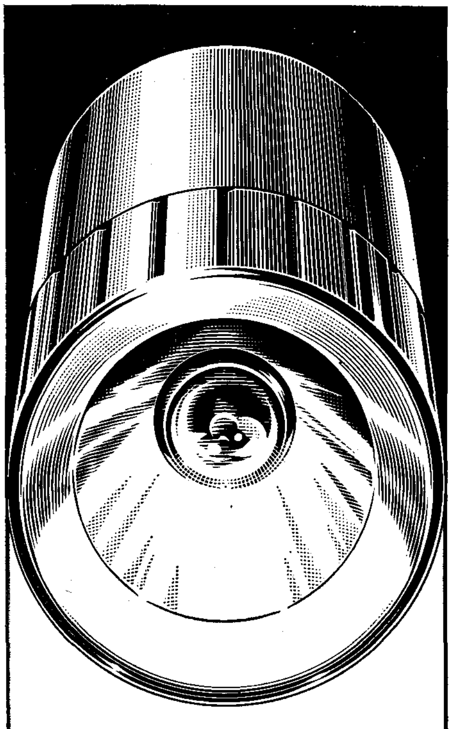

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Trouble with flashlights is they usually don't work when you need them. They may lie around in your drawer, in your glove compartment, or on your shelf until the fuse blows, the power fails, you have to change a tire at night or look for a cufflink under the bed. And when that happens you'll find, more often than not, that the batteries have leaked and have corroded everything. This cannot occur with 5-YEAR FLASHLIGHT. It has a minimum guaranteed shelf life of five years (we replace free if it fails) and comes with a cunning rotary switch especially designed for use in NASA space missions. So if you think you should have a power cell flashlight that will stay fresh for five years or more, and that will give a minimum of ten to twenty hours of brilliant light, order the 5-YEAR FLASHLIGHT today.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through April 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Seven large purple Abstract Expressionist canvases by Robert Reed; through April 8. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Washburn Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, and others); through April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works submitted for Institute awards by thirty-five painters and sculptors; through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Rare English and American books, manuscripts, historical documents, and original drawings for book illustrations; through April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2. . . . ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2. . . . ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through April 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through Saturday, March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6. . . . ¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15. . . . ¶ More than eighty works dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

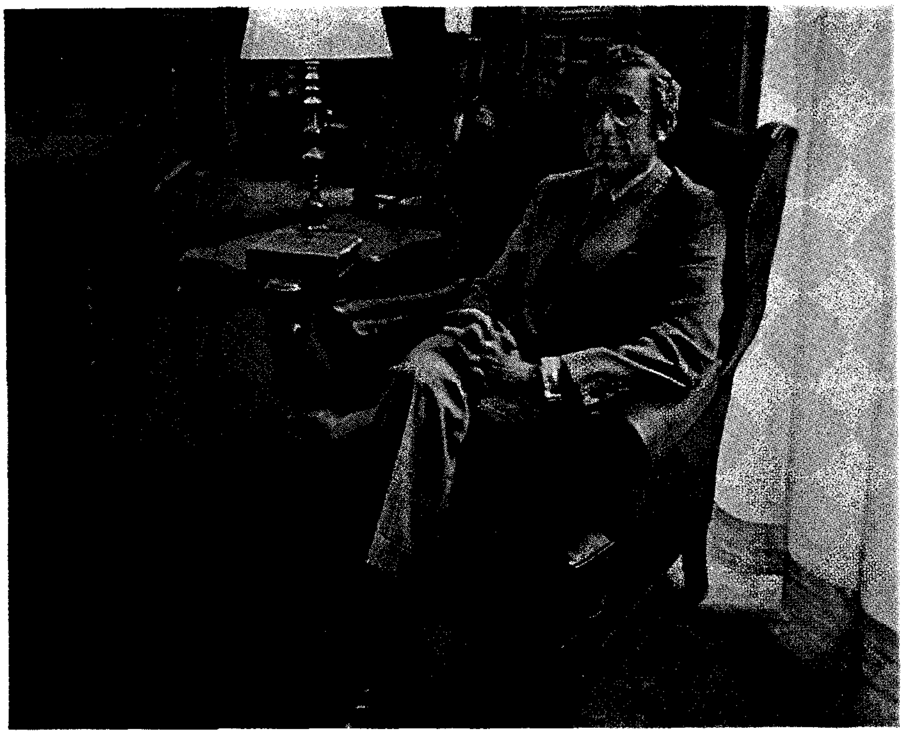
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 21: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ivo Vinco; conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, Franco Tagliavini, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, William Lewis, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; Carlo Felice Cillario. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, March 26: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 27: "Pique Dame," with Teresa Kubiak, Regina Resnik, Shirley Love, William Lewis, John Reardon, and Dominic Cossa; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 28: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "Peter Grimes," with Phyllis Curtin, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Susanne Marsee, David Griffith, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Diane Curry, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 1: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Nancy Shade, Luciano Rampaso, and Robert Hale; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 7: "Oedipus Rex," with Olivia Stapp, Arturo Sergi, Edward Pierson, and Richard T. Gill; and "Carmina Burana," with Emily Derr, Kenneth Riegel, and Dominic Cossa; Walter Susskind. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Pamela Hebert, and David Griffith; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 7: The New York première of Hans Werner Henze's "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Ruth Welting, Kenneth Riegel, Richard Fredricks, and Sir Rudolf Bing (hmm); Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Diaz, and Colin Duffy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Johanna Meier,

Conventional wisdom says gentlemen endorse checks, not whiskies.

BY 'ADAM SMITH'



When the Teacher's people called up about this ad, I had two serious Qualms. The first Qualm was that I might get thrown out of my Club, and the second was that the whole enterprise didn't make any traditional, linear sense because I hardly drink whisky at all—any whisky.

I belong to this Club with high ceilings and leather chairs and Intellectual Achievers—somebody must have put *The Wealth of Nations* by my name when I was put up—and some years ago they threw an Intellectual Achiever right out for being a Man of Distinction. Undignified, I think they said. The old nineteenth century idea that gentlemen endorse causes, not whiskies; we have had members who endorsed lettuce, South Viet Nam, and repealing whichever amendment gave women the vote.

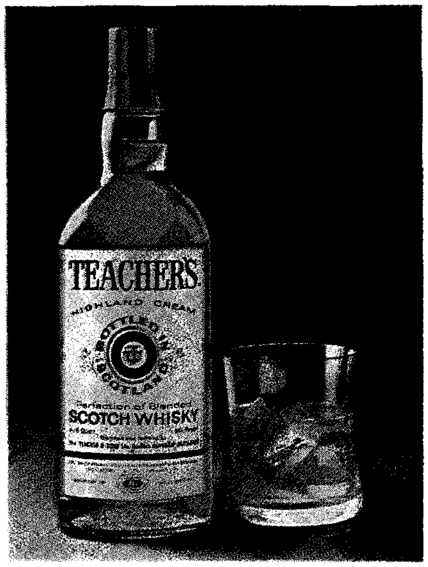
"You can say anything you want," the Teacher's people said. "Talk about your book." My book is *Supermoney*. That is the book up on the best seller lists that is not about a seagull. The green stuff in your wallet is not the real money of the United States. The real money is Supermoney, which is e.g., the wealth that rains on you when you take a hot ad agency public. There are other things of moment in the book also, such as the day the United States almost ran out of money, and whether that could happen again, and what to do if the people around you are busy hustling the Supermoney when you are still thumbing the green stuff in your wallet. There is nothing in the book, however, about Scotch whisky. To get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, you have to buy it in Scotland in large quantities and hold it for a long time. In barrels.

Of course, there are people who say you can get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, if you invest ice cubes and maybe soda or water in it. It should be pointed out that this increases the volume, not the price.

Be that as it may, at my house we were accustomed to serving elegant French wines with dinner. I was a member of this wine society headquartered in Burgundy, which sampled and sniffed wines and pronounced them a little short of breed, and things like that. Then the elegant French wines went to $40 a bottle and we started telling people to bring their whisky glasses to the table.

I have no predictions for the price of Scotch, but almost nothing goes down in price with all that Supermoney around. Now we keep the Teacher's in the wine cellar. We keep the bottles lying on their sides, just out of habit, and we tell people it is grown in Scotland on this particular hillside which catches the late afternoon sun, on the left side of the road going north. We have to mark the vintages on the labels ourselves, in ink, but everybody seems just as happy.

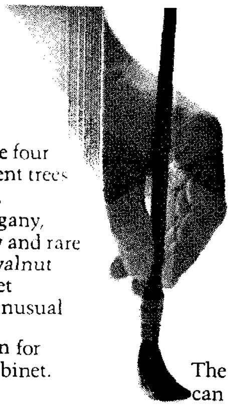
I am still pondering the sociological and oenological implications of all this. I think there are some. I do know that when a company asks somebody who hardly drinks the stuff to do a Scotch ad, they have to be watched carefully. When they go public, that will be a significant market indicator.



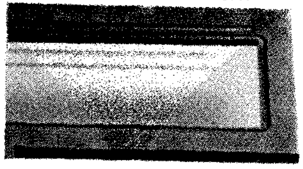
86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

There are 23 steps in our finish. Hand-sanding is three of them.

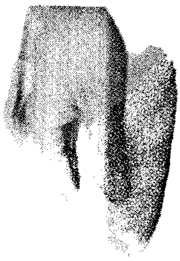
We use four different trees—yew, mahogany, cherry and rare butt walnut—to get this unusual grain pattern for our cabinet.



The subtler graining can only be sought by brush.



A handsome, unexpected detail—our glass display shelves are bordered with fine veneers.



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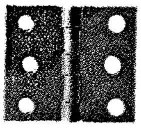
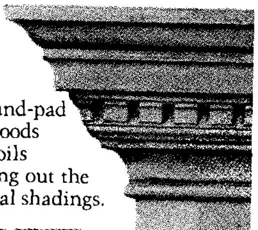


Stop hinges stop doors from damaging sides.



Dentil moulding must first be hand carved.

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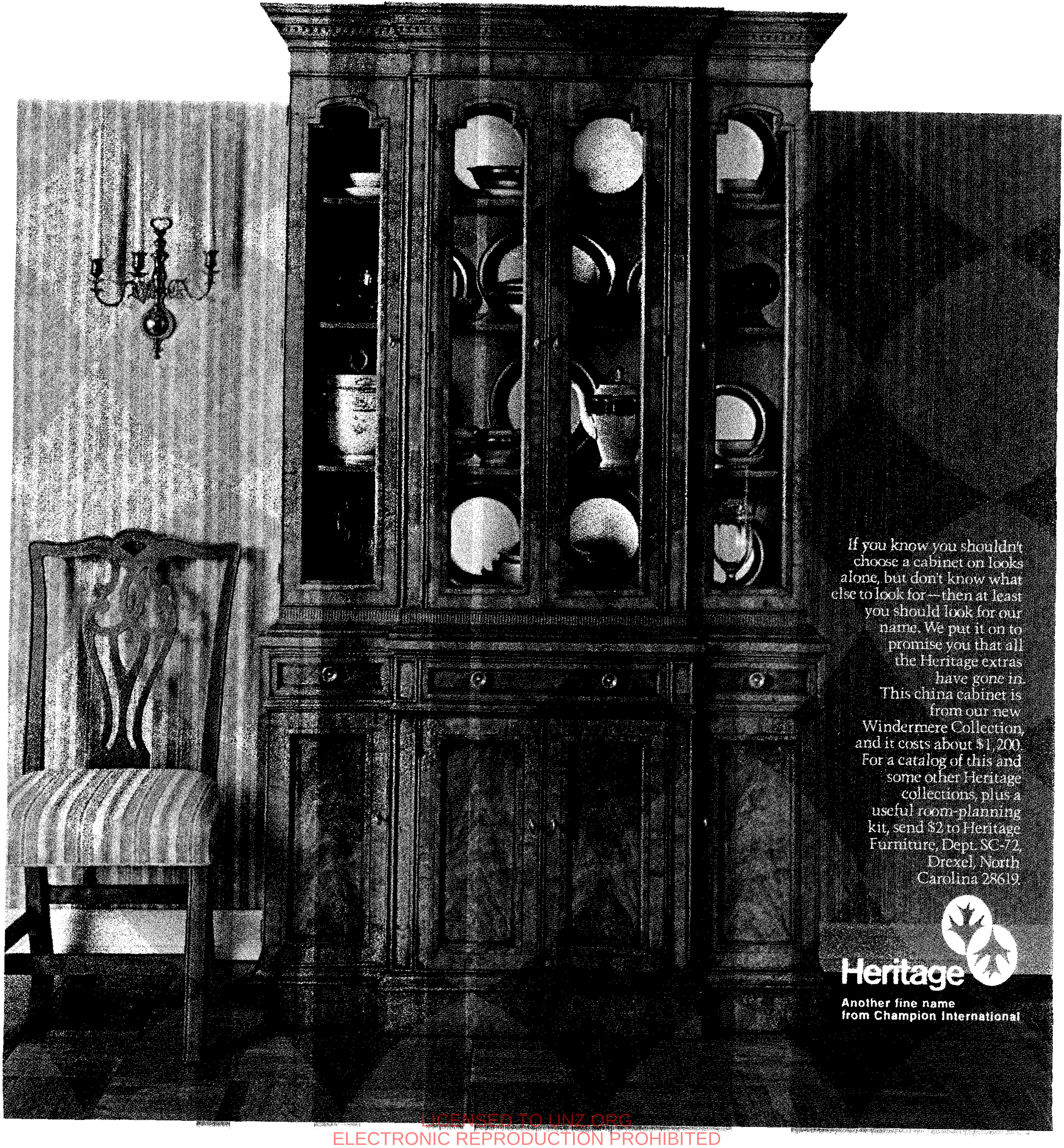

If you know you shouldn't choose a cabinet on looks alone, but don't know what else to look for—then at least you should look for our name. We put it on to promise you that all the Heritage extras have gone in.

This china cabinet is from our new Windermere Collection, and it costs about $1,200. For a catalog of this and some other Heritage collections, plus a useful room-planning kit, send $2 to Heritage Furniture, Dept. SC-72, Drexel, North Carolina 28619.

Heritage

Another fine name from Champion International

Deborah Kieffer, Kenneth Riegel, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "La Traviata," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Raymond Gibbs, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Nancy Shade, Luciano Rampaso, and Samuel Timberlake; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

ew York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—A varied program on Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30 (no soloists); and performances of Haydn's opera "L'Incontro Improvviso" in concert form on Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; Friday, March 30, at 2; Saturday, March 31, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Sheila Armstrong, Maralin Niska, and Barbara Shuttleworth, sopranos; George Shirley and Andrea Velis, tenors; Spiro Malas, bass-baritone; and Bruce Prince-Joseph, harpsichord.). . . **Note:** An hour before the concerts on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, and Tuesday, April 3, there will be half-hour all-Stravinsky recitals by Miss Armstrong; Paul Jacobs, piano; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; the Gramercy String Quartet; and others.

ew Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing, with Lynn Harrell, cello; Marilyn Horne, soprano; Robert Schmorr and David Kuebler, tenors; Tom Krause, baritone; Jerome Hines, bass-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

ozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg—Leopold Hager conducting an all-Mozart program, with Walter Berry, bass-baritone, in this orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

hiladelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; the Temple University Choirs, and André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8:15.)

oston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Ralph Votapek, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

ittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg directing a performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, with Eileen Schauler, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Jess Thomas, tenor; Arnold Voketaitis, bass; and the Pennsylvania State University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

oston Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 28, and Friday, March 30, at 8:30, both with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30, with Israela Margalit, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8, the same program as in Brooklyn.)

pera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini" in concert form, with Raina Kabaivanska, soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

usica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday, March 24, at 8: A varied program, with Judith Blegen, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8, and Sunday, April 1, at 5:30: Performances of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Benita Valente, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; Thomas Paul and Paul Plishka, basses; Albert Fuller; harpsichord; and Leonard Raver, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Robert White, tenor; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Adrianne Greenbaum, flute; and Stanley Ritchie and Jeanne Benjamin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at midnight.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a program of three Bach cantatas, with Carolyn Val-Schmidt, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Sidney Johnson, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of baroque music, with the Concord String Quartet; Frances Cole, harpsichord; Lois Bove and Neva Pilgrim, sopranos; Sofia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Nico Castel, tenor; the Gregg Smith Singers; the New York Choral Society; and the Kantorei Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 31, from 6 to 10:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the last in a series of Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Sonya Monosoff, violin, and Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, March 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Chorus—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 30, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, March 21, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Adelaide Woodwind Quintet—Ethnic and contemporary Australian music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Ingrid Dingfelder and Rita Koors Myers—Flute and harpsichord/piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8, the last in a series of concerts.)

Waverly Consort—A program of late-medieval and early-Renaissance music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Alan Baker, baritone; Judith Davidoff, medieval fiddles; and George Mgrdichian, oud. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Rita Streich—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, performing "Iberia" by Albeniz. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in an all-Schubert program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 5.)

Julius Baker and Anthony Newman—Flute and harpsichord, performing seven Bach sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

Paul Dunkel—In the last in a series of recitals of new flute music, this one with Ursula Oppens, piano; Eugene Drucker, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in the second in a series of three recitals, this one a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

Festival of Court Music—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by a Renaissance band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

Electronic and Multimedia Music—Works by Roger Hannay, Don Evans, and others. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer

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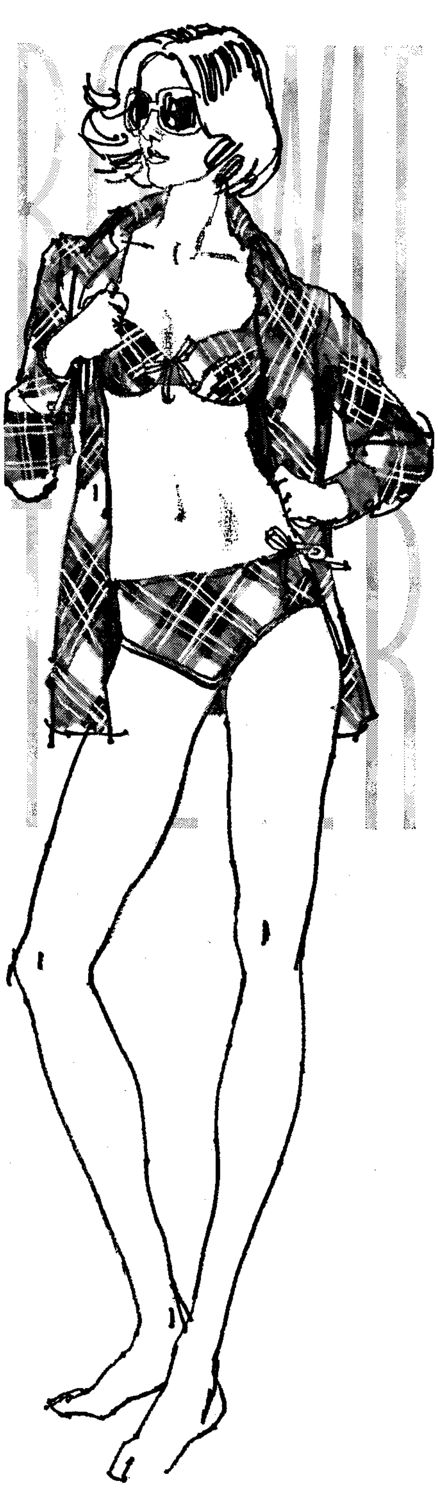


St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday, March 26, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Béla Szilágyi—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the last in a series of programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 30. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Murray Perahia—Violin, cello, and piano, in a program of trios postponed from Dec. 9. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals will appear in the final audition of the 1973 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 25, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.) . . . **note:** On Monday, March 26, at noon, the first-, second-, and third-place winners will give a concert at St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. No tickets necessary.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 21, at 5:45: **Paul Taylor Dance Company**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 5:45: **Blossom Dearie.**

Focus—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8.

Hot Tuna, Orphan, and Stoneground—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Tammy Wynette and George Jones—With others. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

Paul Williams—With Colin Blunstone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

Ragtime—William Bolcom and Joan Morris in a benefit program of Scott Joplin rags and pop songs. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, March 30, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 790-4395.)

Rick Nelson—With the Stone Canyon Band and Claudia Lennear. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Fleetwood Mac, Elf, and John Heisman's Tempest—Academy of Music. Friday, March 30, at 8 and 11:30.

Quicksilver and Canned Heat—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 31, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, March 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 24, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, March 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, March 25, at 3:05.

Fencing—Martini & Rossi Tournament—Friday, March 23, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 9 and 7:30: Women's individual foil and men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Gymnastics—Olga Korbut and other members of the U.S.S.R. Women's Olympic Gymnastic Team. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 23, at 8.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Minnesota, Sunday, March 25, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston, Wednesday, March 28, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, March 27, at 8:05.

Karate—All-American Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 25, at 4.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 31. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.

Tennis—Lady Gotham Classic: Chris Evert, Virginia Wade, Olga Morozova, Linda Tuero, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 6; Saturday, March 31, at 7:30; and Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting the final children's concerts of the season, with Jorge Morel, guitar, and the Ballet des Jeunes. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.) . . . **light opera of manhattan:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, March 24-25, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, March 31, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **dragon marionettes:** "The Pedal Car Mystery." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 24, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **paper bag players:** "To the Rescue." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

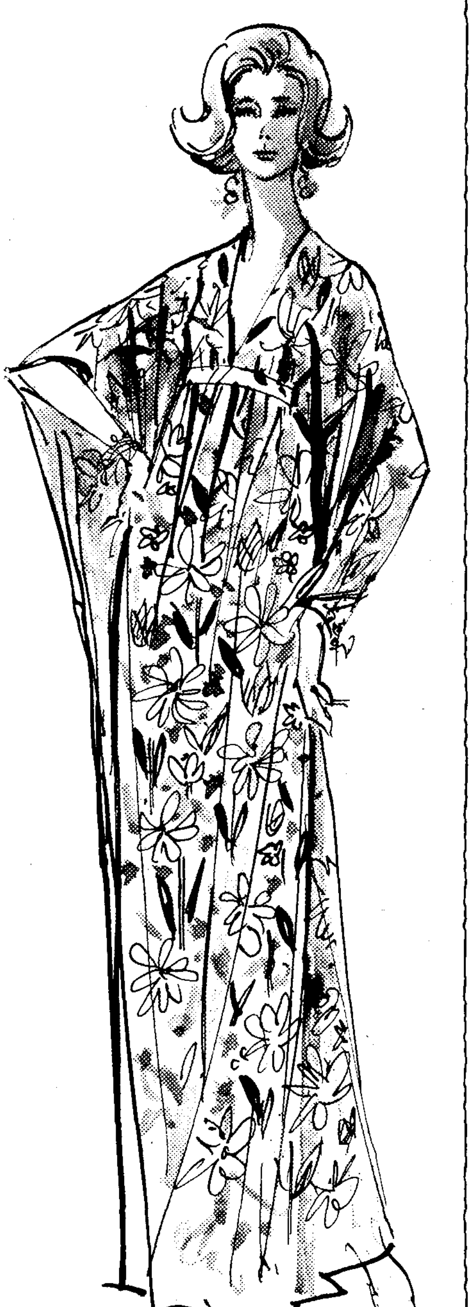
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Wright and Mark Strand reading from their own works and from the works of other authors. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Lecture—"Humans in Universe," by R. Buckminster Fuller. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The second in a series of six programs, this one con-



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sisting of film clips from movies directed by John Schlesinger, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Schlesinger. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 2: Renaissance works of art, furniture and tapestries, and a collection of bronzes and medals; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 2: American silver, including some pieces by Paul Revere; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 22. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 2: Art Nouveau glass and lamps, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 24.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. March 30 at 6 and March 31 at 8:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (India; Anthony Korner) and "Kodou" (Senegal; Ababacar Samb). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30 and March 31 at 6: "Les Zozos" (France; Pascal Thomas). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 21 at 5:30: "The Ten Commandments" (1923), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, and Richard Dix. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5:30: Seven short films. . . . ¶ March 22 at 8 and March 23 at 2: "Film Portrait, 1965-71," directed by Jerome Hill. . . . ¶ March 23 at 5:30 and March 24 at noon: "October" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ March 24 at 3: "Diaries, Notes, and Sketches, 1965-69," directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ March 25 at 12:30 and 3: "The Projectionist" (1970), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5:30 and March 26 at 2: "The Daybooks of Edward Weston" (1965), directed by Robert Katz; and "Quixote" (1965), directed by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5:30: "July '71" (1972), directed by Peter Hutton; and "Rien Que les Heures" (1926), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ March 27 at 2: "Doctor Beware" (1941), in Italian, directed by Vittorio de Sica, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ March 27 at 5:30: A program of films by Pat O'Neill. . . . ¶ March 28 at 5:30: "Doctor Beware" (1941). . . . ¶ March 29 at 5:30: "July '71" (1972) and "Rien Que les Heures" (1926). . . . ¶ March 29 at 8: "The Koumiko Mystery" (1965), in French, directed by Chris Marker. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 22: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley and Lloyd Bridges. . . . ¶ March 23: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ March 24-25: "Compulsion" (1959), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Orson Welles and Dean Stockwell. . . . ¶ March 28-29: "The Naked Jungle" (1954), directed by Byron Haskin, with Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Eisenstein, Flaherty, Frampton, Kubelka, Griffith, Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except March 23-25) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 21: A program of eleven animated films. . . . ¶ March 22-24: "Coming Attractions," directed by Beverly Conrad. . . . ¶ March 25-26: A program of nine short films. . . . ¶ March 27-28: "Deathstyles," directed by Richard Myers. . . . ¶ Starting March 29: "Luminous Procuress," directed by Steve Arnold. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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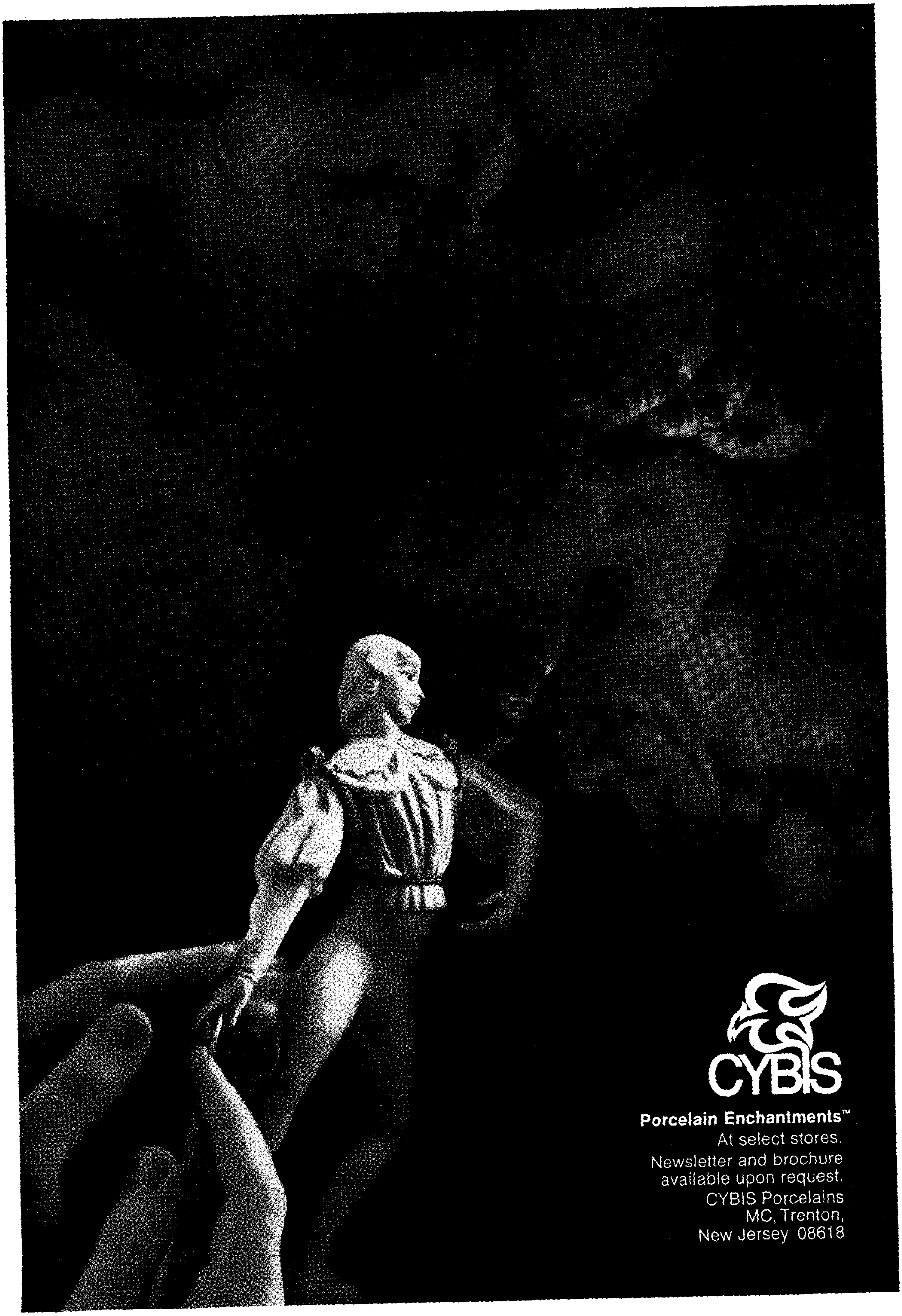

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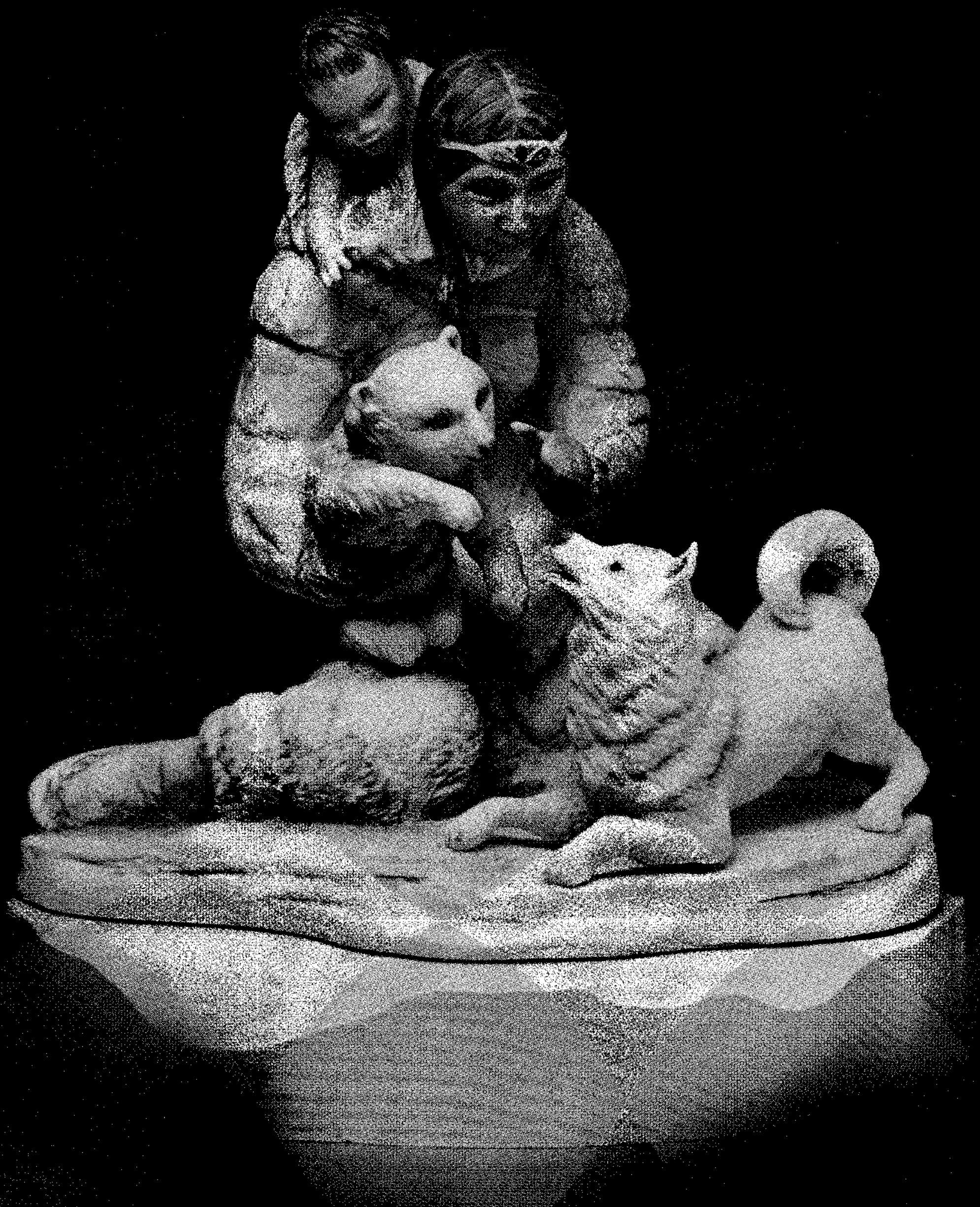

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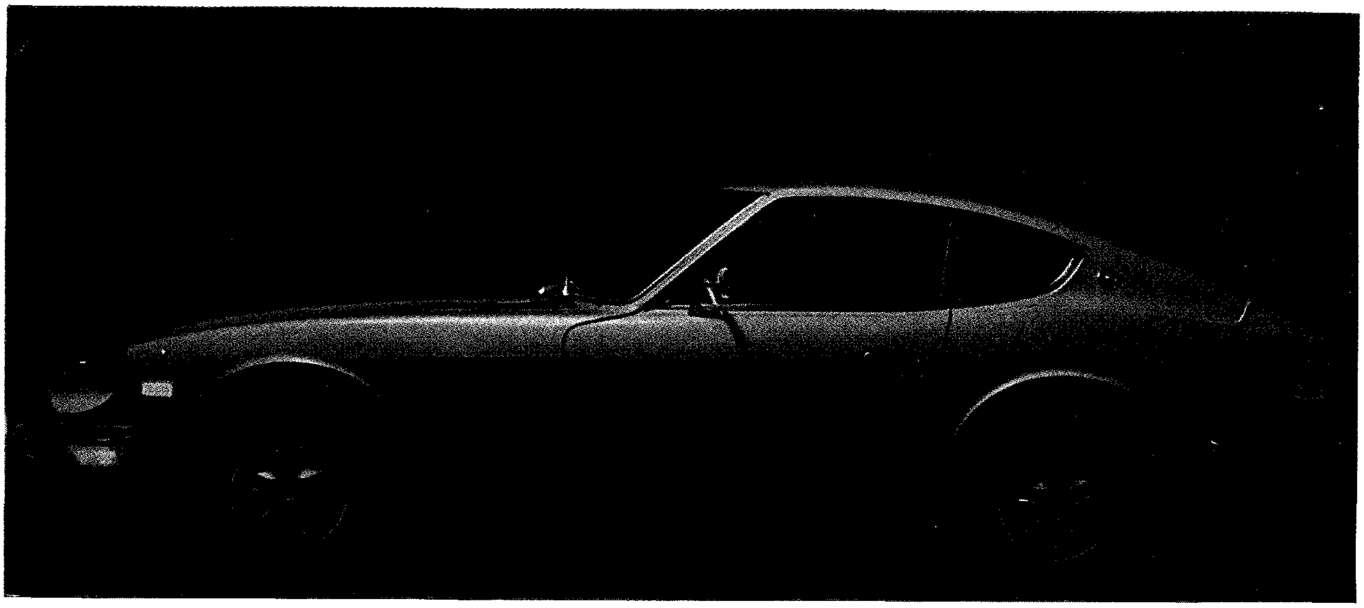

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 27: "Limelight."
From March 28: "César and Rosalie."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 24: "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."
March 25-27: "Paramount on Parade" and "Follow the Boys."
From March 28: "Gold Diggers in Paris" and "Gold Diggers of 1935."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 27: "Straw Dogs," "Point Blank," and "Marat / Sade."
From March 28: "Death in Venice," "Performance," and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls."

Orpheum, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Through March 27: "The Hellstrom Chronicle," "On Any Sunday," and "Trash."
From March 28: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 27: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From March 28: "Cabaret."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 27: "Greaser's Palace" and "Putney Swope."
From March 28: "The Godfather."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Vault of Horror."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 22: Theatre closed.
From March 23: "The Crazies."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sleuth."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Two People."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
March 21: "Days and Nights in the Forest."
March 22-28: "Love."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Sister."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Thief Who Came to Dinner." (No evening performances on Monday, March 26.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 24: "Baxter!"
From March 25: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 27: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From March 28: "Lady Sings the Blues."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 27: "Child's Play" and "The First Circle."
From March 28: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 27: "Pete 'n' Tillie."
From March 28: "The Godfather."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 27: "Limelight."
From March 28: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 22: "Fellini's Roma."
From March 23: "The Crazies."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"5 Fingers of Death."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 22: "Deliverance."
From March 23: "Black Mama, White Mama."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Vault of Horror."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 27 (tentative): "Payday."
From March 28: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 27: "Under Milk Wood."
From March 28: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Painters Painting."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 27: "Pete 'n' Tillie."
From March 28: "Shamus" and "Beat the Devil."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 27: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Last Year at Marienbad"/ "The Conformist" and "Harold and Maude"/ "The Assassination of Trotsky" and "Hour of the Wolf"/ "Le Boucher" and "Women in Love."
From March 28: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 22: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
March 23-27: "Super Fly" and "The Wild Bunch."
March 28-29: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 27: To be announced.
From March 28: "Jeremiah Johnson."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 27: "The Harder They Come."
From March 28: "Sleuth."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 27: "Sleuth."
From March 28 at 8: "I Am a Dancer." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 22: "Travels with My Aunt."
March 23-24: "Tokyo Story" and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."
March 25-26: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and "Late Spring."
March 27-28: "Raven's End" and "The Fire Within."
From March 29: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Une Femme Douce."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through March 24: "César and Rosalie."
From March 25: "Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 27: "Limelight" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From March 28: "César and Rosalie."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through March 27: "Avanti!" and "Bananas."
From March 28: "Cabaret."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 27: To be announced.
From March 28: "The Godfather."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 27: "Death in Venice" and "Performance."
From March 28: "Heat" and "A New Leaf."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 27: "Child's Play" and "The First Circle."
From March 28: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "The Trap."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 22: "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
March 23-25: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
March 26-27: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
March 28-29: "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Portrait of Lenin."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through March 27: "The Poseidon Adventure?"
From March 28: "Sleuth."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Assassination of Trotsky—Not for anyone who knows, or cares, anything about Leon Trotsky. With Richard Burton as a stuffed-shirt Trotsky, and Alain Delon as the angel-of-death assassin; directed by Joseph Losey. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Beacon; through March 27.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Beacon; through March 27.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

Baxter!—With Patricia Neal and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (68th St. Playhouse; through March 24.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Greenwich; starting March 28.)

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970)—The Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 28.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Black Mama, White Mama—With Pam Grier and Margaret Markov, directed by Eddie Romero. (86th St. East; starting March 23.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Elgin; through March 22.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 28.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 24.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor again, this time with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing that memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score, once again, is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown (but not as good), and the director once again Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 24.)

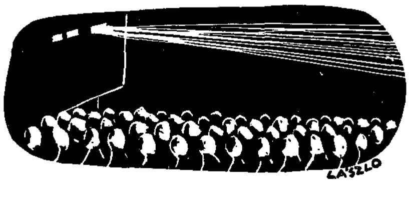
Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen (as the low-keyed police-officer hero) and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Elgin; through March 22.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Gramercy and Beacon; starting March 28.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Thalia; March 23-25.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris; through March 24. . . . ¶ Art and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 28.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Juliet 1 and Symphony; through March 27.)



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The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; this evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

The Crazies—With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Eastside Cinema and U. A. East; starting March 23.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish (Elgin; March 28-29.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterjee and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 21.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (New Yorker; through March 27. . . . ¶ Elgin; March 28-29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 28.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (86th St. East; through March 22.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Thalia; through March 22.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (U. A. East; through March 22.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Playboy; starting March 29.)

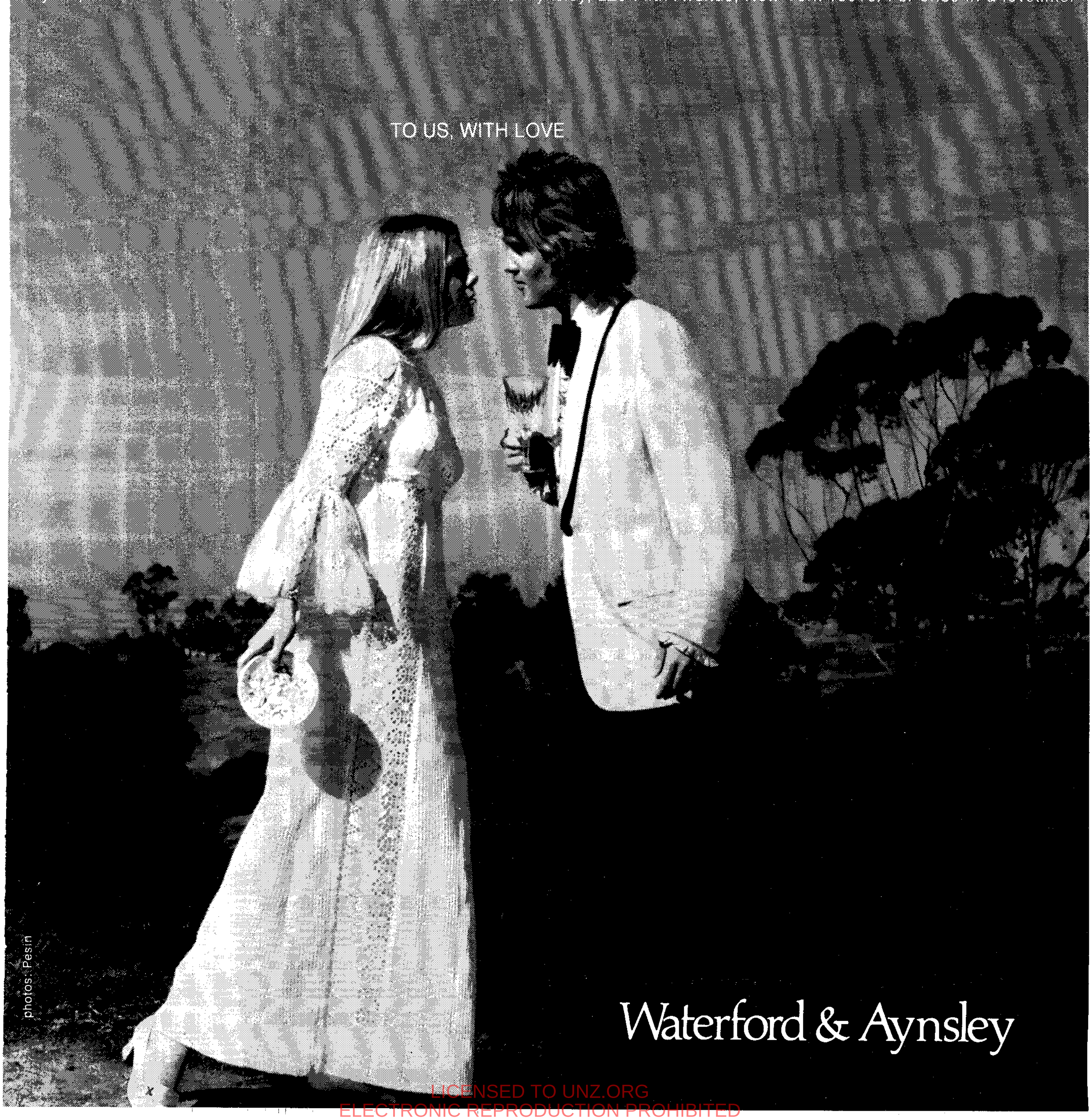
Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Gramercy and 72nd Street East; through March 27.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Playboy; March 27-28.)

The First Circle—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's not drab; it's tense and intelligent, and good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors speak in English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (Juliet 1 and Symphony; through March 27.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang

Love is the priceless ingredient. Waterford & Aynsley. Aynsley & Waterford. Each is a signed original, made by hand with heart. When the Queen of England wanted bone china for her wedding table, she chose Aynsley. And when the president's daughter wanted crystal, she took Waterford. Write for free booket. Waterford & Aynsley, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. For once in a lovetime.



photos: Pesin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Loews Orpheum.)

Follow the Boys (1944)—When it came to putting together all-star revues, Universal wasn't really in the same league as the major studios, but they managed to pull in some big names. Orson Welles does his magic act and saws Marlene Dietrich in half, Zorina has a big dance number, and George Raft, Jeanette MacDonald, Dinah Shore, W. C. Fields, and Sophie Tucker make appearances. Some good songs, including "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" Edward Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25-27.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting March 28.)

Godspell—Based on the Off Broadway musical, directed by David Greene. (Columbia II.)

Gold Diggers in Paris (1938)—Tired musical from Warner Brothers, starring Rudy Vallée and Rosemary Lane. Hugh Herbert and the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren are the only holdovers from the earlier and livelier Gold Diggers pictures. Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 28.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 28.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Kips Bay; through March 27.)

The Harder They Come—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (New Embassy; through March 27.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Heat—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. The best thing about it is the title. (New Yorker; starting March 28.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Orpheum; through March 27.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

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I Am a Dancer—A documentary about Rudolf Nureyev, on stage and off, directed by Pierre Jourdan. (Ziegfeld; starting March 28 at 8. Thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10, and Sundays at 5, 7, and 9. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting March 28.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film (in French), which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. (Playboy; March 23-24.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 28.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a benedictive simplicity. In Japanese. (Playboy; March 25-26.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 27.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In the new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love—With Lili Darvas, directed by Karoly Makk. In Hungarian. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 22-28.)

Ludwig—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (East 59th Street II.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Thalia; March 23-25.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 27.)

Money, Money, Money—With Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Paris; starting March 25.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; March 26-27.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (New Yorker; starting March 28.)

On Any Sunday (1971)—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Orpheum; through March 27.)

Painters Painting—Conversations with such artists as Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella, directed by Emile de Antonio. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Paramount on Parade (1930)—A lavish all-star musical revue, directed by Dorothy Arzner, Ernst Lubitsch, Rowland V. Lee, Edward Sutherland, and others, and supervised by Elsie Janis. The numbers include Ruth Chatterton singing "My Marine" to a quartet that includes Fredric March; Clara Bow, with Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher, in "I'm True to the Navy Now;" Helen Kane as a schoolteacher singing "What Did Cleopatra Say?" to the children, who reply "Boop Boopa Doop;" William Powell as Philo Vance and Clive Brook as Sherlock Holmes in "Murder Will Out." Among the stars are Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Nino Martini, Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Lillian Roth, Dennis King, Kay Francis, and Buddy Rogers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25-27.)

Payday—An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Waverly; through March 27, tentative.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (New Yorker; through March 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 28.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Riverside. . . . ¶ Juliet 2 and Greenwich; through March 27.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 27.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; March 28-29.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Riviera; through March 27.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Playboy; March 25-26.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Kips Bay; through March 27.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Playboy; March 27-28.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia; through March 22.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Ciné).

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Greenwich; starting March 28.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through March 27. . . . ¶ New Embassy and Riviera; starting March 28.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Coronet.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 27.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 25.)

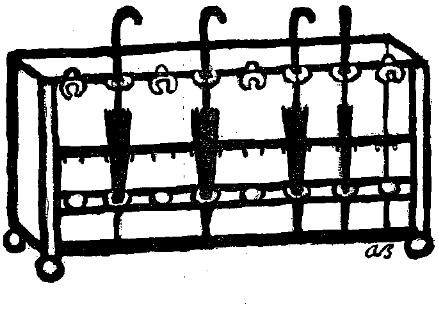
Super Fly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Elgin; March 23-27.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; March 28-29.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Beekman. No evening performances on Monday, March 26.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Playboy; March 23-24.)



Tom Sawyer—With Johnny Whitaker and Celeste Holm, directed by Don Taylor. (Music Hall.)

The Trap (1966)—Sidney Hayers directs Oliver Reed as a fur trapper who comes down the river one day and exchanges his furs for Rita Tushingham, a mute. You go if you're dotty about Oliver Reed; you leave if you can't bear the sight of an amputation being performed on Oliver Reed after he's been caught in a trap. (Symphony; starting March 28.)

Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Orpheum; through March 27.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Playboy; through March 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting March 28.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 27.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's lyrical essay-film, but the "her" of the title seems to be Paris as well. Social comment, made in the most personal of styles, delicately. In French. (Playboy; starting March 29.)

Two People—With Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner, directed by Robert Wise. (Baronet.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street I.)

Under Milk Wood—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 27.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Elgin; March 23-27.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; March 26-27.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Quad Cinema; through March 27.)

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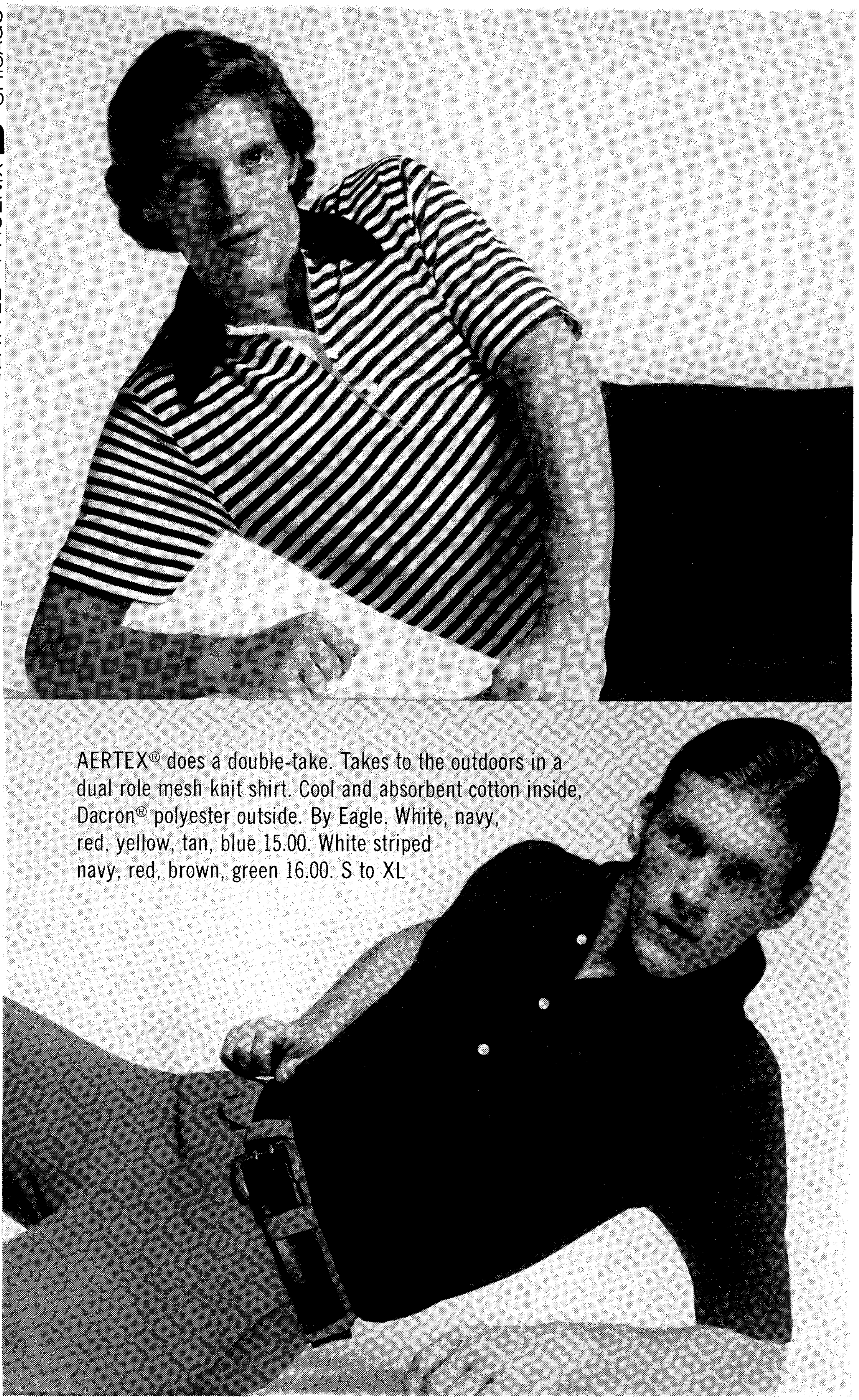

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, we were reading newspaper accounts of the efforts being made in a California courtroom to determine what damage, if any, was done to the national defense when Daniel Ellsberg released to the public the Pentagon's secret study of how policy was formulated for the Vietnam war. There were also reports of President Nixon's refusal to let officials of his Administration go before a congressional committee to answer questions about various Administration actions during last fall's Presidential campaign. Well, one evening last week, we chanced to be reading Dr. Johnson, of all people, and came upon a passage from his "Observations on the Present State of Affairs," which is to the point. The passage, written in 1756, has lost none of its force in another country more than two centuries later. Here it is:

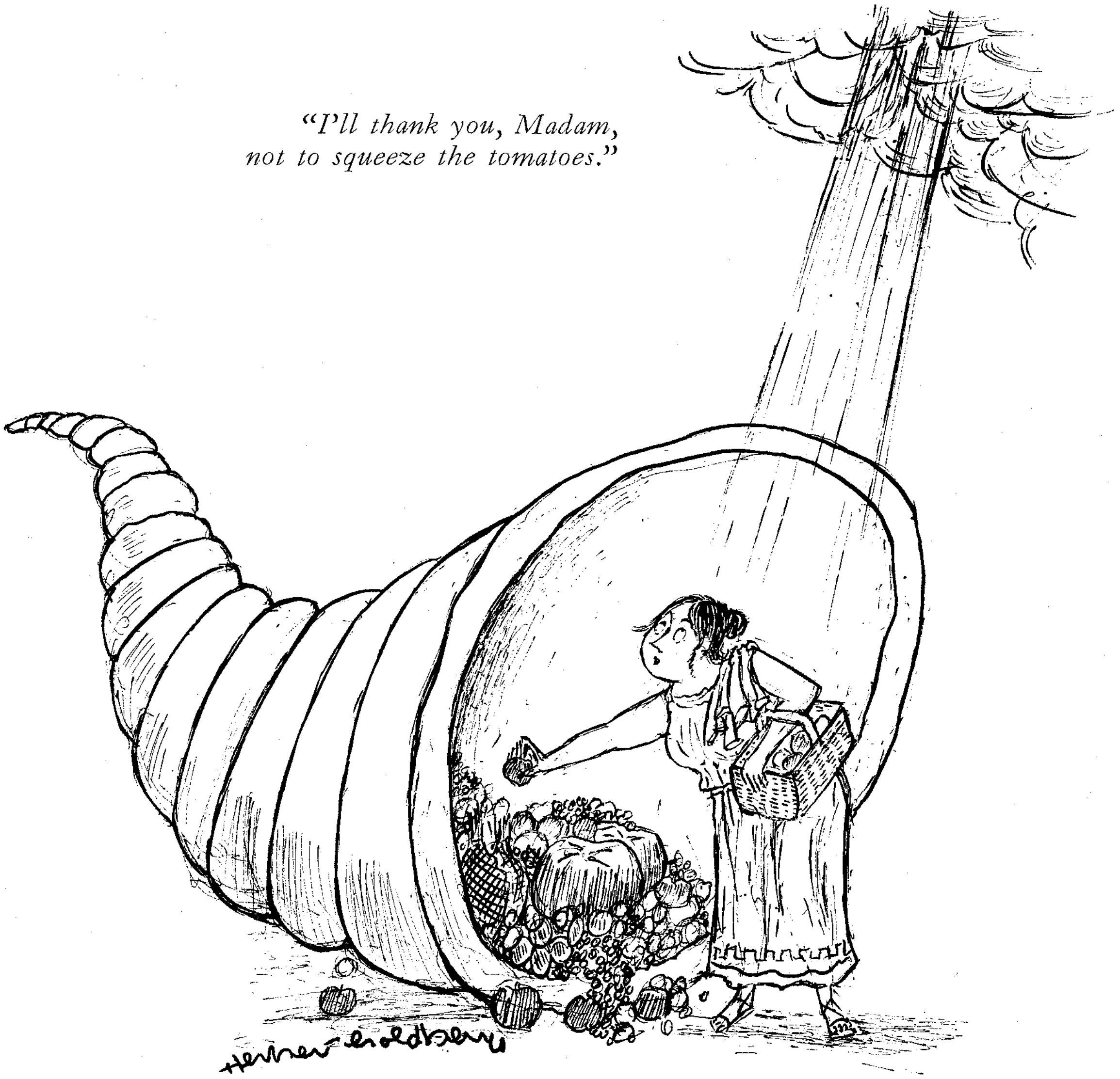
"The time is now come in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the national affairs; and in which he has a right to have that expectation gratified. For, whatever may be urged by ministers, or those whom vanity or interest makes the followers of ministers, concerning the necessity of confidence in our governours, and the presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesses of policy, it is evident that this reverence can be claimed only by counsels yet unexecuted, and projects suspended in deliberation. But when a design has ended in miscarriage or success, when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent, or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion and illustrate obscurity; to shew by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay down with distinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamation, or perplexes by indigested narratives; to shew whence happiness or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the people what inquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future."

THE news from Wounded Knee has prompted the following note from one of our correspondents:

I keep thinking of a visit I paid to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation a couple of years ago. This is the home of the Oglala Sioux, where militant Indians recently seized the trading post and a church at Wounded Knee. At the time, I was investigating wildlife rather than Indians, but I nevertheless found myself suddenly allowed a disturbing glimpse of the way things work for Indians out there. My immediate interest was prairie dogs. Thousands of acres of reservation land were being poisoned by the Department of the Interior to eradicate prairie dogs, supposedly to improve grazing. This was being done at the insistence of the Bureau of Indian Affairs—on behalf of the Indians, it was said. The first person I talked with about Indians was an official of the Department of the Interior involved in the poisoning, whom I met in Pierre. It was also part of his job to work with Indians on a wildlife-preservation program, developing a wildlife habitat on the reservation. He despised Indians, and made no bones about it. In his opinion, they were worthless, lazy, insolent, and drunken. He said with cold contempt that any sort of program on the reservation would be hopeless. Given his attitude, I would have to agree.

After my meeting with the official, I had the luck to run into a young biologist who had worked with Indians and liked them very much. He said that the attitude of the first man I had talked with was typical of the officials who dealt with the Indians and had total power over their destiny. He offered to take me out to the reservation. We drove through miles and miles of empty country. The reservation is mostly rolling grassland, cut by a few streams with wooded banks. In the distance we saw rocky buttes—part of the nearby Badlands. Our first stop was a small Indian settlement. It looked desperately poor. The houses were mostly flimsy shacks made of assorted materials tacked together in crazy patchwork. The yards contained a great many defunct cars. To cover the vast distances out there, cars are vital, but Indians can afford only second-hand cars that are about ready to give up. They keep the corpses on hand to provide spare parts. Thus, derelict cars around Indian towns are indications not of improvidence but of a combination of necessity and prudence.

At the settlement, we picked up an Indian I'll call John Redwing, who was a friend of the biologist. Redwing was in his thirties. He had Indian features, wore bluejeans and a checked shirt, and talked like any average American male, except that, unlike most white South Dakotans, he didn't want to kill every animal that moved. He had been working on a wildlife-preservation program started by the Indians themselves. He said that most Indians didn't want their land poisoned—that it was an idea cooked up by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. We drove to Pine Ridge, the small town from which the Bureau of Indian Affairs rules its domain. The Bureau occupies a large brick building with lots of shiny glass and with a green lawn around it. In a parking lot, there were



"I'll thank you, Madam, not to squeeze the tomatoes."

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about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of big new cars, many with official plates.

Redwing said that if I wanted to I could talk with the Tribal Council—the elder Indians who represented the tribe in dealings with the Bureau of Indian Affairs—but that I wouldn't find out much from them. He said that to find out what was actually going on I should talk with some real friends of the Indian—the only outsiders in his memory who had ever tried to do anything for the tribe. They were two representatives of the Office of Economic Opportunity who had tried to devise ways for the Indians to break out of their pattern of poverty. I have their names in my notes, but I don't know what these men are doing now, so I won't give their names. If they still have government jobs, there might be reprisals for what they told me. The O.E.O. men, when I visited them, were eager to talk. They were full of anger over the things they had seen on the reservation, and they had found no way to communicate their anger to the outside world. One of them said to me, "If you want to know what goes on on the reservation, I'll put it simply. It's one big swindle. Just like in the old days. The Bureau of Indian Affairs runs the reservation not for the benefit of the Indians but for the benefit of the white ranchers, who take the profits off the land. You can make a nice fat profit there in one season if you buy cattle in the spring, graze them all summer, and sell them in the fall. It takes capital to buy the cattle. The Indians don't have it. The local banks are dominated by white ranchers. They'll lend money to a white man to graze cattle on Indian land, but they won't lend it to an Indian. Therefore, the Indians have no way to make a living directly off their own land. In a large number of cases, they are forced to lease their land to white ranchers. The Bureau of Indian Affairs has a lot to do with the terms of these leases, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs is a lot more concerned with the welfare of the ranchers than with the welfare of the Indians. It had allowed the white ranchers to overgraze, making a quick profit for the men using the land, and hurting the property of the Indians leasing it. The Indians live off these fees, which somehow work out to just the level of survival—you could hardly call it subsistence."

The second O.E.O. man added, "The Bureau of Indian Affairs has considerable power over the way Indian land is used. Here's an example of how it works. An Indian at the reservation had a nice piece of land that happened to have water. He was anxious to work it himself instead of leasing it. We figured that he could make more money if he took it out of grazing and raised a vegetable crop. Moreover, it would have been an example of successful initiative, and a step toward the economic diversification that reservations need. You might think the Bureau of Indian Affairs would have been delighted to foster this. Not at all. The Bureau blocked it. The land remained leased to a white rancher."

In spite of the lack of coöperation from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the O.E.O. men said, they would go on working with the Indians and go on trying to figure out ways for the Indians to break through the system. Of course, changing the system means a loss of profits for the white ranchers and the white bankers. I couldn't help thinking of this when I read recently that the O.E.O. was to be dismantled, and wondering whether the dismantling was deemed necessary not because the program had failed, as the President said, but because it had had some unwelcome measure of success.

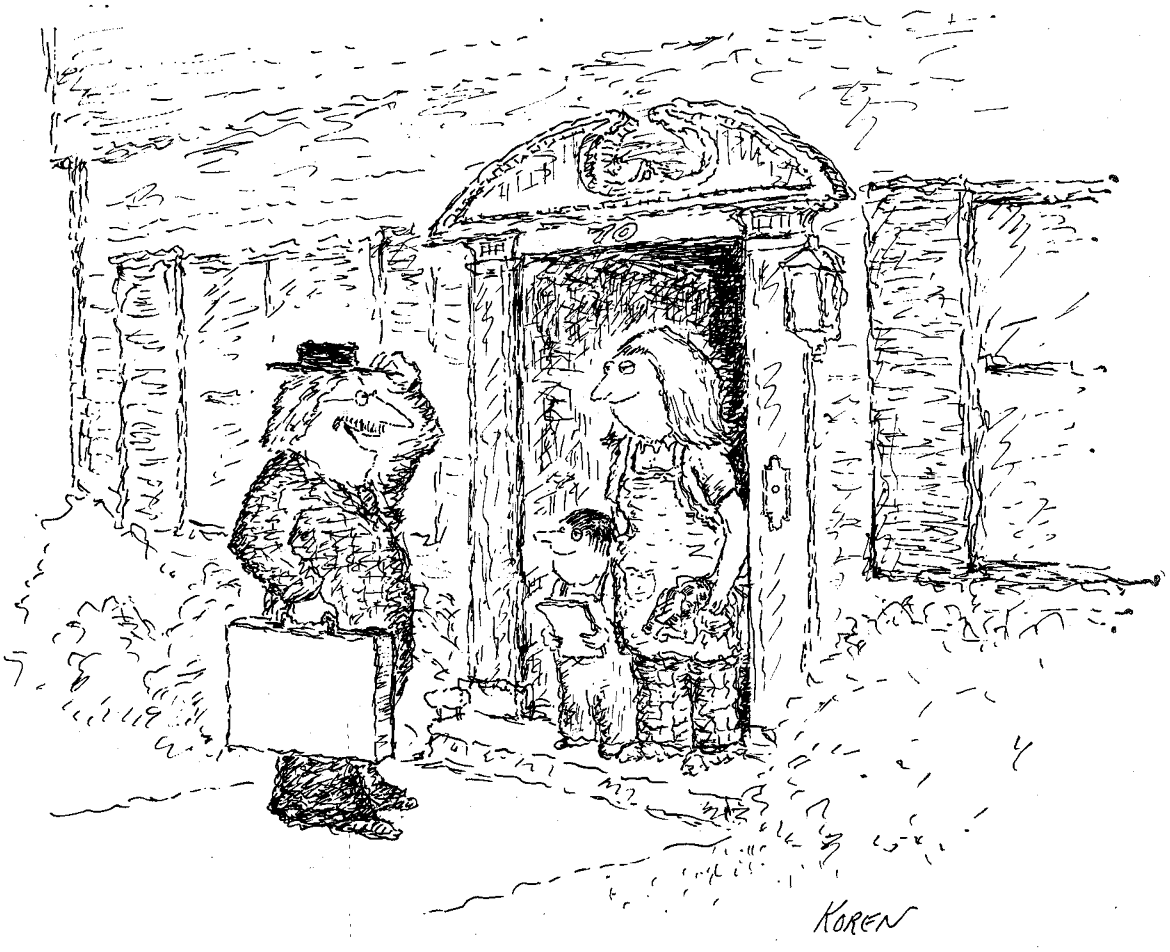
Rising Market

CURRENCIES float in anarchic disorder, the price of gold oscillates like a thermometer in the springtime, and diamonds, the hoarder's best friend, are losing their investment cachet, because they no longer appeal to the young. What to do with surplus cash for fun and profit? One popular solution is to visit a rug auction and invest in an antique Oriental rug. Such auctions can be hazardous for the uninitiated, however, because they are meticulously plotted mini-dramas, aimed at separating the customer from as much cash as possible. A successful bidder must be knowledgeable enough to distinguish between genuine antiques (which may be faded, worn, or restored) and equally enticing modern rugs. Although the real antiques were all woven or hand-knotted before 1873 (a date agreeable to United States Customs), there are also valuable semi-antiques (rugs made between 1870 and 1920) and a vast quantity of modern rugs, many of them using the same designs, the same dyes, and the same types of wool as their more distinguished ancestors. (A legendary group of Rumanian and Turkish weavers forged seventeenth-century rugs before and during the nineteen-twenties, using old wool and vegetable dyes. Their products are still confusing the experts.)

We acquired this information from a rug-collecting friend who appeared on our doorstep one evening to tell us that an antique-rug auction was about to take place at the Hotel Westbury. He produced an invitation announcing that Maurice Lidchi, "Consultant and Adviser to Oriental Carpet Interests Internationally," would hold an auction "of high importance, including rare, important, and perfect examples of fabulous antique Persian rugs, superb antique Oriental rugs, and excellent Caucasian rugs," and he added that Lidchi, a European expert who had disposed of the famous Mayorkas collection in 1971 and 1972, could always be counted upon for unusual items. We telephoned Mr. Lidchi the next day and arranged to drop by the Westbury on Sunday morning, when he would be arranging his rugs for the public viewing that preceded the sale. We arrived at the Windsor Suite—a long, narrow room that seemed to be papered with Oriental rugs—and found Mr. Lidchi, a tall, commanding figure with strong features, deep-set brown eyes, and gray hair, directing a small army of young men as they draped an enormous rose-and-blue rug over a framework of piled-up tables. He was dressed in navy slacks and a white sports sweater trimmed with maroon and navy stripes, and he greeted us in an impeccable English accent that reminded us of the late Eric Blore. We subsequently learned that the Lidchi family was originally Turkish but had settled in France, where Mr. Lidchi was born, and in England.

"My auctions always follow the exact wording of my announcements," Mr. Lidchi told us. "Persian rugs are fabulous because Persian philosophy is based on fables, and references to the fables are woven into the rugs that we sell. The superb Orientals are Turkish rugs that were made when the Ottoman Empire *was* superb. The Caucasians are excellent in terms of color and geometric design; they're especially popular with Germans, who have a geometric mentality."

We asked Mr. Lidchi to show us an excellent Caucasian, and he led us over to a rectangular rug that had a bold, almost Navajo design in red, green, blue, and beige. "This is an Armenian Cheleberd, made for a wealthy family that lived on the Black Sea coast around 1870," he said. "The inscriptions on the borders wish them health, prosperity, and male heirs, and the two little men in the center—very unusual for this design—may be the heirs." We examined a red-beige-and-blue Turkish Oushak ("out of this world for color"), a faded beige-and-blue Azerbaijan ("rare because of the unusual circle-and-square cartouche border"), and a deep-rose Bessarabian Khellim, which had the date 1839 woven into one end. "Now, there is a weaver with more imagination than sense," Mr. Lidchi remarked with a smile. "That rug was made in 1939, but the workmanship is first class." He paused before two smallish rugs mounted on silk wall panels, and told us that they were the most interesting items in the sale. "The Lahver Kirman Hommage Rug was made around 1900 as a warning, and present, for Ahmed Shah, the last tyrant of Turkey," he said, indicating a tapestrylike rug. "It contains portraits of previous rulers—including Genghis Khan and Nadir Shah—and inscriptions such as 'Do not oppress the people' and 'Be careful of the wealth of the country.' I think some rich man was trying in a subtle way to tell Ahmed Shah to cool it." The second rug—a shimmering rectangle of silvery gold silk with a narrow blue border, delicate scrollwork at the corners, and a demure basket of flowers woven into the center—turned out to be an 1850 Feraghan, the oldest and most valuable piece in the col-



"Good morning. I'm your Fuller Brush person."

lection. "The marvellous thing about this rug is its texture," said Mr. Lidchi, holding out a corner. "It has a magnificent glow, and it feels like a handkerchief. Antique silks are the best investment after gold, because they represent the highest form of the weaver's art. Even a small, modern silk rug can take over a year to make." We ran our hand across the Feraghan, admiring the velvety weightlessness of the material, and asked Mr. Lidchi if the rug belonged to him.

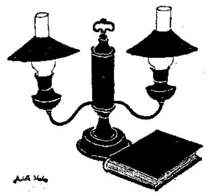
"I am a consultant, not a dealer," he replied, looking slightly offended. "The rugs in this room represent a fraction of the collection that I have assembled for a group of European merchant bankers. They gave me nineteen million dollars for investment purposes in the early nineteen-sixties, and the rugs that we bought with those funds are worth more than a hundred million dollars today. Most of them are stored in bank vaults or in the free port of Geneva, but we have decided to sell off some of the nineteenth-century stock and reinvest our money in rarer sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and early-eighteenth-century rugs."

When the auction began, two hours later, the Lahver Kirman Hommage Rug and the 1850 Feraghan had vanished behind a vast semi-antique Kurdish Tabriz that was propped up at the back of the selling table, and the room was filled with serious-looking buyers. Mr. Lidchi, who had changed into a sedate gray business suit, welcomed his audience with an evangelical speech about the investment potential of antique rugs, and launched into the sale with the style and fervor of a nineteenth-century Shakespearean actor. "What am I offered for an Azerbaijan rug of rarest design and quality?" he cried, pointing to the blue-and-beige rug with an operatic outflung arm. "These are rugs that you will never see again at any price, ladies and gentlemen! They are rarities, *rarities!* . . . Fifteen hundred? Madam, this is not a rug for the floor anymore. For a rug whose design resembles one of the most important silk Heriz rugs ever sold in New York City? . . . Two thousand? You're wrong! You're terribly wrong! . . . Twenty-two hundred? Anybody else? All done, all finished? Sold for twenty-two hundred to the gentleman in the fourth row."

As the auction proceeded, tension in the room mounted and prices increased. The silk Feraghan was sold to a Dutch dealer for nineteen thousand dollars, the Armenian Cheleberd went to a private client for three thousand dollars, but the Lahver Kirman brought a disappointing twenty-five hundred dollars. ("You have stolen a rug from me!" said Mr. Lidchi to the beaming buyer.) By the end of the afternoon, Mr. Lidchi had sold forty-two rugs, for $125,750. When we spoke to him after the auction, he told us that he was pleased with the over-all result but slightly puzzled by the lack of interest in the Hommage Rug. "However, the market is steadily rising from underneath," he added buoyantly. "As more people buy modern rugs, the semi-antiques become increasingly valuable. In due time, the priceless sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century rugs will come on the market and find their way back to the oil-rich countries of the Middle East. We have several four-hundred-year-old rugs in our European vaults, and I expect to hold them for at least five to ten years. Eventually, I shall be able to sell five rugs of museum quality and bring in a million dollars. When you combine the realities of art and finance, it's hard to miss."

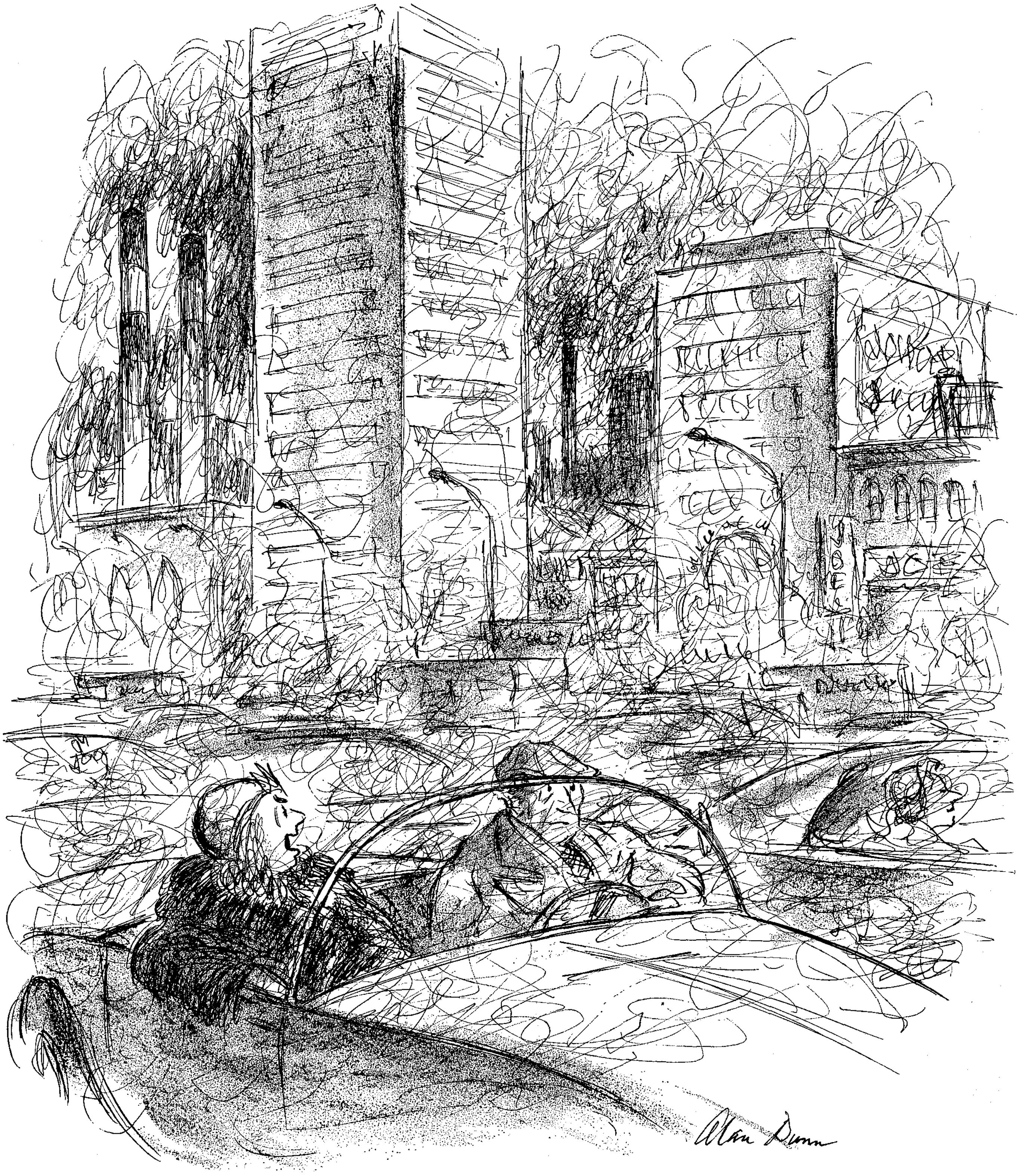
Tango (Continued)

WE are beginning to think that maybe the tango isn't going to catch on after all. This is disappointing, of course, but the fact is that it is very hard to find places where people actually do the tango. One place where you might expect to find people actually doing the tango is the Tango Palace. The Tango Palace is a dance hall at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, and in the course of our researches into the effect of "Last Tango in Paris" on the local dance scene we went there last week. On the whole, over the years we have been fond of the Tango Palace. We have liked it because until very recently it had some remarkable advertising painted all over its windows. We like painted windows, for some reason, and these were particularly good ones. The women painted on the windows of the Tango Palace had tiny waists but were otherwise enormous, and the men painted on the windows, obviously pleased with these large partners, wore an expression that wasn't quite a leer but was something more than a smile. The men and women together evoked a certain nice nineteen-forties sleaziness. Moreover, because of the way the painter had placed them in each other's arms, it seemed just possible that they were doing the tango.



On the evening we visited the Tango Palace, only one of the painted windows was in evidence, the others having made way for a less dated—and less distinguished—window arrangement, but when we got to the second floor we found certain other pleasing things. First of all, we had to ring a bell to summon a lady to unlock the door and let us in. That was good. And when we got in (after paying a two-dollar admission fee) we found that the interior of the Tango Palace corresponded agreeably to the painted windows we had admired from the street. The interior is what you might call Suggestive. It suggests an amusement park, for one thing, and respect for Glamour, and loyalty to the complicated rituals that surround, or used to surround, the pursuit of sex. We noticed several things right away. We noticed that the dance floor was decisively fenced and chained off from the bar area, and that a song by Joan Baez—*Joan Baez*—was playing on the jukebox.

As we came in, one of a half-dozen young ladies who were sitting on a leopard-covered couch in the fenced-off dancing area came up to the outer edge of her area and asked us if we didn't want to dance. She told us that she couldn't come out to us and that to go in to her we had to pay eight dollars and fifty cents for a half-hour dance. We declined for the moment, and went to look at the bar area. It was still early in the evening, and there were only about a dozen men, mostly middle-aged, mostly in work clothes, sitting in the bar area—just out of reach of the girls beckoning from the fenced-in dance floor. A man with a gray mustache, who seemed to be the proprietor, was at the bar with a matter-of-fact-looking woman, who appeared to be, and was, his wife. The man and the woman talked in a flat tone about feeding a cat while the woman peeled and sliced an onion. We asked her how long the Tango Palace had been around, and she said sixty-five years. She said that she and her husband had been running it for twenty-five years, and that she had taken down the painted windows and thrown them away, because they looked too old. We wandered around for a little while, and noticed a very curious area of the place, where the dancing girls were allowed to have drinks with the patrons. This area was just off the dance floor. In it there were tables for two, arranged in a strict row. Each table was divided across the middle by a small wooden partition, so that the fenced-off-dance-floor motif was preserved. Before we left, we danced with a blond girl named Tina, who was just as big



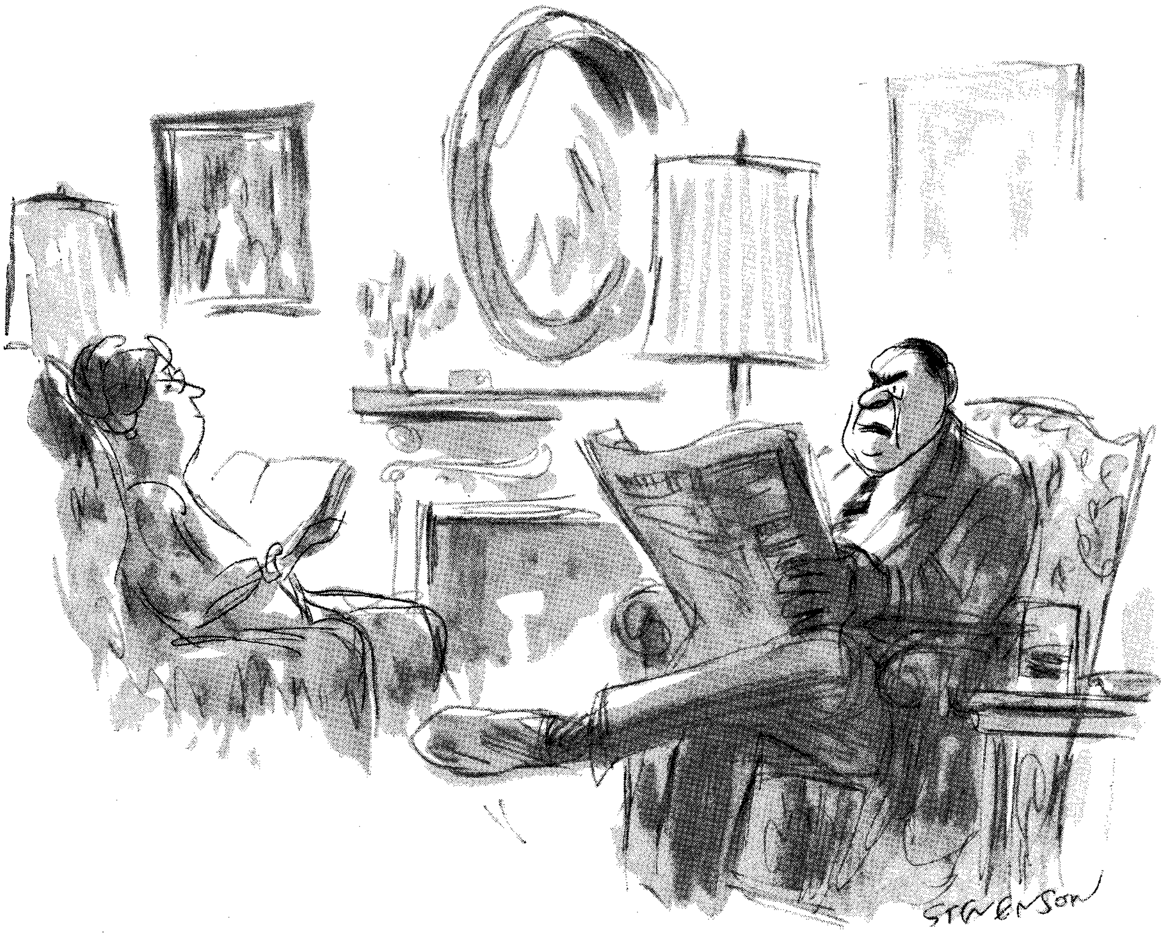
"Once you promised me the world, and now look at it!"

• •

as the girls who used to grace the painted windows. We asked her if there were any tangos on the jukebox. "Everything else but, honey," she replied.

MOMA Party

THE Museum of Modern Art threw a party the other night to honor its first director, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and to celebrate the redesigning of its three great exhibition floors, the reinstallation of their contents, and the installation of some recent acquisitions. The event was preceded by twenty-six dinner parties given by trustees and other friends of MOMA; some five hundred people attended them, and two thousand, including us, went to the reception. "It's a stellar cast," the Museum had noted on our invitation, and indeed it was. Receiving line of Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Mrs. William S. Paley (she in white pants, he in black pants); Richard Oldenburg, the director; Guest of Honor Barr. Kisses, handshakes, smiles galore. Arrivals, with suitable fanfare, of a spectrum so bewildering that we hired, on the spot, a man-about-town of our acquaintance to help us identify people. "The John H. Whitneys!" he said, warming at once to his task. "The



"I simply cannot understand how anybody can be opposed to peace with honor, self-reliance, or the death penalty."

Harding F. Bancrofts—high command of the *Times!* The John L. Loebs! The Jacob Javitses! The Douglas Auchinclosses—she's a new trustee! The Edward M. M. Warburgs—he's an old trustee, now honorary, who's picking up his paycheck these days at the Metropolitan Museum of Art! Henry Allen Moe, past president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation! A. Hyatt Mayor, president of the Hispanic Society of America! David Solinger, president of the Whitney Museum! John Richardson, of Knoedler's! Arne Ekstrom, of Cordier & Ekstrom! Mrs. John Barry Ryan, daughter of Otto Kahn! The Eric (New York State Council on the Arts) Larrabees! Russell Lynes, whose book on the Museum is coming out in May! The Andrew Heiskells—he's the chairman of the board of Time Inc., and she's a sister of Punch (Arthur O.) Sulzberger! The John D. Rockefeller IIIs! Very rare—seldom go out. August Heckscher! Bob Wagner and Phyllis Cerf! Helen Frankenthaler! Alexander Liberman! They're both on the walls here as well as on the floor. Alex is in the garden, too."

A lady in a purple robe joined the receiving line, and Mr. Paley kissed her *twice*. Our spotter, as though propelled by a rocket, had gone into orbit around the Rockefellers, so we asked a Museum staff lady who the purple lady was. "Nancy Hanks, head of the National Endowment for the Arts," she said. "They gave us twenty-five thousand dollars for the reinstallation."

We wandered around the ground floor, past three photographers taking pictures of three men with beards—Sidney Simon, sculptor; Leo Lerman, editor; Henry Geldzahler, curator of twentieth-century art at the Met—and, in an area devoted to recent acquisitions, paused before sculptures by Arp and Giacometti; a linear exercise by Frank Stella called "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor;" and a shelf of utensils by Jim Dine entitled "Five Feet of Colorful Tools," and consisting of just that—hammers, chisels, pliers, handsaws, and so on, brightly painted. We stumbled over a wheelbarrow, laden with a baglike thing, which for a second we thought was left over from the floor's remodelling, but it turned out to be "Package on Wheelbarrow," by Christo, bought with money from the Blanchette Rockefeller Fund. Next, a George Segal plaster figure of a bus driver seated by a coin box ("Does it take tokens?" someone asked); a Jasper Johns American flag (a gift of Philip Johnson, in honor of Alfred Barr); a Roy Lichtenstein oil, "Drowning Girl," with "I don't care! I'd rather sink than call Brad for help!" coming out of her anguished mouth; a James Rosenquist "Marilyn Monroe," with a scrambled face and, conceivably, other portions of the subject; a Larry Rivers "The Last Civil War Veteran," a picture of an old man dying in bed against a background of Union and Confederate flags; and an enormous Jules Olitski canvas, "Willemite's Vision," consisting almost entirely of white polymer paint.

"Don't mention my name, but I think Olitski is for the birds," a lady collector at our elbow said. "A friend of mine—I won't tell you his name—did a picture like this, scrawled an indecipherable signature on it, and invited some famous collectors in to look at it. 'What a marvellous Olitski!' they said."

What a comfort it was, on the next floor, to cast a nostalgic glance at the old Permanent Collection, much of it acquired in the halcyon days of the Depression! Bonnard, Vuillard, Chirico, Braque, Léger, Cézanne, Matisse, Modigliani, Hopper; Picassos and Henri Rousseaus over the metal labels of yesterday—"The Lillie P. Bliss Bequest," "The Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund." A lady whom we recognized as Mrs. Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, wife of the director emeritus of the Yale University Art Gallery, waved at us. "I wish you'd been in Australia with us and Lefty last fall," she said, referring to Wilmarth S. Lewis, the Walpolean scholar, of Farmington, Connecticut. "Lefty went there to get an honorary degree and deliver an address at the University of Melbourne. They'd never *heard* of the eighteenth century. He wowed them." We were back on dry land.

WHAT TO DO NEXT

SO.

The situation is, I agree, desperate. But fortunately I know the proper way to proceed. That is why I am giving you these instructions. They will save your life. First, persuade yourself that the situation is not desperate (my instructions will save your life only if you have not already hopelessly compromised it by listening to the instructions of others, or to the whispers of your heart, which is in itself suspect, in that it has been taught how to behave—how to whisper, even—by your mother and father, those wretches: How happy we are that they are no longer with us!). Persuade yourself, I say, that your original perception of the situation was damaged by not having taken into account all of the variables (for example, my instructions) and that the imminent disaster that hangs in the sky above you can be, with justice, downgraded to the rank of severe inconvenience by the application of corrected thinking. Do not let what happened to the dog weaken your resolve.

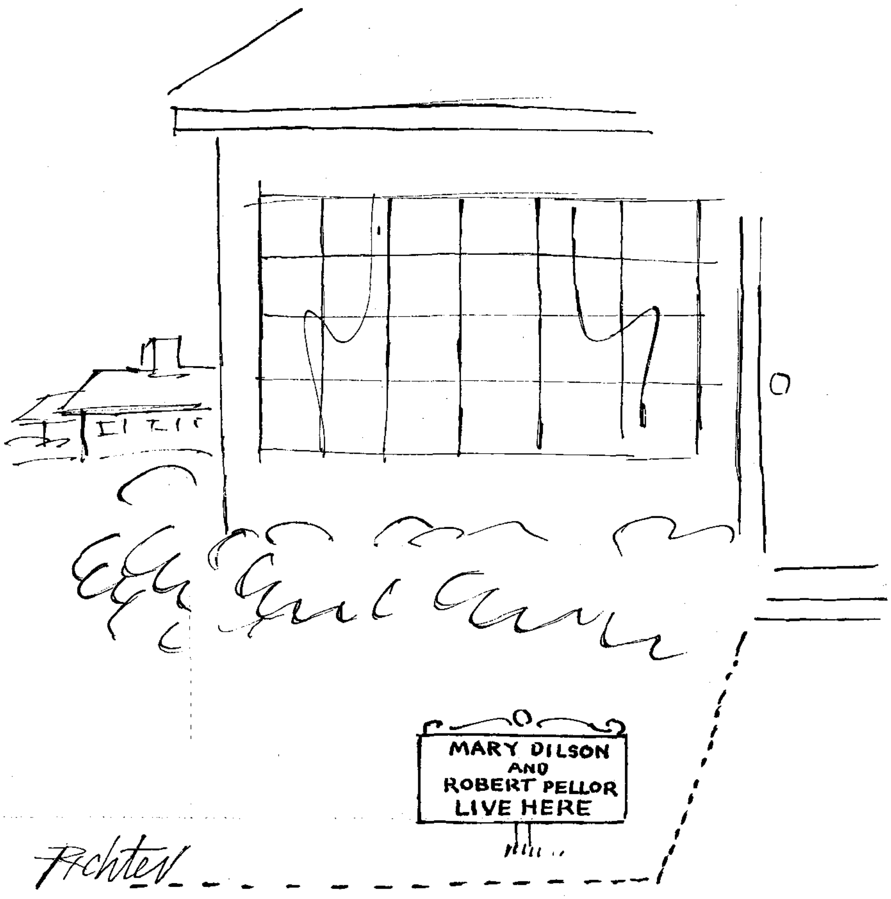
Yes, the dog is dead, I admit it. I'm sorry. I admit also that putting eight-foot-square paintings of him in every room of the house has not consoled you. But, studying the paintings, you will notice after a time that in each painting the artist has included, in the background, or up in the left-hand corner, not only your dog but other dogs, dogs not known to you—perhaps dogs that were formerly friends of your dog but that you did not know he knew. Thus the whole concept "other dog" suddenly thrusts itself into your consciousness, and looking more intently now at those strange spaniels, retrievers, terriers, you understand that one of them, or one very much like one of them, might just possibly become the "new dog"—the "new dog" of which you have been, until now, afraid to think. For life must go on, after all, and that you have been able to think *new dog* is already a victory, of a kind, for the instructions.

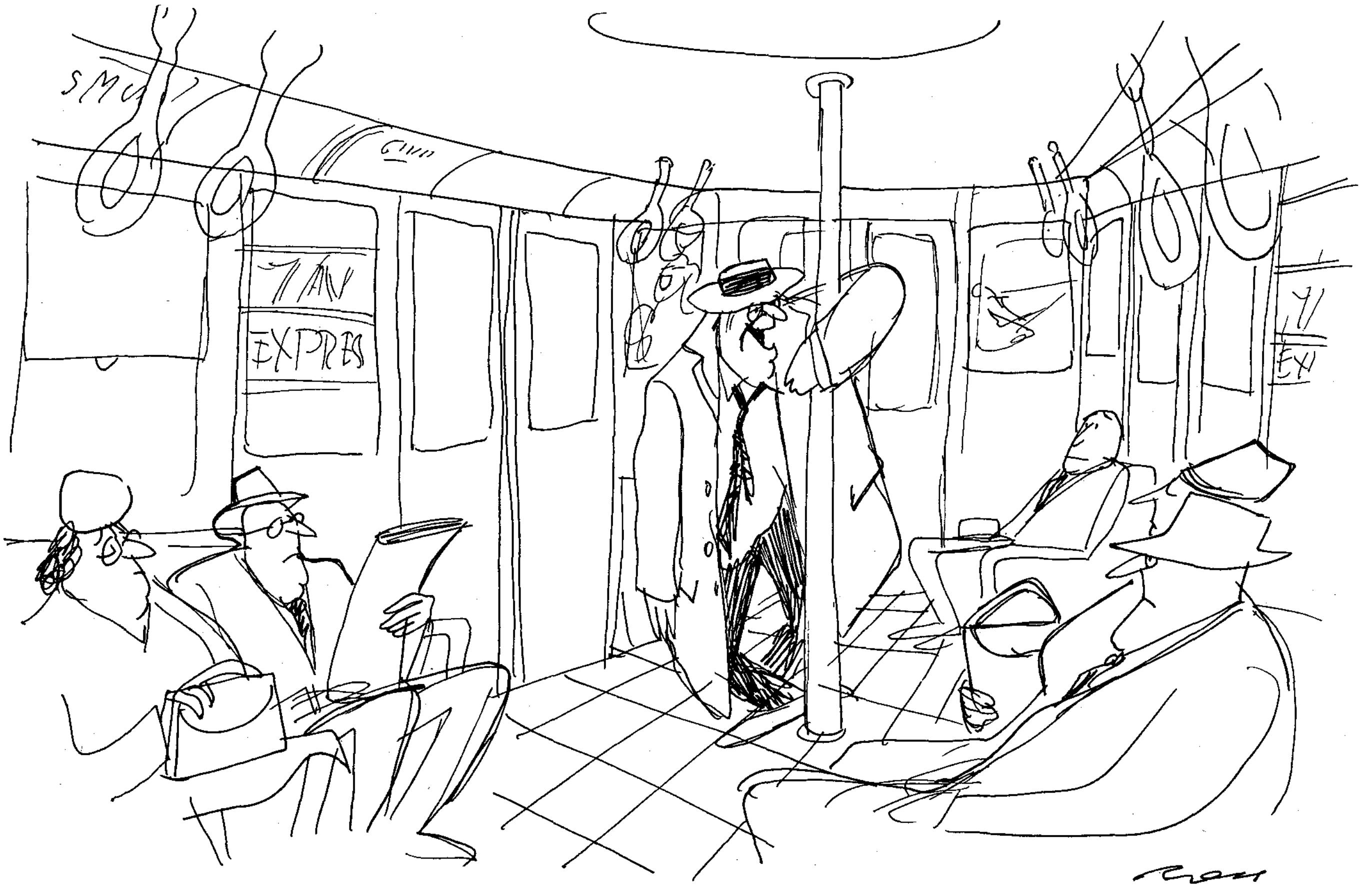
Next, write your will. I know that you are too young to take this step, or at least this is what you have always told yourself, when will-writing time rolled around; this time, do it. Leave everything to your wife, if you have one; or to your old school, if you have one. This prudent action, which you would not have taken had it not been for the instructions, implies nothing about your future health and well-being. Don't worry. Next, see your Loan Officer, and borrow a sizable sum to leave to people, for what good is a will if it does not have the strong arm of hard cash to implement it with? You are tidying up, yes, but do not permit this kind of activity to frighten you. Lose yourself in the song of the instructions, in the precise, detailed balm of having had solved for you that most difficult of problems, what to do next.

NOW. Let us proceed. In numbered block 8, enter the Federal Identification Number assigned to you. If you anticipate that a branch office (or offices) of your identity will also submit vouchers as independent vendors, assign a digit, 0 through 9, to each office. If this digit is then entered immediately following the last digit of the Identification Number, the resulting ten-digit number will serve as our identification for the office submitting the voucher—that part of your soul that lies buried (figuratively speaking) in Durango, for example. I know this is tedious, but it must be done.

Now, housecleaning. It is true that what she is saying doesn't interest you very much, but don't tell her (or, if you are a woman, him—the instructions are flexible, the instructions do not discriminate). Smile. Smile and tell her that the two of you have come to "the end of the line"—she is interesting but false. (It is not true that she is interesting but it is true that she is false.) Your true love lies elsewhere, and always will. I know that it's depressing, this maneuver (she has hung her shirt in your closet, and now you must give it back) but your work is more important than any of these merely temporal alignments, which give you someone to sleep with, yes, but on the other hand require a lot of smiling—smiling that you cannot spare, if you are to turn a smiling face and a ready, acquiescent nod to the just demands of the instructions. There! The thing is done. Lead her, weeping, from the closet, the green garment you never liked much dangling from one hand, and put her on a bus. Goodbye, Elsie.

I know that you are depressed, but pay attention: the instructions have arranged a diversion for you. Sea air! Passage has been booked in your name to Hong Kong on the Black Swan, the Black Tulip, or the Tanta Maru. Running away from trouble is always an excellent partial solution, but we anticipate using this tactic only temporarily, until other measures, still being honed and polished (there you are in the crew's mess, drinking anisette with Rudi and Hans, the crew members who have befriended you, and listening to their stories about waves, to which you respond a shade too enthusiastically, like those people, usually English, one finds at a jazz place over-enjoying the music, their mouths open too ecstatically, their fingerpopping too Anglo-Saxon), are ready for presenta-





"Hey, everybody! It's exactly three years ago today that I stopped smoking! How about that?"

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tion to the green breast of the New World. You need not thank the instructions just yet; they have not completed their designs, although they are pleased that *you* are pleased with the life of the forecastle, which you would never have tasted in all its salty gravidity had it not been for them.

Quickly now, avoid that other sticky development that is developing on the left, a hazard you would not have identified had it not been for the sage wisdom of the instructions, which anticipate everything, even their own blind spots, of which they possess not a few. The instructions are, for example, blind to (the hazard coming at you from the left is nothing else but a draft notice, and however much you protest that the draft has ceased and that in any case you have already been drafted once, and have served honorably with the Payroll Corps in a strange clime or two, you will inevitably suffer reconscription, as one often does in dreams, and wander around helplessly shouting that you have already been through this once, a shout that no one will turn an ear to, unless you hastily scribble the word "Deceased" across your mailbox with this laundry marker that the instructions have provided for you) the blandishments of the soft life, which other sets of instructions uphold, cultivate, make possible. But that life is not for you, you do not have the panache to carry it off. You are in fact a rather poor specimen, in some ways, and entering a fashionable hotel in Bern with an incredibly beautiful woman on your arm, her thin skeleton curling toward you, and forty or fifty pieces of good luggage following, you would only look ridiculous. Where did you purchase those trousers? Trousers made out of old rugs have not been *haut monde* for two years. Remember Elsie. Forget Zoë. Stop plucking nervously at your rugs. Pay attention.

Because we are ready to move toward the center of your difficulties, which is the fact that you are no good. This great handicap, which many of our best people have labored under, is irrevocable. This is the nut of your dilemma, and to crack it you must proceed in the following way (remember that you still have a new dog to buy, and a true love to fail to find, and while we are at it we have been thinking about certain alterations that need to be made on your apartment—a wall torn out here, a soffit to be plastered there, the plumber summoned to make the drains drain, all crucial to give to your leaning personality the definition that it lamentably lacks). The instructions, at this point, call for a rewriting of your fundamental documents through useful work. Many considerations now intrude. Your former employment as a pilot project for A.A., although possessed of some degree of social worth, does not, in our analysis, finally qualify. It stressed your objecthood, your existence as vessel, your flashlike qualities, and neglected, to our mind, the creative potentialities you might contain. We have thought about possible alternatives. The Bengal Lancers are no longer recruiting. I.B.M. is a very large company but all of the good jobs are already taken. Your love of life would seem to equip you for a role in "Love of Life," but, we have discovered, others, similarly equipped, have got there ahead of you. There is a chief's rating open on the Tanta Maru and a cook's on the Black Tulip, but these have been filled by Rudi and Hans, who have asked to be remembered to you. You could become a dog painter in the tradition of Landseer, but there are already 70,000 of these in New York City alone—leadership in that field is not easily come by.

Starting fresh, as it is called, requires that you know the appropriate corn and rain dances, but also that you can stand the terrific wrenches of the spirit that accompany frontier-busting, as it is called. When you change your life, you also break your back (or have an equivalent serious illness) within the next twelve months—that is a statistically successful statement. But the instructions will protect you, more or less, from these hazards (and it would not surprise me if, at this point, you wondered aloud why the instructions are being so kind to you, specifically you; the answer is simple, you have taken the trouble to read them). The culture that we share, such as it is, makes of us all either machines for assimilating and judging that culture, or uncritical sops who simply sop it up, become it. Clearly it is better to be the first than the second, or at least that is our provisional judgment, at this time. Because you stick out from the matrix of this culture like a banged thumb, swelling and reddening and otherwise irrupting all over its smooth, eventless surface, our effort must be to contain you, as would, for example, a lead glove. (Note your movement from container, which you were in your former life, before you renewed yourself, with the aid of the instructions, to contained, the latter a much more active principle, lively and wroth-causing—another success story for the cunning and gay instructions, which, although they may seem to you a shade self-congratulatory and vain, are in truth only *right.*) We have therefore decided to make you *a part of the instructions themselves*—something other people must complete, or go through, before they reach their individual niches, or thrones, or whatever kind of plateau makes them, at least for the time being, happy. Thus, we have specified that everyone who comes to us from this day forward must take twelve hours of you a week, for which they will receive three points credit per semester, and, as well, a silver spoon in the "Heritage" pattern. Don't hang back. We are sure you are up to it. Many famous teachers teach courses in themselves; why should you be different, just because you are a wimp and a lame, objectively speaking? Courage. The anthology of yourself which will be used as a text is even now being assembled by underpaid researchers in our textbook division, drawing upon the remembrances of those who hated you and those (a much smaller number) who loved you. You will be adequate in your new role. See? Your life is saved. The instructions do not make distinctions between those lives which are worth saving and those which are not. Your life is saved. Congratulations. I'm sorry.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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12 O'CLOCK NEWS

gooseneck lamp

As you all know, tonight is the night of the full moon, half the world over. But here the moon seems to hang motionless in the sky. It gives very little light; it could be dead. Visibility is poor. Nevertheless, we shall try to give you some idea of the lay of the land and the present situation.

typewriter

The escarpment that rises abruptly from the central plain is in heavy shadow, but the elaborate terracing of its southern glacis gleams faintly in the dim light, like fish scales. What endless labor those small, peculiarly shaped terraces represent! And yet, on them the welfare of this tiny principality depends.

pile of mss.

A slight landslide occurred in the northwest about an hour ago. The exposed soil appears to be of poor quality: almost white, calcareous, and shaly. There are believed to have been no casualities.

typed sheet

Almost due north, our aerial reconnaissance reports the discovery of a large rectangular "field," hitherto unknown to us, obviously man-made. It is dark-speckled. An airstrip? A cemetery?

envelopes

In this small, backward country, one of the most backward left in the world today, communications are crude and "industrialization" and its products almost nonexistent. Strange to say, however, signboards are on a truly gigantic scale.

ink-bottle

We have also received reports of a mysterious, oddly shaped, black structure, at an undisclosed distance to the east. Its presence was revealed only because its highly polished surface catches such feeble moonlight as prevails. The natural resources of the country being far from completely known to us, there is the possibility that this may be, or may contain, some powerful and terrifying "secret weapon." On the other hand, given what we *do* know, or have learned from our anthropologists and sociologists about this people, it may well be nothing more than a *numen*, or a great altar recently erected to one of their gods, to which, in their present historical state of superstition and helplessness, they attribute magical powers, and may even regard as a "savior," one last hope of rescue from their grave difficulties.

typewriter eraser

At last! One of the elusive natives has been spotted! He appears to be—rather, to have been—a unicyclist-courier, who may have met his end by falling from the height of the escarpment because of the deceptive illumination. Alive, he would have been small, but undoubtedly proud and erect, with the thick, bristling black hair typical of the indigenes.

ashtray

From our superior vantage point, we can clearly see into a sort of dugout, possibly a shell crater, a "nest" of soldiers. They lie heaped together, wearing the camouflage "battle dress" intended for "winter warfare." They are in hideously contorted positions, all dead. We can make out at least eight bodies. These uniforms were designed to be used in guerrilla warfare on the country's one snow-covered mountain peak. The fact that these poor soldiers are wearing them *here*, on the plain, gives further proof, if proof were necessary, either of the childishness and hopeless impracticality of this inscrutable people, our opponents, or of the sad corruption of their leaders.

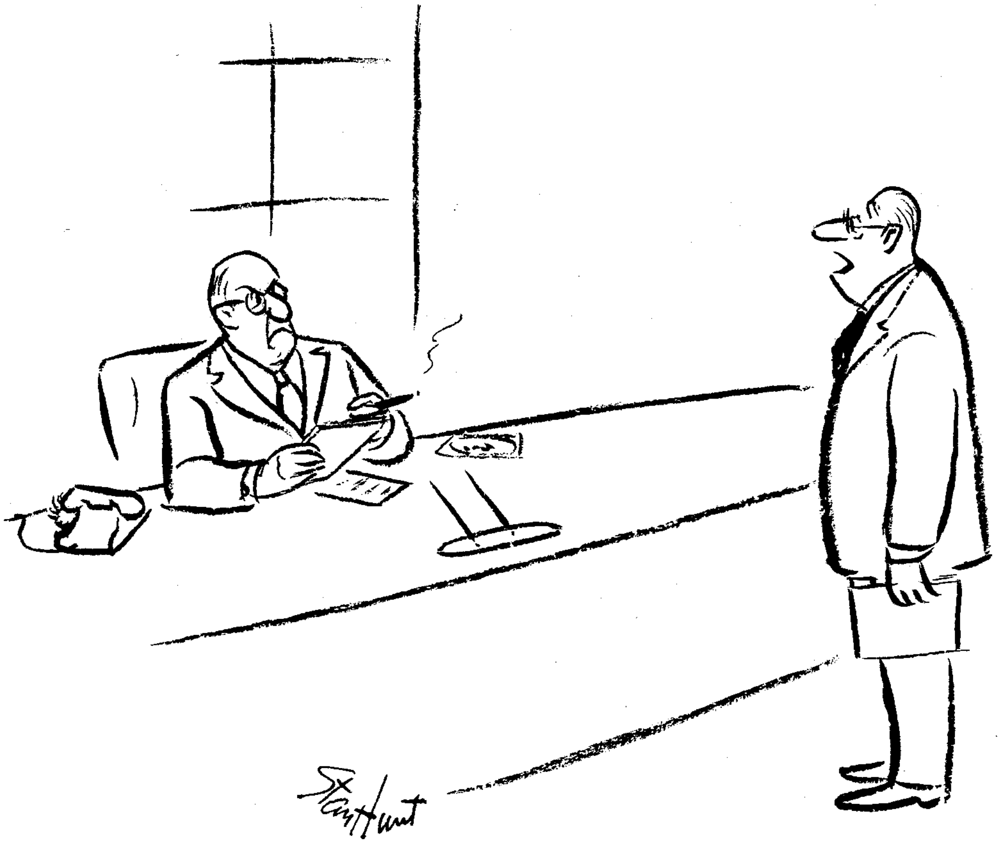
—ELIZABETH BISHOP

THE HILL

IT has been a long time since I've thought ahead any about my life. I don't remember whole blows and stretches of it. I got put in the nerve hospital and they said it was up to me to make that my home, but I couldn't forget my old home I used to have and they said they knew I couldn't, they had more people that couldn't and were sorrowing about it. I wasn't sorrowing so much as I was just steady hoping I could get back to where I used to be.

I love to work—any kind of work will glorify His name—and they tried me in the kitchen first. I had to do with cups and saucers, jelly and all that. It was a fast place and a fine one, getting dinners ready to carry to the sick. Pretty soon, though, they believed I was getting a little too interested in it—they would put me in the laundry. Well, it was down in the basement. People were flying backward and forward pushing those carts and laughing and I began to lose track of what my part was. I was almost lost down there before I could find somebody to tell I wasn't working. The next I remember, they tried me out on mopping. I caught on to that without a bit of trouble. I had my own mop and bucket and started out after breakfast every morning. The colored stripes on the floor took me around to halls you wouldn't of thought would be there. But pretty soon my tracks got to overlapping. What happened was wherever I mopped people were calling, trying to find some help—the ones that couldn't get up. If I put my mop down and travelled to see what it was a person wanted, the nurses believed I had quit. I wouldn't do that for anything in the world, so to keep them from thinking I was I mopped on up to whoever wanted to see me and this veered my tracks around. Mopping has to be straight, the nurses said, from one place to the next one.

I knew what they meant all right, but I couldn't stop answering up. Sometimes a gentleman wouldn't want anything more than his teeth that would be in a jar of water too far for him to reach at, but other times a person was trying to get word to a daughter in California and I'd have to remember her name by heart and then the street she stayed on so I could write a letter. By this time I would forget who wanted her, people were all along the halls, but when the answer came back the hospital people would know. They were wise in all ways. They hid their stamps and envelopes because they came so high and I had to wait until they left their desks to even get mine. But then the letter couldn't get mailed unless I put it right back in front of them. They began telling me to stay in one place and quit doing different things. If I didn't stay out of their way, they said, they were going to move me in with a lady from Collinsville. Nobody could stay with that lady because she was trying to talk on a hill. I told them I wouldn't mind, I needed some company myself and we could stay together. Well, they gave me a brand-new number and took me down to the end of a locked-up place that was just one room but it had two separate beds. Sure enough, there was a lady in there that was talking a mile a minute. I hadn't heard about the hill, the nurse told her, and so she was putting me back here to listen. She had to be tied down because she ran away (the lady, I mean), and I could change her diaper and do other things for her to save them that much time. They locked us both up then, and I begged the lady's pardon till I could slow her some. I hadn't ever been to Collinsville, I told her, and she'd need to start all over, the part she was telling now I couldn't understand.

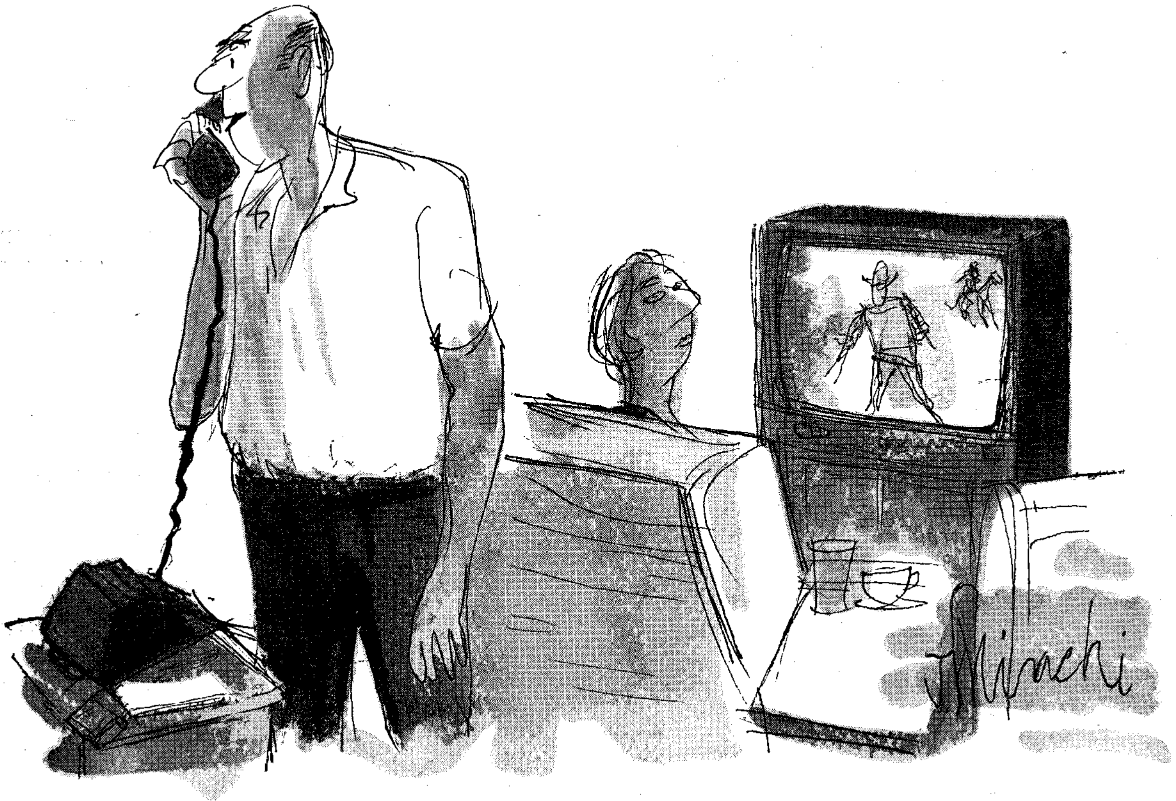


"The fact-finding board can't find any facts, T.G."

SHE was a pretty-looking lady, old but without hardly any wrinkles. Her eyes stuck out like a deer. When I got her soothed down enough to where I could understand her, she said her name was Miss Bertha. God had given her a hill and if I would let her tell me about it she might be able to figure from my ideas what He wanted her to do. Up to now nobody had the time, and she just had to tell it to her own self over and over. I began to rub her feet—they were dry and hard like Mama's—and I was happy because she liked me to be there. I might not be able to answer her exactly what God wanted but I would surely try. My grandfather, the Reverend Isaac Stoner, was sanctified in Grace and Grace acts a lot like manna, you can't tell a thing about it.

To begin with, the lady said, it was the highest hill in all the country around it. You could see for miles in every direction if enemies ever came. No tree was able to stand the blusters that hill went through. Wild flowers frizzled up in summer, dry and all colors of red, but nothing else would grow.

Their chimney was to the north, and a good white man had built it. He didn't go around building chimneys like this every day, the white man said, and it wasn't known even yet what the bricks cost or the mortar that went with the mud. He swayed it to the south to make jealous hearts rejoice that the wind was winning.



"Well, actually we're watching 'Gunsmoke,' but only because we've already seen the Channel 13 rerun of 'Leonardo da Vinci.'"

• •

Rain never melted its chinks, and strong smoke came out of its top and ran around the hill.

All this, the lady said, was what her Papa wanted. He was old and ready for death, but he had worked to leave her with the hill and the hill with a house and the house with a chimney that couldn't be gotten for gold. After I am gone, her Papa said, don't leave this hill except to walk to the churchhouse. Don't believe what any man says. You can work the mule and grow all you need down in the flat below. Corn for the mule and everything else for yourself. And he consecrated the hill, including the flat itself and taking in the chickens. Their chickens were big and black when it was cloudy, and green when the sun was shining.

After her Papa died, the neighbors wanted to help her. One had a child that would keep her from being lonesome. Another told her about a job in Collinsville minding a wheelchair lady. But she didn't want somebody else's child or the job in Collinsville either. The mule and the chickens were company. She put the mule's corn on the back gallery so it had to come up the two steps and stand under the roof to eat. The chickens were welcome, too, and she moved their laying boxes along the side of the porch. They dragged their wings at first, but a little feed and they were looking out of the house like they had always lived there.

People talked on her wood. Every nice day, she tied her head in a white rag so the hunters wouldn't shoot her and slipped back to the forest to gather. There couldn't a wind pass but branches were falling down. She picked up what was light enough to carry and piled the rest for the axe. By the end of her first winter alone, the yard was full of stacks.

It was only common sense she had to go to the crossroads. No wrong could come of this. She bought coal oil at the store and coffee and some kind of strong sweetening. While she was there she heard the talk of the loggers. These men stopped at the store for their tobacco and motor oil and sometimes drank a Coke. One of them offered to carry her wheat shorts home. By this time she had pigs and she had planted wheat in the flat, but it hadn't had time to head. She thanked him and told him no. The mule and the sled could drag it.

The lady's father had lived until she was past thirty and she was going on forty. She sang at the churchhouse and gave the Communion dollar:

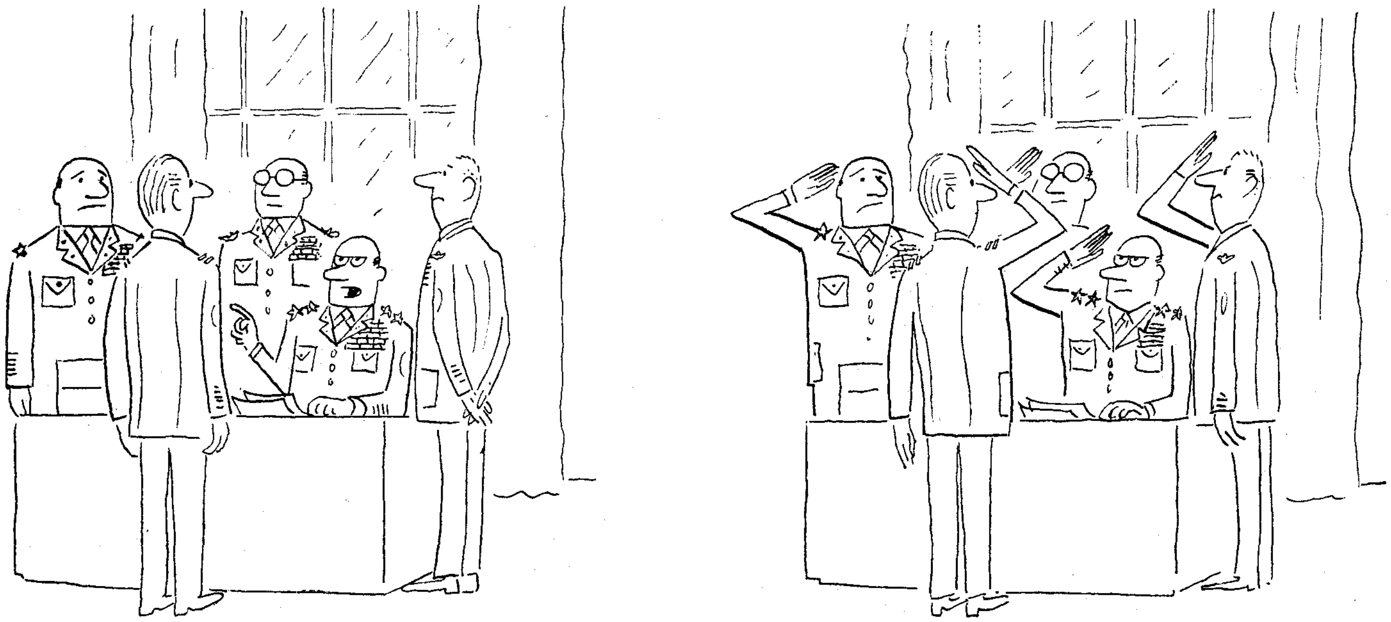
Jesus, kneel beside me
In the closing light
Jesus hold me steady
Through the dark of night.

On the hill the nights were quiet and peaceful. The mule and the chickens crowded in under the roof on the gallery just before the moon rose. The chimney sent up its smoke. Strings of okra hung from nails in the ceiling, waiting to make soup. She could have pork or the sweet meat of chicken on the back of the fire whenever she wanted them. Her creatures lived and died only at her wishes. But she was beginning to think of more. She asked herself a question. Was there such a thing as a child conceived without sin? She had never yet seen a man's flesh except for faces and hands. Ageable ladies had taken over the dressing of her father for his coffin.

So far God had been nothing but good, and how did she dare to cross Him? The hens laid like clockwork. She sold the eggs for a nickel a dozen more than she sold them for last year. Still she was not content when she opened the door at night and saw the mule standing asleep against the same old stars. Sometimes she would slip outside in the dark and smell the woodsmoke and watch the cool sparks come sailing out of the chimney.

One night in the fall she had the feeling she wanted to go sit in the dark again. The hens rustled on their roosts as she passed them, and for some reason she went back in the house and got the old pistol. She did not stop in the back but went on around to the front, where she could see the lights of Collinsville. Woodsmoke made a haze around the hill. She traipsed around the yard a good while before she saw the truck. It was parked on the road below. Maybe it was broken down, but she had heard no engine trying to roar again. Dogs had been barking earlier from the F.H.A. houses built on past the hill. She walked down to the truck and looked in its window in the scanty light. A man was sitting behind the wheel, sound asleep. She could hear his breathing. He had parked there waiting for something and had fallen to sleep. It was the same man that offered to carry her hog food.

For night after night thereafter, the truck parked on the road. Days were



getting short and the sun was down before five. At last the logger got out of the truck and slowly climbed the hill. He held his hat across his breast to show respect. He had a gray-brown face with features that matched each other perfectly, especially the lips, which fitted together to give a look of peace. He was younger than he had looked when she spoke to him at the crossroads.

She did not know whether to let him in, but he kept up his respect. It was a nice evening, he said, and he admired her stacks of wood. He could bring her some green sticks that would hold the fire all night when it got a little colder, pieces he only threw away from his loading of the pulp. She let him come in and sit down in front of the fireplace. He put his arms together and bowed his head a little. He guessed she was wondering why he was out in the night like this, he said, but he had a tricky wife. She hadn't seemed that way when he married her, but now he was sure she was. There was no rest for him at home, so he rested where he could.

She brought him some cold milk and the last of the day's cornbread with a little syrup. He ate steadily until he had finished every bite. Yes indeed, he said. Then he licked the plate to save her the stickiness of it and stood up on his feet. Without saying any other word or taking off his coat, he lay down on the feather bed and went to sleep.

After the first fear, she could see there was no more harm in a man sleeping under her roof than there was harm in the mule or the chickens. All of God's creatures needed rest away from a tricky world. When the first rooster crowed, he started up like he had forgotten where he was, and as soon as he found his hat he eased himself out the door.

The logger came every night after that all through the rest of the winter. Sometimes they talked and sometimes he slept. It gave her a holy feeling—like a mother—when he slept. He was only half her age, and she remembered some words from the Bible: You know not the day or either the hour of My return. Why had he come to her?

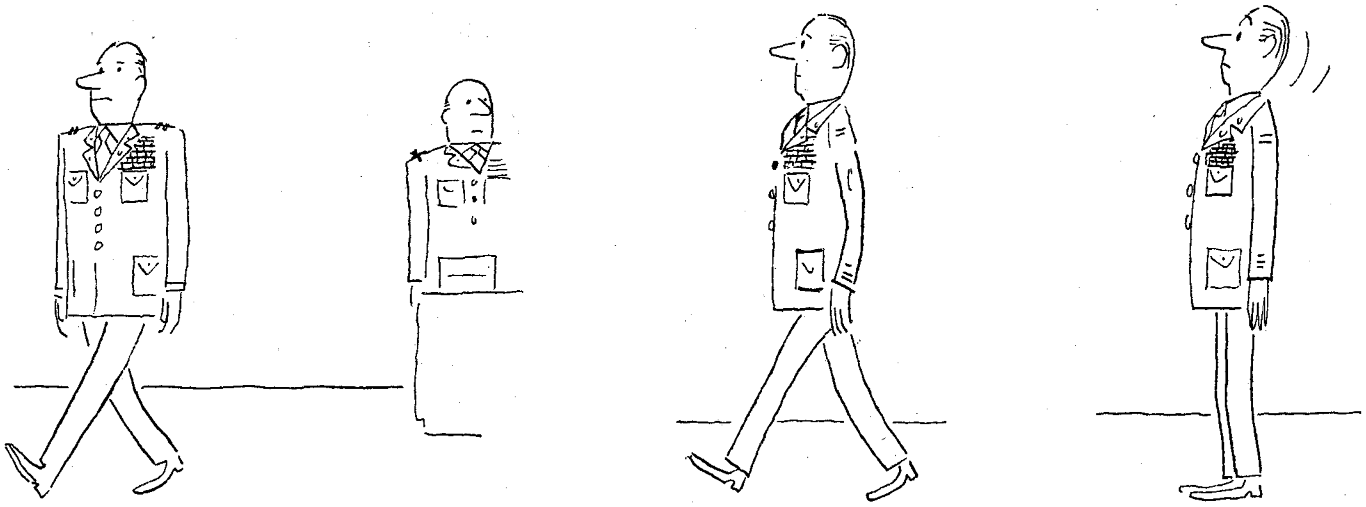
There were times when he noticed the weather with her and talked on planting the garden. She asked him questions just to see him ponder. He put blue lotion on the mule's sore and cured it overnight. He sharpened the plow so it needed only half her strength to hold it in the row. He started his power saw and cut down the terrible thorn tree that was edging into the flat.

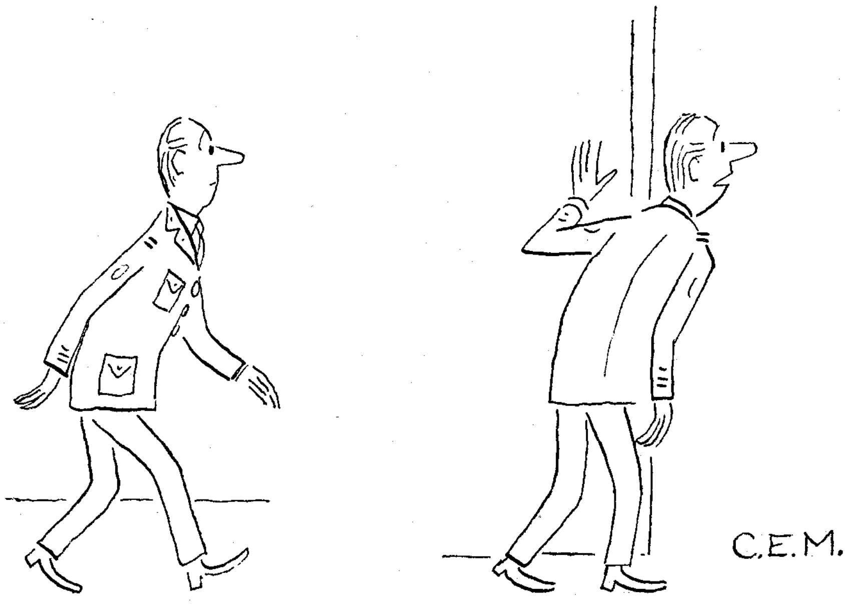
Then he bought some banty chickens to give her chickens new blood. That was all right—he didn't know they were blessed. The black and the green would have circles of yellow now. That was the only difference. But he put himself higher. She had not known he had worm poison for the pigs until she found the sack, thrown up under the house. Oak ashes in the pigs' slop would do away with the worms. She could stop him from using poison, but worms made her think of sin. What would do away with sin? Oh yes, for all of her Papa's warnings and all the trips to the churchhouse, she knew that she had sinned. Bird wings were beating in the bottom of her stomach. The logger had shown her, little by little, all that a man can do.

It was a peaceful time when she had the hill to herself. She remembered the good peace now. No matter that the logger ate up more in a night than she could raise in a week—what mattered was the sin. If she could get rid of him, with him would go the sin. She would have a child of her own along with everything else. There would be nothing left for her to need, nothing in the world. During the days, she tried to think of ways of telling him that would not hurt his feelings. A good name is rather to be cherished than a crown full of jewels. If you have a lawful wife, how do you know she is tricky? Judge not, that *ye* be not judged. During the long hours she talked aloud to the mule. It will be only us, the way it used to be. Us and the innocent child.

If he wouldn't go any other way, she knew how to dress his bed but she hated to fool with voodoo—it would put an end to his pleasure no matter who he lay with. No, she would pray against the sin and leave it up to God. Whenever the thought struck her, she stopped her work and went into the house with its old musty boards that held the scent of the rain and the smoke and the dust between the cracks. She knelt by the very bed that she had thought of dressing. After she prayed, she wondered about a sign. God must be glad that at least she repented. But everything was the same. The sun continued in the catawampous way it was shining. The chickens pecked and made their usual noises under the skirts of the house. She ran to the flat, and the pods on the field peas were fuller and fatter looking. So creation was running along. She could not be sure the logger would ever leave.

She washed his work clothes and hung them on the fence. When they were hot and dry, she would fold them up and put them on the dresser where he liked them. The pin tray with its





"Does everyone take sugar?"

painted Cupid, the rusted horseshoe, and her father's old gold watch she pushed to the back so he wouldn't brush them off. She was getting ready for him. If he wasn't coming, that in itself was the sign. But it wasn't evening yet. She fed everything on the hill and the chickens flew up on their boxes. They had to turn this way and that to get their perches right. A big moon came up before the sun had set. It gave the hill two lights. On such a sight she closed the house early and looked out the mended windows. Every hour he didn't come might mean he wasn't coming.

It was two days in their entirety before anyone stopped at the hill. She stayed inside and kept away from sight. People had seen the truck so long in the cut below her house—if the logger had gotten in trouble the law might think of her and want her to pay some money. When somebody came at last, it was a girl child with some nickels tied in a rag. She wanted to get fresh yard eggs. While they were undoing the rag, the child told the news. The gentleman with the timber truck that used to ride our road. His wife had had to kill him for never coming home the day he got his paycheck.

One of the hens had been laying eggs with a double yolk, huge and a golden brown. She put the smaller eggs back and gave the child these—more for her hungry family. So while she was looking out the window, hoping he wouldn't come, the logger had died his death. He with his pretty lips and limbs like tree trunks. His evil had caught up with him.

After the girl left, she sat in the rocker and rocked and held her beating stomach. Already the logger was a part of the past, with the told-of man that built the chimney and Papa himself, under his plastic lilies. All that was here was the hill and the house and the consecrated things. The child to come would know only His rules, laid down by Moses and Jesus. It would never see any sight but the house and the flat and the clouds and the rain and the same blue smoke, running around the hill. Nobody would have a right to lay hands on it, drag it to town like you see all the time and ruin it on bubble gum.

RUB ahead, little sister, Miss Bertha told me. You have not heard it all yet. These feet have travelled a long ways for Christ.

By the time winter came, people smiled and waved when they saw her. When will it be, Miss Bertha? Let us know if you need us. She waved back but she wouldn't need them. You see I had the Lord.

By January the sour grass that nothing wanted to eat was turning the ground to green. Burr clover popped up in the flat between the turnips and mustard. The last Friday before March, the school bus ran at its regular time, but it stopped in front of the hill where the log truck used to park. An old woman got off and struggled up the washes between the road and the house. First thing she got in the door the midwife opened up her purse to give the quinine and calomel, then began to curse. The smell of her hair was rank, like the matted kinks of gray had never been washed and combed. She chewed and spat and let the medicine work. It wasn't long before flesh that had held together for forty years began the cracking open. Her own cries and even her hallelujahs were covered over in curses. So the new soul was born, as slippery as a fish. She wrapped the baby in a clean towel and ordered the midwife out of the house with five dollars extra. It was one-time money and the rascal had taken no food. She lay alone with the baby now until the room got cold. Then she stood up and tried her legs to throw a stick on the fire. They were as thin and strong as ever, and there was not too much of blood. She sat in the rocker and laughed and hugged the gift of God. The quiet and the newborn soul soon made her ashamed to be there. This is the hill, she said, but it is yours, not mine.

She leafed through the pages of Job looking for a name. For the ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat was what made her believe she would find one. She would not worry me with all she had thrown away. In the end, Job was finished and still she had found no name. In the end, she called it Queenie.

The hill, up to now, had never had a fence. The mule knew better than to get down in the road where there was nothing to eat but gravel. The hens kept close, not being able to guess when their little corn was going to land in front of them with the quickest getting the most. The pigs multiplied in the dark of the old privy and were knocking it down racing and banging against it. Everyone knew that a hog has nine devils and devils have to be dealt with. All of this called for a fence. She waited for a nice warm day and wrapped Queenie in a quilt and set out to walk to the dump. Rich people sent there with their trucks, she had heard, and threw off whatever their houses were full of. As she got near the burning piles, she was half afraid of the wild dogs that ran back and forth, but she reached down and picked up a stick and most of them cut and ran. The dump offered such sights—cake boxes with colored blossoms on them, a broken merry-go-round. Beer cans were everywhere, their labels old and battered. Machines sat up or lay on their backs, still a pure white. She heard grunting from a pile of smoking leaves and there was a starving sow followed by a dozen pigs. The quilt was more than enough to cover the little baby. The sow stood up to her stick and nuzzled its pigs back, but she never went anywhere without a pocketful of corn, and she threw some as far as she could to get the sow aside. Then she leaned over and snatched up two of the pigs, wrapping them in the tail of the quilt that Queenie wasn't using. There was no wire she could see worth dragging. She got out of the sow's earshot and hurried back to the hill. In the papers on her shelf were letters from the bank telling how much Papa's savings had grown since the letter the year before. She would use some of this to buy the wire and the posts and stay away from the dump. She would trade the two little pigs, once she got them strong, for a pair of geese for the hill. With the fence to keep them in they would make good watchdogs and would raise young of their own in a dustbed under the house.

By the time Queenie began to walk, people were beginning to stop. Some wanted to buy greens and some wanted to talk and just be nice, but a few of them asked for money. Especially Josephine, the mother of a bad set of children who were among the F.H.A.ers. She was harmless herself, toothless and skin and bones, but one of her boys was in jail. She had seen this same boy, Sam, throw a potato-chip sack out of the school-bus window right into her patch of greens. So now he was in jail and his mother needed fifty dollars to help her get him out. All she would do would be to stick him in front of TV again and bring him food on a dish. She shamed Josephine for coming to a poor woman's house who didn't even have electric lights, to try to beg for her bail. Had Sam ever stopped when he saw her hoeing or slopping her pigs in the rain? No, he went grinning by in his new boots or riding the public bus.

Through the baby's second winter the flat grew vegetables like it never had before. The dark days from Christmas on were filled with sales of turnips. Unless it was raining, she took Queenie down to the flat to pick. The mustards she sold for a nickel a bunch, pinching the leaves from the root. There would be more back tomorrow without a sign of the sun. People asked to buy meat. To go with our greens, Miss Bertha. Sell us a piece of fatback. And she and Queenie would struggle up the hill against the sliding mud and dig down in the tub of salted lard where she kept her pieces of pork. Queenie began to talk. What beese they wanting, Mama? Something to season their greens with. Something to taste like something instead of the stuff in the store. She did not know what to charge. Just give me whatever you want to when you keep in mind the hog feed. The quarters and dollars mounted up and she shot another hog and melted a block of salt to make the hard fat safe.

Her milk was running dry—it had lasted a miraculous time—and she needed a cow for the hill. She heard of an old milk cow that had suffered from pinkeye till her eyes went completely out and now they would sell her cheap. The white man who sold her the cow gave her a rope free, and as soon as she saw the animal was gentle she put Queenie on her back and reached now and then for snatches of honeysuckle to keep the cow well pleased. By the time they got to the hill, though, it was some past feeding time and all the chickens and pigs were worked up into a state. When they saw her coming with the strange blind cow and Queenie, they set up such a racket

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DAWN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

Awake, for morning in the bowl of night
has flung a kind of suet pudding
that can hardly be described
as light.

These exotic lumps of matter
are indubitably trees—
you can climb them if you please—

and they lie about the Park
in a sluggish, dim disorder;
they are dinosaurs left over by the dark.

And the day is a papoose
slung upon the back of darkness
by the hunter of the moose,
who has caught the turret of the Hilton
in a kind of noose
that is more or less the color
of the liver of a not particularly healthy
goose.

—R. P. Lister

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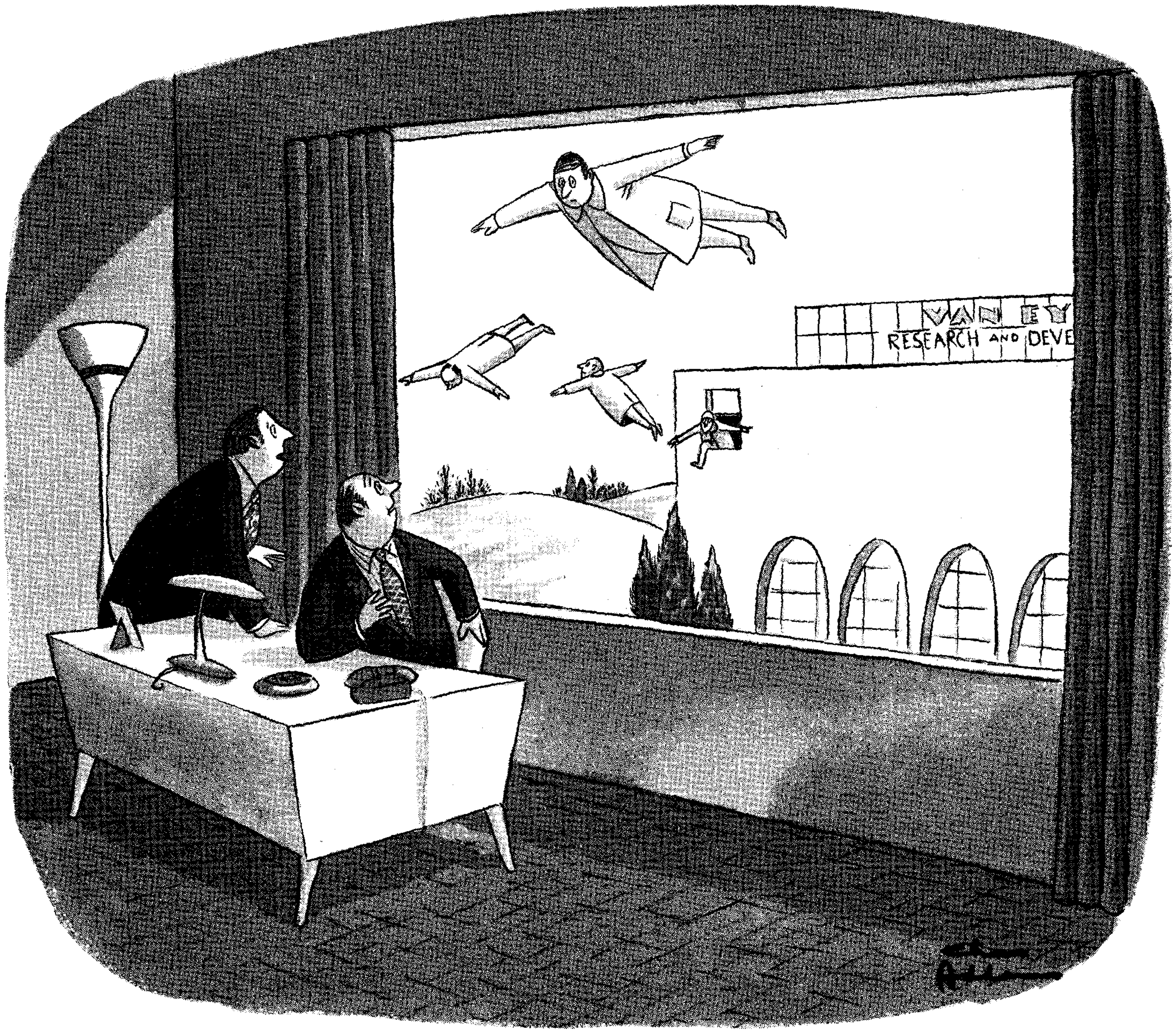


"Looks like R. & D. is onto something big."

• •

she had to scald a few to rule their humor down.

As the child grew, she loved to help with the work of the hill and she could even milk the cow. She watched each creature to see that it behaved and went about its duty. A hen didn't cackle but once before Queenie found its egg. At four she was learning to read the Almanac and the Bible. She helped to pick the beans and dry them on the cistern. She loved to go back to the forests of the big plantation to get together wood. It was on one of these trips that they learned a wonderful thing. Their cow had come in heat. Why else would the plantation bulls be screeching along the fence line that was closest to the hill and the blind cow answering back? On their way home with the wood nothing needed to be said, but she bent over and read the numbers on the brass lock that held the plantation gate. If she could buy a key with a matching number at a hardware store in Collinsville and then in the night get the blind cow through, from a cheap and blind mother would come the blood of the big plantation's stock. It was too good to be true.

In the midst of the hardware store with the television playing and clerks stirring around, she spoke aloud to Queenie. It is so hard to live, she said. Just to get by. There was a little gray-haired clerk who thought she was speaking to her. Would she need a hasp with the lock? She bought the whole thing—the duplicate of the lock on the plantation gate with its four brass numbers, two shining keys, and also the useless hasp. She took off her shoe to pay.

The calf, when it came, was a beautiful black bull like the one on the big plantation. In two years, if they wanted to wait that long, it could breed the blind cow back. Meantime the cow gave so much milk that the hill was overflowing. Even the pigs got gorged out and had to lie on their sides to get their breath and sleep. It was against the law to sell milk—the same as meat—but people knew it was clean. They brought Clorox bottles to be filled, and one old soul came to buy milk in a teakettle. She sold it cheap because the money was so great she was afraid to go to the bank. For the first time, she thought of buying something. The mail rider had brought a picture catalogue of white coats, in all lengths and prices. She would get one for Queenie, one with the finest fur. She made out the order and went to the post office to get a money certificate so the envelope with its twenty dollars wouldn't be opened and stolen. When the coat came in a box, it was wrapped in white tissue paper and never in the house on the hill had there been such a beautiful sight. They hung it in the middle of the room and its whiteness was the first thing they saw when they opened their eyes in the morning.

THE fall was coming when Queenie could go to school. She had already learned to read and write, to add and take away. She drew pictures of the hill and all her faithful animals. A few children tried to come to the hill and get her to play with them, but her mother told her no, it would end in envy or robbery. The child loved company, and her greatest pleasure was when someone stopped at the hill. She talked while they paid their money and her mother got together the order. Then she looked out the window while they went away to their houses. But she would have plenty of company in school. The bus ran at seven-thirty and didn't get home till four. Not until school started, Miss Bertha told me, did she have time to sit and think. Her child was brave and strong—the brightest in her grade. The hill was flourishing and making a fine living. Still, as the days went by she found herself sitting in the chair where her father had sat in the days he was growing old. She wasn't tired as long as Queenie was there with her talk and her laughing, but the days of late fall were dark, with more than the usual rain, and she found her heart pounding from fear waiting for the red blinkers of the school bus with its news that the child was safe.

The first real storm came in late November, and the cow was back in heat. While Queenie slept, she lay awake and listened to the wind and the screams of the mighty bulls. If she could have a heifer this time—the blind cow—then they would have a bloodline. To get started was the thing. It rained and stopped raining, and she built up the fire with pine sticks fat with yellow rosin. She didn't want to stay up, the wind was starting fresh, but the blind cow fretted to have its hollowness filled. She got up finally and put on an old Army coat. The rope was hanging on a peg beside the door.

She was afraid to take time enough to stay with the cow, once she got it inside the gate. There was no telling where it might wander though, with the bulls confusing it. She could hear a whole herd of them coming toward her, their hoofs making that special noise on the ground, which was halfway freezing. She never let go of the rope and the first bull that reached her mounted and began its fight to release the foamy life.

With all her strength, she pulled the cow away and toward the gate even before the bull had dropped back to the ground. Flurries of frozen rain blew in her face, but she found the icy lock in the dark again, and once she had the cow dragged through she snapped it back forever. It was the last time she would have to borrow life. When she turned in the direction of the hill, she saw a strange thing ahead of her. It was a little streak of blue sticking straight up in the air. It was fire, blue fire, and it was outside the house. She ran with the cow, let go of the rope, fell, and was on her feet again before she knew she had fallen. There was not a sound in the night but the shrieks of the bulls behind them. By the time she reached the hill the blue was gone and nothing was left to give any light but the reddish glow of the chimney.

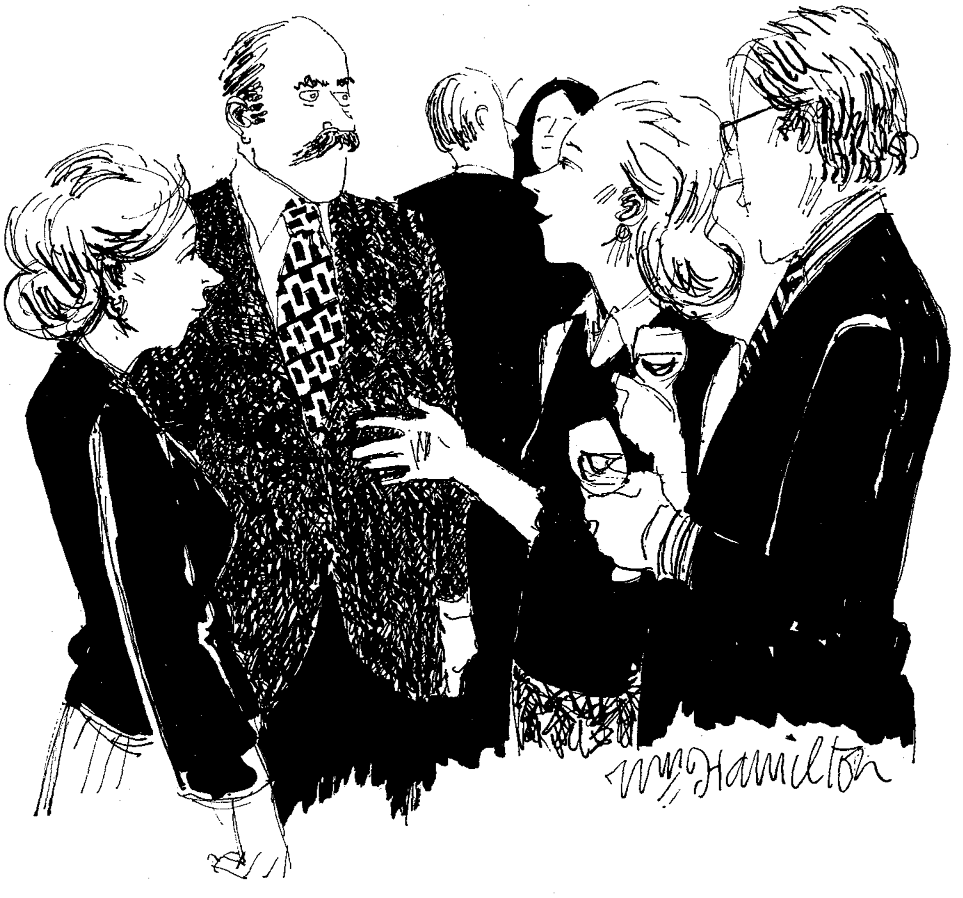
People said at the funeral that it was the fault of the new white coat. The picture catalogue had called it leather, but it was something else, something that beckoned fire. Queenie had waked, and when she found she was alone she had dressed and gone out in the rain to find her mother. She passed too close to the chimney. That was what people said. She must of passed too close. A child doesn't know those things. She thought you were at the privy and she wanted to follow behind you. In everything you did, she wanted to follow behind you.

There was a little time at the hospital before the coming of death. The pastor was there and Sam's mother, but she wouldn't let them in. Once Queenie got the shots, she talked again on the hill. We will pick pecans up, Mama. You're going to get some goats. We have ten sows and you needn't to worry whenever they have their babies. I will stay home from school and be sure not a one gets mashed. At the end she thought the hill was covered with snow and company was at the door.

NOW as soon as I could, Miss Bertha said, I must get a knife and cut the straps that held her. She had to get back to the hill. Queenie was safe in Heaven, but Papa had left *her* the hill and all of the things that were on it for *her* to strictly attend to. She went clear back to the question she asked when I first got put here with her—what did I think God wanted?

It was hard to know any answer. She had waited so long to hear. I petted her feet and thought about what she had told me. I would be proud to untie the knots, I said, and never mind the knife. Her faith was all He wanted.

—BERRY MORGAN



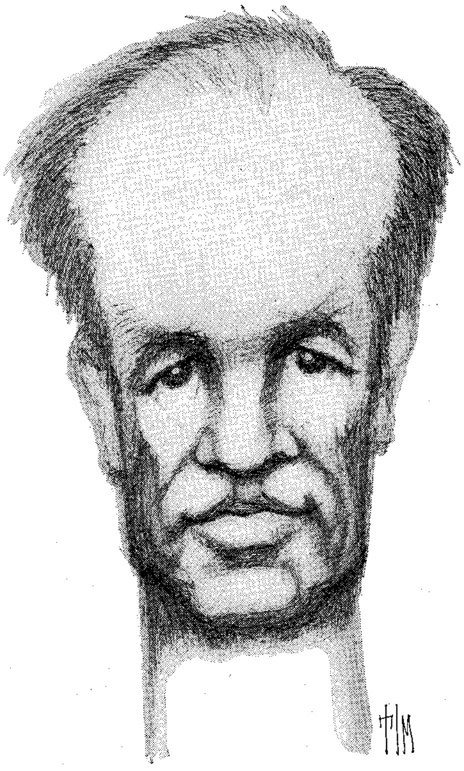
"Charlie? Of course I know Charlie. I've known Charlie since before he grew that thing."

PROFILES

TAKING LEAVE OF PREDECESSORS—I

FEW composers have shouldered their way into history as assertively as Pierre Boulez. In the winter of 1944-45, as Paris began to recover from four humiliating years of German occupation, the city was eager to take up the threads of its musical life, and how could that be better achieved than with a grand retrospective of Igor Stravinsky's music, which the Nazis had blacklisted as "decadent"? Although Stravinsky had been born in Russia, and, in September of 1939, had crossed the Atlantic, and later made his home in Los Angeles, in Paris he was still regarded as an essential part of French music. He had lived in France for two decades—indeed, he was still a French citizen—and the neoclassical works he wrote during that period had not only served virtually an entire generation of French composers as a model but provided the basis of a new French academicism. One of a series of concerts included the first European performances of two works he had composed in America—"Danses Concertantes" and "Four Norwegian Moods." To the astonishment of the audience at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, they were greeted with sustained booing in the gallery. Heads craned round. Surely the time for exhibitions of Fascist philistinism was over. But the protesters proved to be neither Fascist nor philistine. Far from it; they were a group of young students from the harmony class of Olivier Messiaen at the Paris Conservatoire, and their leader was a nineteen-year-old boy named Pierre Boulez, who had arrived from the provinces only about eighteen months earlier. This upheaval was merely the first of a number that Pierre Boulez was to cause in Paris.

Student protest has become such an accepted part of life that there may seem nothing very unusual in that uproar at a concert twenty-eight years ago. What was significant, however, was that Boulez and his colleagues had chosen to protest not against some figurehead of the establishment but against one of the heroes of twentieth-century music. And it was not just a perfunctory gesture of revolt. It was an announcement that the musical life of Paris could not return to its prewar ways, that the neoclassicism which had been its hallmark was over, that the future would move in a quite different direction, and that it would do so under the leadership of Boulez himself. Though few in that audience in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées could have been aware of it, the door had opened on a new period of musical history.



Pierre Boulez

For the next twelve years, Pierre Boulez was the undisputed leader of the European avant-garde, his supremacy resting almost as much on his dazzling intellect and forcefulness of character as on his musical gifts. About those there could be no question. Later, Messiaen said of his onetime pupil, "He has surpassed us all. For me, Pierre Boulez is the greatest musician of his generation, perhaps of this half-century. I must say that he is a genius." Virgil Thomson has saluted him as "Europe's finest composing ear and brain." Otto Klemperer, last surviving member of a school of conducting that goes back to Mahler, has hailed him as the outstanding conductor of his generation. Even Stravinsky, not given to overlooking assaults on his reputation, in time extended his friendship. Subsequently, that friendship was withdrawn, but not before he had hailed Boulez as the founder of a new school of French music and "far and away the most intelligent conductor in orbit today."

Stravinsky's reputation was only the first (because the most immediately available) to be led to the scaffold and formally executed. For Boulez and his young Jacobins, that move began a general process of demolition. Systematically, they examined the music of their predecessors, retained the few components that seemed serviceable, and contemptuously kicked the rest aside. Schoenberg and Berg followed Stravinsky, and even Messiaen was not spared. "Brothel music" was his pupil's description of a few fragments of Messiaen's "Turangalîla" when it was first heard in public, and another work was dismissed as "a debris of entirely unnecessary chords." Brahms, naturally, was "a bore," Tchaikovsky "abominable;" the whole of Italian opera was written off as "a delirium of bel canto;" and as for the traditional French virtues of lucidity and elegance, so much prized before the war, they were no more than "a mixture of Descartes and *haute couture.*"

Boulez's intransigence, his rages, the harsh yet accurately aimed abuse that he hurled at the heads of his unfortunate victims made him famous and feared in Paris long before his music was known to more than a handful of initiates. But his assaults were more than sound and fury. They were one manifestation of a struggle for creative identity. Having availed himself of all that he found valid in his musical ancestry, he was preparing to embark on an unprecedented attempt to build up a new method of composition virtually from first principles. In a truly Napoleonic act of leadership and daring, he was to bring his generation to and through serialism, the most devastating intellectual purge to which music has ever been subjected. By 1954, indeed, he was to proclaim that "the present generation is now in a position to take leave of its predecessors." Almost singlehanded, and before the age of thirty he had imposed a decisive break with the past. Nor did he stop there but, together with John Cage and Karlheinz Stockhausen, went on to play a part in the introduction of chance into musical composition, producing what has since become known as aleatory music. That turned out to be a more fateful development than perhaps even Boulez had foreseen, and one of its immediate results was a schism between him and the rest of the avant-garde which has persisted to the present day.

But just as that rift became evident, and Boulez's own creative powers reached, in 1960, what has since proved to be a watershed in his huge orchestral

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• •

fresco "Pli Selon Pli," another career opened up before him. Apparently by accident—though in retrospect it seems predestined—Boulez started to conduct orchestral concerts. Such was his success that within ten years he had been appointed Music Director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and chief conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and his name had become famous in circles far beyond those that had even heard of him as a composer. Today, his face stares out of record shops almost as ubiquitously as that of Leonard Bernstein or Herbert von Karajan. Yet he is barely forty-eight.

PIERRE BOULEZ was born on March 26, 1925, in Montbrison, a town of some seven thousand inhabitants about fifty-five miles southwest of Lyon. The green Michelin guide to the Valley of the Rhone awards the interior of the church, Notre-Dame-d'Espérance, a single star, but gives it little more attention. Certainly it would be hard to find ground less calculated to nourish musical talent. The Boulez family was reasonably prosperous (the father was technical director of a local steel factory) and subsequently moved from Montbrison to a sizable flat in Paris. But neither parent was in the least musical, and the area boasted no cultural life nearer than Lyon. That the Boulez children—Pierre had an older sister, Jeanne, and a younger brother, Roger—were taught the piano was merely a matter of convention: in solid European bourgeois families children were still tormented with lessons, even if they were not expected to touch a keyboard for the remainder of their lives. For young Pierre, however, those lessons were no burden. Within a short time he had overhauled Jeanne, and even their teacher, so that a new one had to be found. Indeed, his devotion to the piano was such that his mother's most effective means of bringing him to heel was to threaten him with missing a lesson.

But his precocious talent was not only for music. At high school, in the nearby town of Saint-Étienne, he was from the start one of those children who seem gifted with an extraordinary ability to learn, irrespective of whether it is Latin and Greek or mathematics and music. It was Pierre's talent for mathematics that particularly pleased his father. The elder Boulez was a dry, austere, authoritarian paterfamilias of the old school. A Jesuit upbringing had implanted in him a severity that was at once moral and intellectual—a severity that Pierre Boulez has inherited. Like many self-made men, the father took it for granted that his first-born son would follow the path he himself had labored so assiduously to clear. Music was not something that a boy could make a career of—a hobby, maybe, but not a means of earning his living, particularly when the boy had a talent for mathematics that clearly cut him out for training as an engineer. The stage was set for a classic contest between father and son, with Pierre's mother—whose appearance he has inherited, together with her liveliness and humor—cast in the traditional role of peacemaker. But his real champion in those years was his sister Jeanne. His love for her is still the deepest emotional tie in his life.

In 1942, the Boulez family, who lived in what was then Unoccupied France, went for a holiday at a nearby

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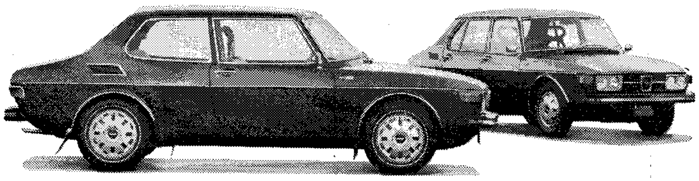

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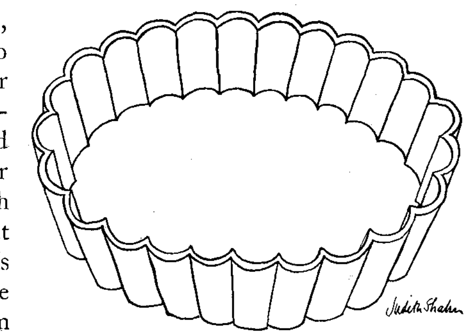
hotel. There they encountered Ninon Vallin, one of the outstanding French sopranos of her day and a woman of unusual culture. Her career as a singer was nearly over, but she was on the staff of the conservatory in Lyon. Since the elder Boulez boy could play the piano, she asked him to accompany her while she practiced arias from "Aida," "La Damnation de Faust," and Respighi's "Maria Egiziaca." It is an event that Boulez looks back on with mixed feelings. Even then, both the plot and the characters of "Aida" struck him as crudely melodramatic, and he still recalls with a shudder the heroine's cries of "*Orrore!*" But these occasions provided his first encounter with the music of Berlioz, a composer for whom he has developed a passion, rare among French musicians, and whose career and character have striking parallels with his own. Ninon Vallin was enchanted by the boy's manifest musicality and intelligence. She intervened with his father, and persuaded him that Pierre should sit for the entrance examination of the Lyon Conservatoire. Here the story departs from the classic pattern, for, to the family's consternation, he failed. Jeanne Boulez and Mme. Vallin went to beard the examiner, but he merely shrugged off their protests, and since Pierre Boulez was subsequently turned down for piano classes at the Paris Conservatoire, who can say whether he was unjustly rejected? Boulez himself regards both episodes with detachment; beyond setting the style in which he wants his keyboard works performed, he has never claimed to be a pianist. But it is, to say the least of it, odd that a man who, in the words of Messiaen, "has totally transformed the sonority of the piano" should not have been found worthy of studying the instrument at either conservatory.

The effect at home was calamitous. Boulez's father felt that his opposition to a musical career had been vindicated, and he dispatched the boy to Lyon for a year's advanced math as a preliminary to matriculation in the city's polytechnic institute. But at the end of that year Pierre Boulez revolted, and announced his intention to go to Paris and study music. Here, again, the actors in the drama fail to follow the classic script, for the father unexpectedly relented. Far from showing his son the door, he accompanied him to Paris, arranged for him to enter the Conservatoire, found, through friends, two simple garret rooms at the top of an old house in the Marais (Pierre was to occupy them for the next fourteen years), and supported him until he could support himself. Subsequently, when the son had started to compose, the engineer's eye of the father was fascinated by the precision and clarity of his manuscripts, and he would stare at them without comment. Nevertheless, it was a long time before he lost his skepticism. Many years later, when his son had become famous, he went to visit him at Baden-Baden, where he lived. During a walk with Heinrich Strobel, the director of the music department of the regional radio station, the Südwestfunk, who had done more than any other man to launch Boulez as a composer, the father suddenly asked, "Now, tell me. Do you really mean to say that my son has talent?" "Monsieur, he is a genius," Strobel replied. The old man shook his head incredulously. Yet thereafter, until his death, in 1969, his attitude was more respectful. The fact that he had no understanding of music made it hard for the two men to talk. Boulez, however, has a characteristically Latin attachment to his family, and, though his relations with his father were sometimes tense and never close, he at no time excluded him from his affections.

Even by provincial French standards, Boulez's knowledge of music when he arrived in Paris, at eighteen, was extraordinarily limited. As a choirboy, he had sung a certain amount of religious music, including a little Bach and a few of Handel's most familiar pieces. In modest chamber-music evenings at Montbrison, he had occasionally taken part in performances of works by classical composers and by Saint-Saëns. He did not hear a live symphony orchestra for the first time until he was sixteen, and attended his first opera, "Boris Godunov," a year later, at Lyon. The Boulez household boasted no phonograph, but occasionally Pierre listened to the radio, and it was in this way that he first consciously heard a piece of "modern" music. It was a performance, relayed from Geneva, of Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," conducted by Ernest Ansermet, and Boulez still vividly recalls how strange the "out-of-tune" harmonies sounded to his untutored ear. But he believes that his unfamiliarity as a boy with the ritual of concert halls and opera houses gave him a keen sense of its irrelevance to the twentieth century, and hence a desire to reform the conditions under which music is traditionally heard.



In France, it is decreed that counterpoint should be studied only after harmony. But Boulez was in a hurry (he usually is) and refused to be held up by regulations he found meaningless. At the Conservatoire, he got to know a niece of Arthur Honegger, and through her he met the composer, who arranged for him to be taught counterpoint by his wife, Andrée Vaurabourg. Mme. Vaurabourg still lives in a small apartment high up on Montmartre, just off the Place Pigalle, where nearly thirty years ago Boulez started his lessons, and she still uses her former pupil's exercises as models in advanced counterpoint. Though frail, she remains a woman of precision. Consulting a piece of paper on the table before her, she told me, "Pierre Boulez first came here on Wednesday, April 19, 1944, at 3 P.M. He continued to come weekly until May 2, 1946. He never missed a lesson and he was never late." She recalled him, a shade wistfully, as a pupil such as she had not had before or since. "He always seemed capable of anything." Once the principles of fugal writing had been explained, he needed virtually no further instruction. His exactitude, his memory, and the quantities of homework he produced were phenomenal, and that tiny, meticulous handwriting, which, like his signature, has been widely imitated by a generation of younger French composers, was already formed. Mindful of the stories I had heard of Boulez's verbal violence in Paris, of the aggressiveness that seemed always to be simmering beneath the surface of his character, I asked Mme. Vaurabourg whether this paragon had not at moments proved difficult to handle. She raised her eyebrows in amazement. Not for a single instant, she replied.

This was just the first of a number of similar reactions. There were, I gradually came to realize, two characters called Pierre Boulez in Paris after the war. One was a young man who was possessed of an implacable rage against what he regarded as the stupidity of French musical life, and who in his struggles against it would seize the weapons most immediately available—caustic mockery and plain abuse. To create is always, in some sense, to destroy, and emergent composers often rebel against the situation they have inherited. But in the case of Boulez

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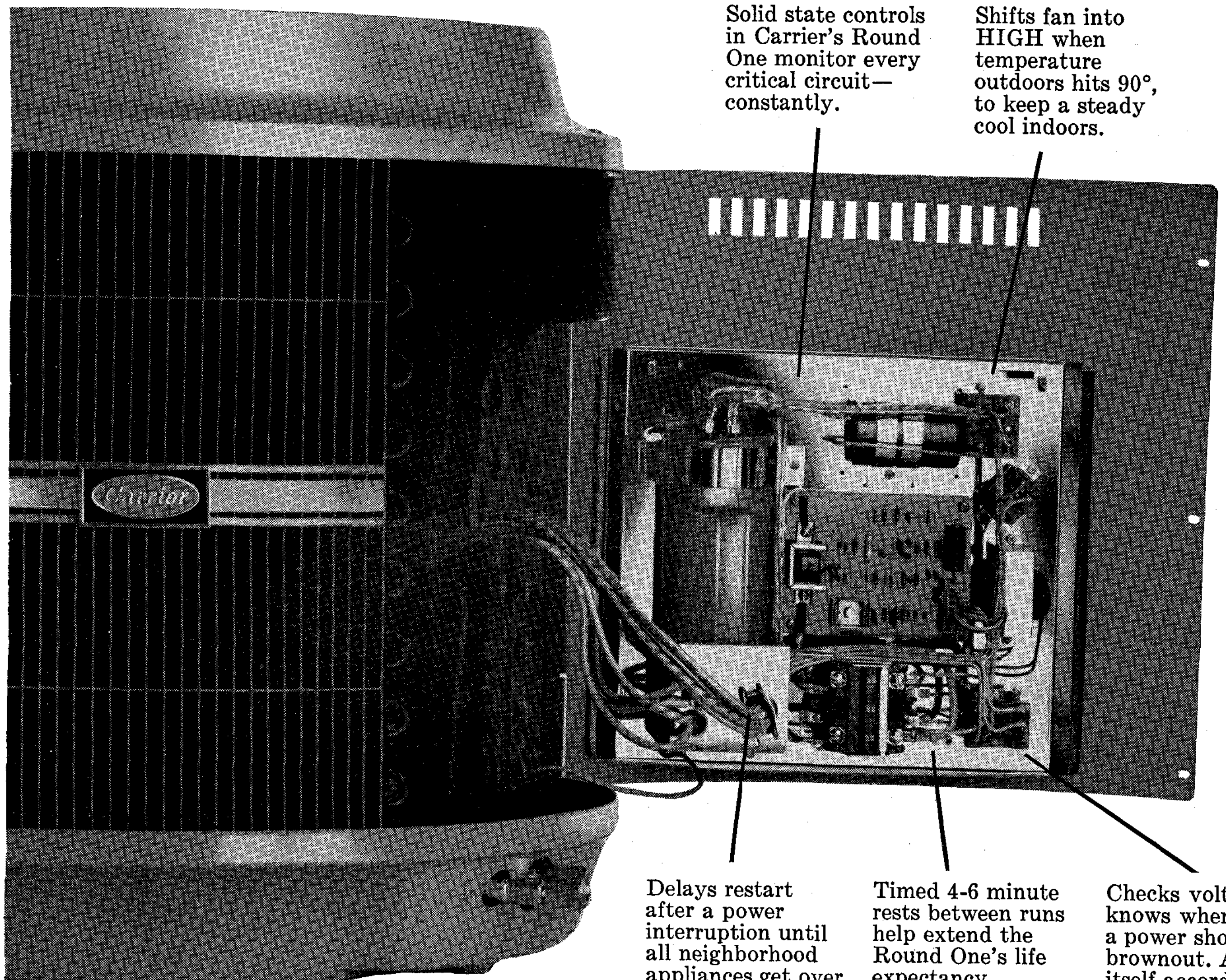

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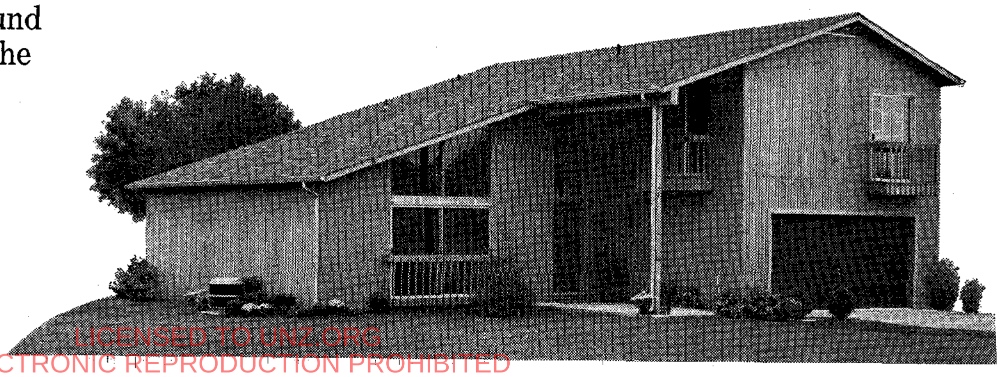

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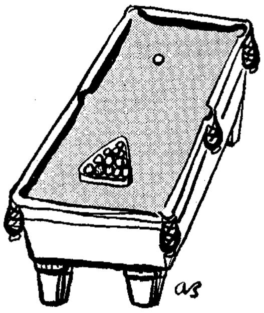
revolt was carried to the length of open war. "He was against everything," Messiaen later recalled—a condition not uncommon among strong-willed young men who have not hit it off with authoritarian fathers. The Pierre Boulez his friends knew was another man. To them he appeared not only formidably intelligent but simple and unaffected and, in his deeply withdrawn way, affectionate. Yet behind this affability they sensed an almost morbid sensitivity—a tenderness too proud to reveal itself. "*Il est très, très sensible*" is a comment that one of the closest friends of his youth made repeatedly in talking of their early days in Paris.

Except for professional contacts, Boulez did not mix much. Nor did he show much appetite for the conventional bohemian life of Paris students. He preferred the company of three or four close friends and contemporaries, among them Armand Gatti, now known as a left-wing dramatist; Pierre Joffroy, who later wrote "A Spy for God," a remarkable book on Kurt Gerstein, the Christian S.S. man; and Bernard Saby, a painter. His friends would discuss their problems, their successes and failures, with the frankness of young men who know each other well. But Boulez exchanged no intimacies, gave no confidences. His reticence bordered on secrecy, and the only time Joffroy recalls his momentarily losing his self-containment was when, in 1949, he burst into his friend's room to announce that Heugel had decided to publish his Piano Sonata No. 2. He inspired affection, yet even to his closest friends he remained an enigma.



Fundamentally, Boulez's life was—and still is—solitary. He lived at the top of five flights of stairs, in two tiny, primitive mansard rooms on a street that lies between the Place de la Bastille and the river—a street that Baudelaire had lived on a century earlier. Here a devoted concierge attended to Boulez's needs. There was no running water in the garret (he had to use a bathroom on the floor below), and in winter his rooms were icy. But they were always immaculate. Though the piano, an ancient upright, might be covered with books, the desk at which Boulez worked was invariably clear. Robert Craft, who visited him in this retreat in 1956, noted in his diary that the young composer's manuscripts were "rolled like diplomas and piled on the floor like logs." Among the few pictures, a framed photograph of Kafka and a reproduction of Klee's portrait of Stravinsky were prominent. There was a copy of "Finnegans Wake" in English. For a brief period, a sign warned visitors, "Don't Step on the Turtle." Alas, its life was short, and Boulez has had no pets since. In appearance, he was far from a monkish recluse. Under black hair, large brown eyes sparkled with warmth as well as intelligence. Only when trouble was afoot did a glint give warning of danger. The lips were full and sensual, the jaw announced the presence of uncommon will power, and a compact Latin build and quick, decisive movements gave an impression of immense energy. The critic Pierre Souvtchinsky, an old and close friend of Stravinsky's, who was probably the first person to be fully aware of the young man's genius, has remarked that he bore an uncanny resemblance to portraits of Pushkin at a similar age.

During his first two years in Paris, Boulez did occasional odd jobs (one took him to the Folies-Bergère), but in 1946, through the Honeggers, he got a permanent post, which enabled him to support himself. Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud had recently left the Comédie Française and established an independent company at the Marigny Theatre. Their first production was "Hamlet," in a new translation by André Gide, and Honegger had written incidental music for brass, percussion, and ondes Martenot. A musician was needed to conduct and to play the ondes Martenot—that sirenlike electronic instrument, of which Messiaen, to Boulez's disgust, later made such indulgent use in "Turangalîla." Honegger thought of his wife's talented pupil, and Boulez made his professional début on an instrument that he disliked and with music that was certainly not to his taste. Within a year, he had become Barrault's musical director—a position he occupied for over a decade. The title was grander than the dog's-body work it involved. (Among other chores that can hardly have appealed to him, Boulez had to arrange snippets of Tchaikovsky for a production of Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard.") But the job gave scope to his marked practical gifts. It provided his first opportunities to conduct, it brought him into contact with instrumentalists, and it taught him, though not without difficulty, how to control his temper and, as he himself has put

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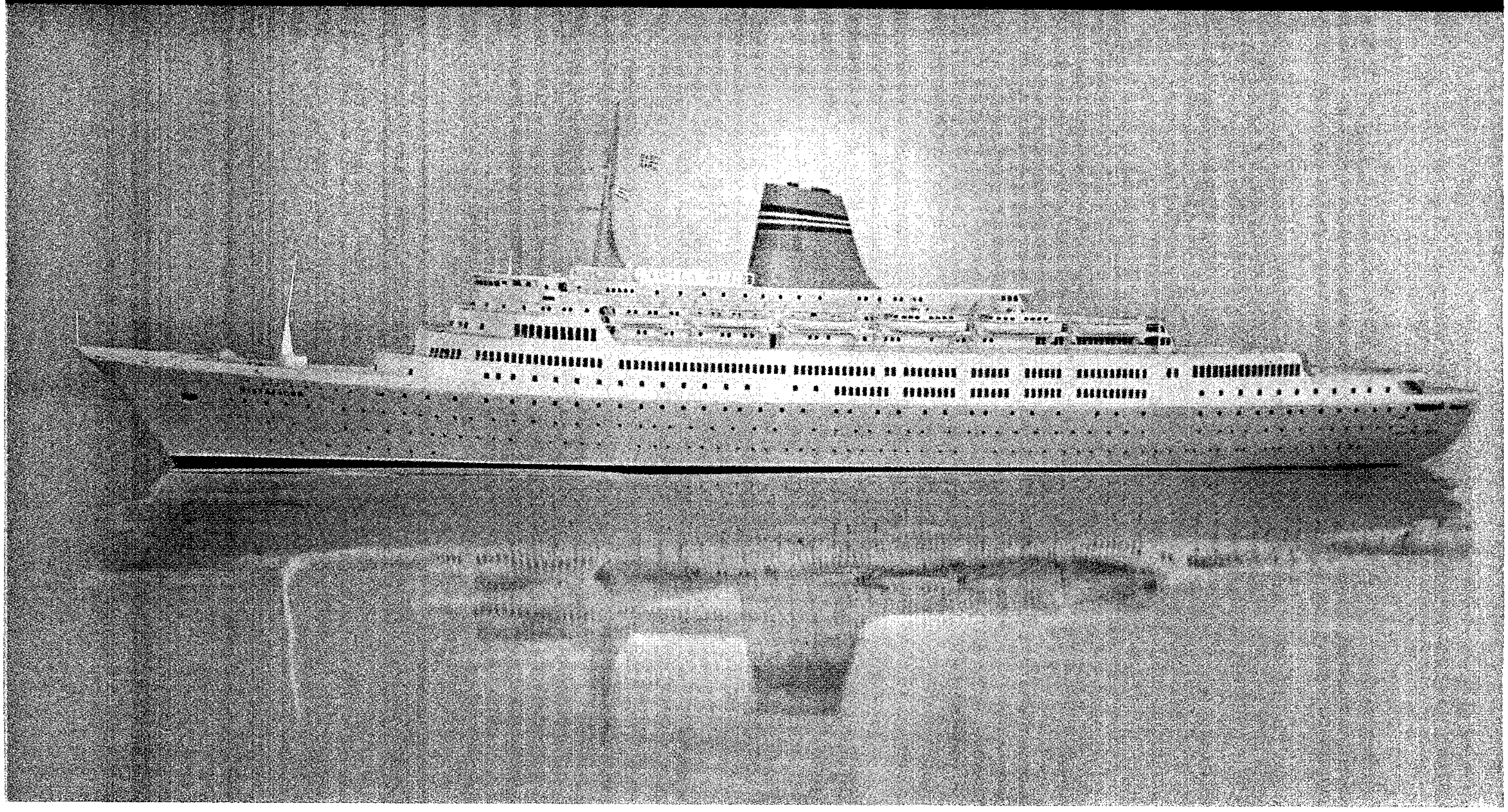

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Norwegian America Line 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10006 • (212) 944-6900 • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO it, "how to manage a group of human beings." As a result, when he later started a series of concerts of contemporary music he had a pool of devoted instrumentalists at his disposal. The work also gave the raw young provincial a chance to travel extensively on tour and brought him into contact with a wider world than he had encountered at the Conservatoire. Partly for that reason, perhaps, his cultural horizons are today far broader than those of most musicians.

The Barraults at once took Boulez to their hearts. A deep sympathy developed between the couple and their young musical director, and for a while he was virtually an adopted child. "When he first arrived, he lived with his claws out," Barrault later recalled. "He was like a young cat, at once bristling and charming. He was sharp, aggressive, sometimes irritating." But behind his savagery the Barraults also perceived "an extreme bashfulness, a quivering sensibility, even a secret sentimentality." They realized that "his bloodthirsty assaults were really a form of defense," as Barrault once wrote, adding, "We felt that strongly and loved him the more because of it." Many influential people in Paris, however, did not, and that fact more than once had an important effect on his career.

THE most important event of Boulez's first year in Paris was his encounter with Olivier Messiaen. In the context of French taste at the time, Messiaen was an outsider. A mystic, apt to give his works embarrassingly apocalyptic titles, like "Quartet for the End of Time," and obsessed with exotic instruments and Oriental rhythms, he had as his main point of contact with orthodox French musical life the organ tradition of César Franck, for since 1931 he had been organist at the great Paris church of La Trinité. In the early stages of the war, he had been held in a prisoner-of-war camp, but in 1942, after his repatriation, a small job had been found for him at the Conservatoire as a teacher of harmony. (Not, be it noted, of composition, and not as anything more august than a member of the staff. One of Boulez's youthful activities was to organize a petition that Messiaen be given a full professorship in composition.) No doubt to the surprise of his colleagues, Messiaen's classes began to attract some exceptionally promising students, including a number whose names have since become well known. (One was the pianist Yvonne Loriod, his future wife and a noted interpreter of his music.) To his class in October, 1944, came

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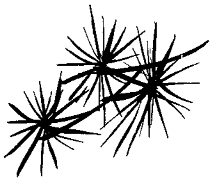
Pierre Boulez, now the most famous of all. Like Mme. Vaurabourg, Messiaen has said that Boulez's apprehensions were so quick that he hardly needed a teacher—and, in fact, he remained Messiaen's pupil for only a year, after which he graduated from the Conservatoire with a first prize in harmony. What proved more valuable to Boulez than Messiaen's official course in harmony was extramural sessions of analysis in which teacher and pupils examined works such as Bartók's sonatas for violin and piano, Berg's "Lyric Suite," Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," and, most significantly, Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring." These sessions, for which Messiaen accepted no fees, would begin in the afternoon and continue until the analysis was complete—sometimes deep in the night. To Boulez they opened a new realm, virtually unrepresented in the concerts of Paris. For the first time, he perceived where his musical ancestry lay.

Above all, Boulez was seized by what he has described as the "rhythmic unrest" in Messiaen's own music. Messiaen, through his study of Hindu rhythms and the pre-1914 Russian music of Stravinsky, had come to see that rhythm—formed by the relative duration of a series of notes—which had traditionally played a supporting role in Western music, might be subjected to rational discipline, instead of just being left to instinct, and so could become a primary, even an autonomous, element in composition. Indeed, in his analysis of "The Rite of Spring" he showed that Stravinsky had already achieved something of the kind. That insight was the first essential contribution to Boulez's development as a composer. Though the relationship between Messiaen and his onetime pupil, like most relationships between creative artists, has had its ups and downs, Boulez has never failed to express gratitude for it. A man who forgets a good deed no more readily than a bad one, he has described his period of study with Messiaen as "an irreplaceable event" in his life. Yet he was far from enthusiastic about Messiaen's music. Not only was it too juicy and self-indulgent for his astringent ear but its harmonic idiom was so inflexible that the music often turned out to consist of contrasting blocks of material crudely stuck together. As Boulez put it at the time, with his customary harshness, "Messiaen doesn't compose, he juxtaposes." He shared to the full his teacher's interest in Oriental rhythms and exotic instruments, but Messiaen's idiom as a whole had too narrow a base to serve him as a model. In particular, its daring rhythmic complexities were built on harmonic rigidity. In this respect, at least, it bore a resemblance to the characteristics that his analysis revealed in "The Rite of Spring." To Boulez, Stravinsky's masterpiece was a crucial landmark in twentieth-century music, yet its non-rhythmical elements were no more adequate to his purpose than the same elements of Messiaen's music.



It was at this point that Boulez first encountered Arnold Schoenberg's dodecaphonic music. Neither Schoenberg nor his pupils nor his technique had made any real headway in Paris before the Second World War. It had been generally assumed that back in the early twenties he lost himself in some characteristically abstract Central European theory, whereby music was made out of rows of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale, all of which had to be heard before any one of them might be repeated. With few exceptions, French musicians of the forties were ignorant of the works Schoenberg had written before 1914, and were consequently unaware of the crisis that had arisen when in these scores he first moved up against and finally breached the frontiers of tonality. Schoenberg's dodecaphonic technique was not, as was still widely supposed in Paris, an intellectual conceit but an attempt to find a replacement for the laws he himself had shattered. It was, as Boulez put it, "not a decree but a constatation." But before awareness of this situation could spread across the Rhine the Nazis had come to power, and as "cultural Bolshevists" Schoenberg and his school had been scattered to all points of the compass.

One evening in 1945, Boulez heard a private performance of Schoenberg's Wind Quintet. This score, composed in 1924, was the first major work in which Schoenberg deployed his tone rows. Today its complexity can sound stiff and contrived, but to Boulez it came as a revelation. First, it obeyed no tonal laws, and long before he heard of the existence of tone rows he had known that his own music could not be tonal. Second, he found in it a harmonic and contrapuntal richness, and a consequent ability not merely to generate ideas but to develop, extend, and vary them that he had missed in the music of Messiaen and Stravinsky. Schoenberg himself was a frail old man, living in Los Angeles. The only person Boulez knew of in Paris who had studied with him was an obscure composer and conductor called René Leibowitz. With his gift for action, Boulez swiftly organized a group of Messiaen's pupils to study each Saturday afternoon with Leibowitz, who, though he was poor, charged nothing for the tuition he gave at those sessions.

Boulez now started to compose the first work that he still recognizes as in some degree his own. This is the Sonatina for Flute and Piano, in which he made a bold attempt to match Schoenberg's tone rows to Messiaen's rhythmic structures. Among the first people to hear it—also at a private performance—was Virgil Thomson. To his Francophile ears (though to few others), it sounded like "slightly out-of-tune Ravel." In the New York *Herald Tribune*, he gave Boulez the first review he received, describing him as "the most brilliant, in my opinion, of all the Paris under-25s."

Boulez, however, was far from happy about the dogmatic manner in which Leibowitz expounded dodecaphonic technique. Worse still, he began to have doubts about the use that Schoenberg himself had made of it. He noticed that from the moment that Schoenberg adopted it as his basic means of composition he had reverted to classical forms—and what, Boulez asked himself, had such devices as the sonata form, which originated in the harmonic tensions implicit in tonality, to do with a technique that had been brought into existence precisely because those tensions did not function as they once had? Indeed, was there not here a certain parallel with Stravinsky, ordinarily regarded as Schoenberg's antithesis? Had not he also, and at more or less the same moment in history, reverted to classical forms instead of allowing new forms to emerge from new material and new ways of using it? Could it be that the two arch-revolutionaries of pre-1914 music had both, on different pretexts, subsequently begun to play reactionary roles in the evolution of music? In 1946, that was in itself a revolutionary notion.

Through Schoenberg, Boulez naturally came to the music of Schoenberg's pupil Webern, and it was in Webern, who before the war had been widely dismissed as an eccentric miniaturist, that he found what he had been seeking. As he analyzed those exquisitely fashioned scores, he saw that whereas Schoenberg had used tone rows as a source from which to derive themes, Webern had regarded them merely as a series of intervals, which he manipulated without trying to fashion them into themes. In this way, the distinction

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between the vertical and the horizontal dimensions of music—in particular, the notion of a horizontal theme accompanied by vertical harmony—which had dominated Western music since the age of Monteverdi, was effectively abolished. Schoenberg had described the tone row as a hat that could be squeezed into any number of shapes, but it was left to Webern to carry this out. His substitution of intervals for themes was a step as momentous as any in musical history. Indeed, it was directly comparable to the beginnings of abstract art, for what are themes if not the equivalent of objects and human figures?

With his discovery of Webern, Boulez found himself, as he later wrote, "on the threshold of modern music." In a long essay, entitled "Eventuellement . . ." and published in 1952, he surveyed the ground he had covered up to that date, and arrogantly proclaimed, "I assert that any musician who has not experienced . . . the necessity for the dodecaphonic language is USELESS. His whole work is irrelevant to the needs of his epoch." Henceforth it would be not Schoenberg and Stravinsky, pope and antipope between the two wars, who dominated the evolution of music but a withdrawn figure who had rarely left his native Vienna and whose life had been ended in September, 1945, when, at the age of sixty-one, he was shot by a panicky G.I. in an Alpine village. Within ten years, the wheel was to come full circle, with Stravinsky himself paying public homage to Webern's achievement. But Boulez was the first to perceive its implications for the future.

Liberated from the need to construct themes, Boulez now had what he had been looking for; by matching Webern's use of tone rows to the vastly increased rhythmic resources brought into being by Messiaen, he had a means of integrating, to a degree never before attempted, the two principal components of music—pitch and rhythm. The result of this synthesis was his Piano Sonata No. 2, which breaks with dodecaphonic technique as Schoenberg had practiced it. Instead, the rows are here divided into cells, each with its characteristic intervals, and on these cells rhythmic cells act as what André Hodeir has called "chemical reagents," to produce a kaleidoscopic sense of constant variation as one dimension transforms the other. Out of this interaction the music erupts like a huge head of water under pressure and envelops the entire keyboard, which is exploited to a degree unprecedented in the literature of piano music. After more than twenty years, the Beethovenian vehemence of this sonata still astounds the ear, and in its rage can be heard echoes of its young composer's volcanic temperament. Yet it is not all savagery and fury. The brief scherzo has an elusive, mercurial brilliance, and in the long slow movement there is a lyricism that harks back to the last works of Debussy, who is perhaps closer to Boulez's heart than any other composer, and whose influence on his music has become increasingly marked in recent years. Boulez completed his second piano sonata in 1948. It was an astounding achievement for a man of twenty-three, and though few ears were aware of it at the time (it was not heard in public until 1952), it announced the arrival of a new force in twentieth-century music.

BOULEZ's intensely rationalistic mind was still not satisfied. If pitch and rhythm could be intellectually integrated, then why not the other elements of music—timbre and dynamics? In 1950, while he was wrestling with this problem, a vital clue arrived from an unexpected source, in the form of a new piano study by Messiaen, called "Mode de Valeurs et d'Intensité." Boulez had long since abandoned his teacher's world, and, not surprisingly, his scathing remarks about Messiaen's music had led to a personal breach. But a friend drew his attention to the study, which had just been published. Boulez bought it, and was electrified by the little piece of music before him. "As soon as I saw it, I jumped at it," he recently told me. He realized, to his amazement, that Messiaen had been working on much the same problem that had been occupying him. In what Boulez has described as "a stroke of genius," Messiaen had taken Schoenberg's conception of a row and applied it not just to pitch and durations (that is, rhythms) but to dynamics as well. It remained only for Boulez to add a row of timbres (and he thought he could perceive a foreshadowing of this in some of Webern's later works and in Schoenberg's notion of a *Klangfarbenmelodie*, or melody of shifting colors), and he would be able to control and integrate all four elements of music with a precision that had until then been applied only to pitch. Music was on the brink of total serialism—one of the most daring experiments to which it has ever been subjected.

Messiaen either did not see the im-

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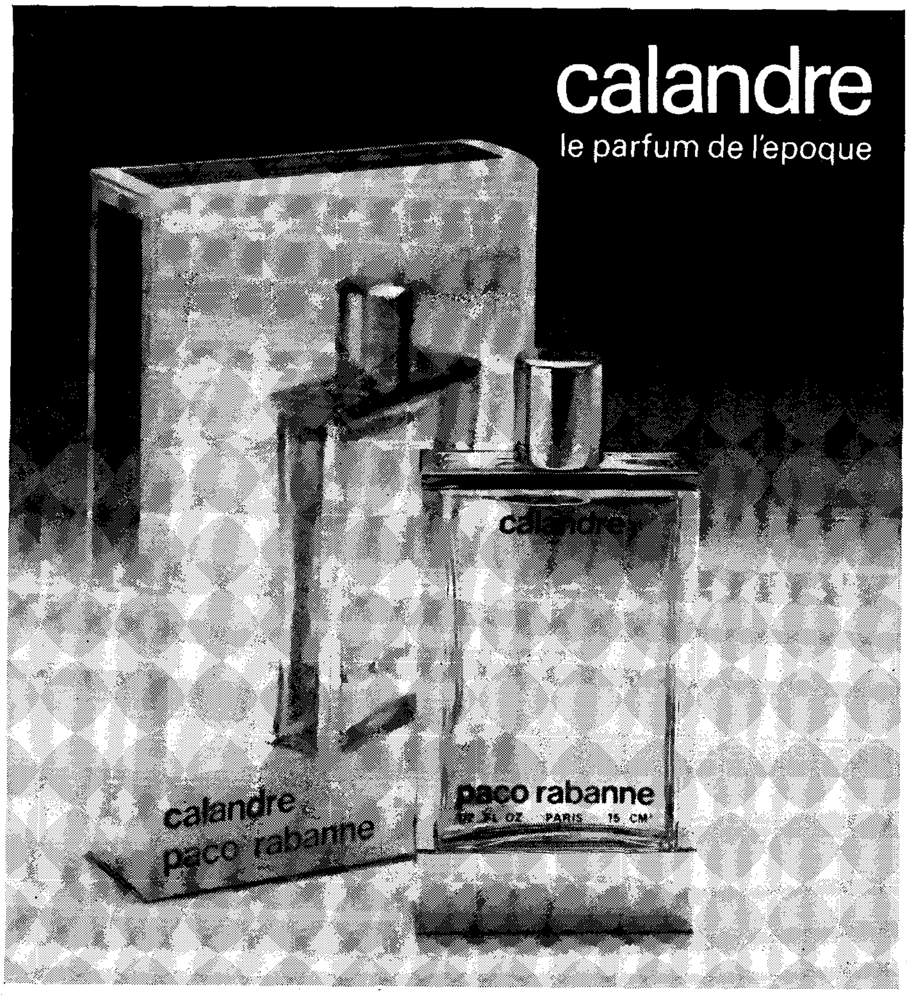

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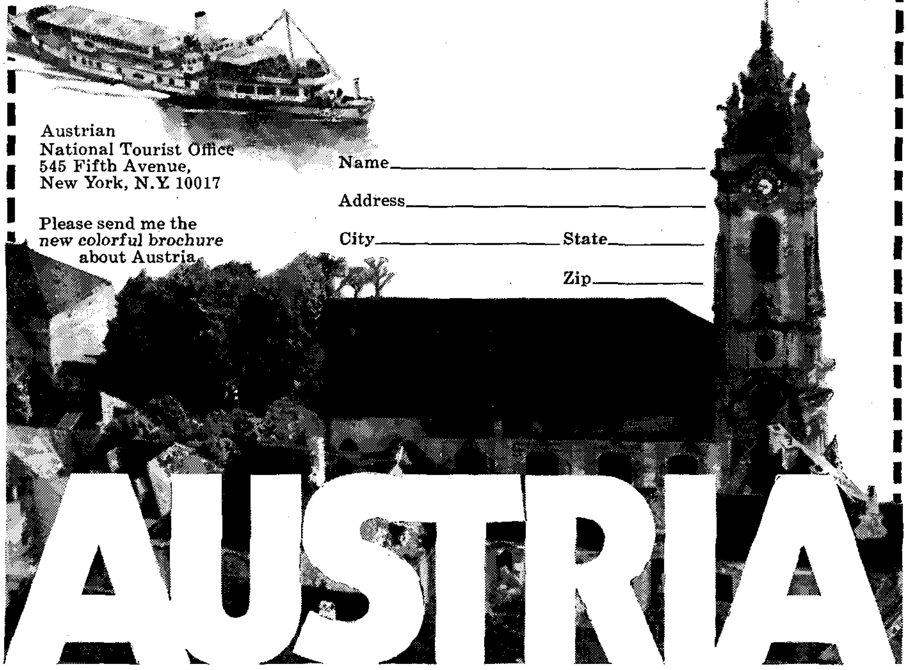

plications of his own study or drew back from them, but Boulez, who has an insatiable thirst to demonstrate the logical necessity of every step he takes, was enthralled by the possibility that the work had opened up of determining rationally the exact characteristics of each note one consigned to paper. It was not, however, only the passion for control that drove him toward the goal of a totally rationalized music. He was aware that his own idiom, as far as it had then developed, was a synthesis. That, of course, might be said of the music of any composer who has ever walked the earth. But Boulez was dissatisfied with a state of affairs in which he looked in one direction for the rhythmic characteristics of his music and in another for his organization of pitch. For him that could be only an intermediate step toward his goal. He felt that his idiom must be purged of all remnants of the past and established on first principles.

A generation is often obsessed with the sins of its fathers, and in Boulez's opinion the two greatest composers of his own past, Schoenberg and Stravinsky, had both, at a crucial moment in their development, sold out to tradition, so that there was a fatal discrepancy between what they were trying to say and how they said it. That was a mistake that *he* was resolved not to make, and to avoid it he decided to strip musical language to its fundamental elements, so that he could determine what was essential to him. It was a heroic deed, comparable to Freud's self-analysis. "With exaltation and fear," as he later recalled, and without pausing to consider whether the result could be played by existing instruments, he threw himself into the Great Serial Adventure; namely, the construction of music in which every detail would follow of logical necessity from a few basic decisions. Arbitrary though it sounds when it is so baldly outlined, Boulez felt it to be an imperative. "It was like Descartes's '*Cogito, ergo sum*,'" he told me. "I momentarily suppressed inheritance. I started off from the fact that I was thinking, and went on to see how one might construct a musical language from scratch."

The first result of this attempt to lift himself by his intellectual bootstraps was "Polyphonie X," a work for chamber ensemble, which was given its first performance in October, 1951, at the Donaueschingen Festival of Contemporary Music, an annual weekend gathering in southwestern Germany that has served as a showcase for the avant-garde off and on since the twenties. There it occasioned an uproar unprecedented among an audience of such hardened addicts of *Modernismus*. Boulez was detained in London with Barrault's company, so he could not encounter his offspring in the flesh, but a tape of the Donaueschingen performance was enough to convince him that the work was physically all but unperformable, and the only performance it has since received took place the following year in Los Angeles under Robert Craft's direction. However, nothing that Boulez undertakes is a mere shot in the dark, and one failure was not enough to deter him. He turned next to a studio that the engineer and composer Pierre Schaeffer had set up in Paris for producing *musique concrète* from all manner of recorded sounds. Perhaps machines could achieve what was beyond the capacity of human instrumentalists. But the equipment was primitive; two studies that Boulez produced with it were unsatisfactory, and he marched out of what he scornfully dismissed as "a sonic flea market." Electronic music, for which he was perhaps subconsciously searching, did not yet exist.

With his third shot he hit his target. In order to minimize the limitations of the instruments that had been such a hindrance to the realization of "Polyphonie X," he determined this time to write for two pianos, because, as he later explained, the piano is "the instrument that rebels least." As a way of eliminating any element of personal choice that might sully the new work's pristine logic, and also as an expression of his debt to Messiaen, he selected a series used in the "Mode de Valeurs et d'Intensité." In 1952, the two composers, now reconciled, gave the first performance of the first section of the new work. "Structures," as it is called, is a milestone in postwar music.

Boulez was not alone in feeling what he has called the need "to conquer bit by bit, element by element" a new manner of composition, which would not be vitiated by any foreign bodies or stylistic reminiscences. Karlheinz Stockhausen, who was then a student in Messiaen's class at the Conservatoire and a member of Boulez's entourage, is perhaps the most famous member of a whole generation of European avant-garde composers that followed his example. In the United States, Milton Babbitt, whose first fully serial work dates from 1948, had, independently and unknown to his transatlantic colleagues, made similar experiments, in which durations, dynamics, and intervals were all derived from an initial series. The more vehemently the outer world mocked, the more resolutely

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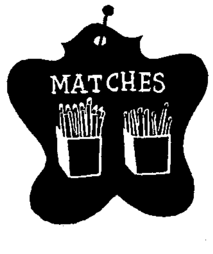
these pioneers set their faces toward what they were convinced would be the future, and manuscript copies of Boulez's "Eventuellement . . ." were handed round like a revolutionary manifesto.

Serialism produced a rash of unperformable monstrosities. If "Structures" falls acceptably on the ear today, that is because Boulez, being vastly more intelligent than most of those who had begun to regard him as a new Messiah, remained the master of his machine. In fact, only the first part of its first "book"—a section that lasts hardly more than five minutes—is rigidly serial. Once Boulez had made his initial experiments, he started to manipulate the series so as to give direction to the shapes that it assumed. Indeed, no one has written more scathingly than Boulez himself of "the caldron of figures" into which he plunged his generation. "Having been preceded by a generation in large part illiterate, are we to become a generation of technocrats?" he asked rhetorically in another extensive essay—" . . . Auprès et au Loin," published in 1954. He mercilessly mocked "the timetables of trains that never leave"—works that existed on paper but were unable to take off as aural experiences—and "the exasperating monotony" of perpetual variation. Disdainfully, he pointed out several truths he might have perceived earlier: that all the elements of music are not of equal importance; that some can be more precisely heard than others; that the mere fact that there are twelve notes in the chromatic scale does not make that figure directly applicable to all the elements of music; that some instruments are of their nature louder than others. With a fine sense of the obvious, he proclaimed that one of the functions of a composer is to choose between a number of possibilities, and then, in a phrase that had implications wider than he perhaps realized at the time, he declared that the results of a system that relieves a composer of much of his responsibility must be largely fortuitous.



Yet for Boulez the serial experience—which in his case lasted barely a year—was a period of purification that served its purpose, because it abolished once and for all the concept of music as necessarily thematic. That he was able to drive his flock through an experience that he has referred to as "self-mutilation" is a telling tribute to the spellbinding influence he then exercised. Once he himself had emerged from that experience, however, he was prepared to admit that "it is necessary to imagine the revolution as well as to construct it." Serial "laws" should be regarded not as a system but as a manner of musical thought, with all the flexibility that the phrase implies. At last, Boulez was able to relax, and the immediate result was "Le Marteau sans Maître," a brilliant, lyrical, even charming work for alto voice and instrumental ensemble, based on poems by René Char. Stravinsky described it in 1960 as "one of the few significant works of the postwar period of exploration."

Yet the first performance of a work that today sounds almost decorative did not come about without a struggle. Boulez might be a hero in Darmstadt, the home of an annual summer music school that during the fifties served as the rallying point of the serial movement, but in Paris he was still widely regarded as a fanatic, and his talent for invective had made him powerful enemies. As late as 1960, feeling against him was so strong that the musical director of the French Radio, an organ of the state, formally forbade a critic to interview him on the air. In 1955, "Le Marteau sans Maître" was entered for the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music. Fortunately for Boulez, the festival was to take place that year in Baden-Baden, where Heinrich Strobel was the musical director of the Southwest German Radio. Strobel had sought out Boulez on a visit to Paris in 1950 and had been impressed by his talent and character, and it was due to him and the conductor Hans Rosbaud that "Polyphonie X" had been performed at Donaueschingen in 1951. When the French members of the I.S.C.M. jury refused to include "Le Marteau sans Maître" among the French works to be considered for performance, Strobel, who, as musical head of the host radio station, was in a position of power and who was not shy about using it, decided to include the composition in a concert in which the hosts traditionally have the right to present a program of their choice. The French protested furiously at this deliberate circumvention of their wishes, but there was little they could do about it, and they looked sillier still when, after forty-four rehearsals under Rosbaud, "Le Marteau sans Maître" proved an overwhelming success and transformed Boulez's position overnight. In short, he had arrived.

Even so, it was only at Strobel's insistence that the work was performed again, a couple of months later, at Aix-

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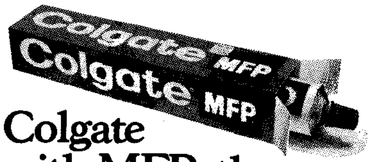

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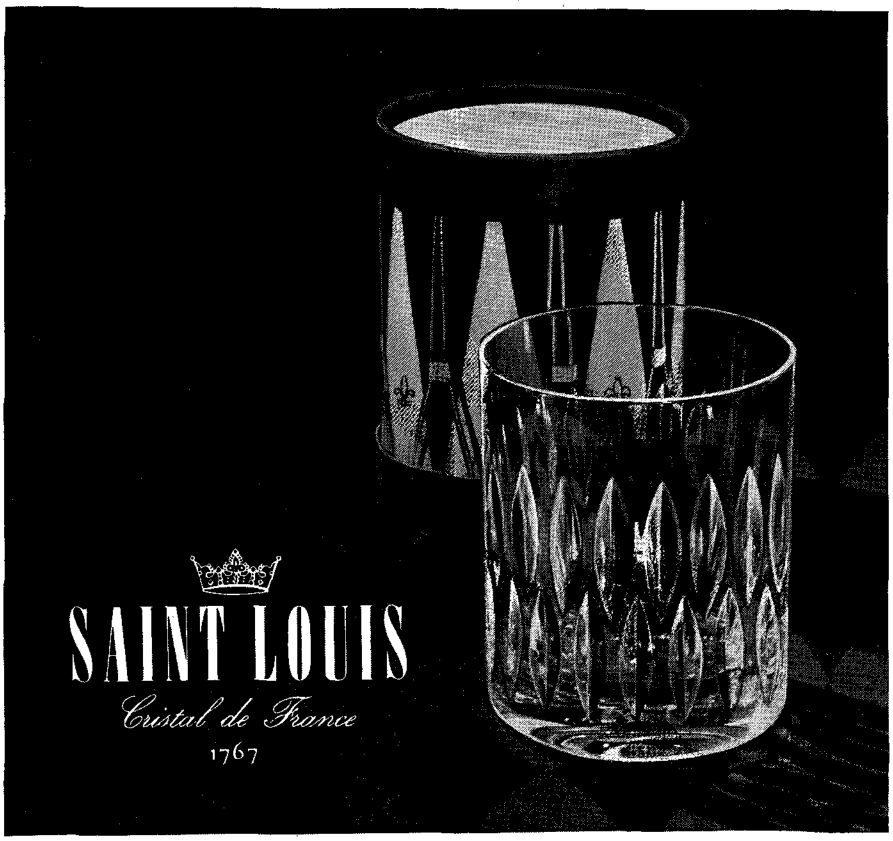

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en-Provence, where his orchestra was giving a series of festival concerts and he was thus again able to apply the screws. It was there that I first heard it—in rehearsal in the town's airless casino, on a torrid July afternoon. At the start, I could perceive little but a maddeningly incessant and seemingly shapeless plinking and plonking of percussion and plucked strings, for, like most ears at that time, mine were still trying to pick out themes and follow their evolution, and, of course, there were no conventional themes in this music. Once I ceased trying to impose irrelevant ways of thought upon it, its cool yet intense lyricism and the steely delicacy of the instrumental writing began to become apparent.

Boulez is irritated by suggestions that the success of "Le Marteau sans Maître" is due merely to the fact that he had greatly relaxed the rigor of his serialism. On the contrary, he says, it was precisely the serial experience of "Structures" that enabled him to turn at once to the composition of what has proved his first fully mature (and still his best-known) work. "People say it 'sounds well,' but that is not merely because I have a good nose for sound—it is also because the textures and harmonies are absolutely controlled," he explains. "Serialism provided me with a syntax. In 'Le Marteau,' I used it to formulate thoughts."

INEVITABLY, the excesses of serialism soon gave rise to a fierce reaction, and once again the commanding intelligence of Pierre Boulez for a while appeared to be in the van. As early as 1951, on the very threshold of serialism, he had let fall a remark that must have seemed meaningless at the time: "We shall eventually have to restore its potential to what Mallarmé called chance." On the face of it, nothing could be more remote from the rigidly determined world of serialism. But Boulez's mind was already playing on distant perspectives. Even in "Eventuellement . . ."—the manifesto of serialism—he had reminded his readers that "the unexpected cannot be excluded from art."

Still earlier, in 1949, Boulez had been in correspondence with John Cage, and they had met later that year, when Cage came to Paris to give concerts and to take part in dance recitals with Merce Cunningham. Though he and Cage shared a contempt for neoclassicism, no two minds could be more unalike, and today Boulez is opposed to almost everything Cage stands for. ("I like his mind but not the way it thinks.") But at that time several of

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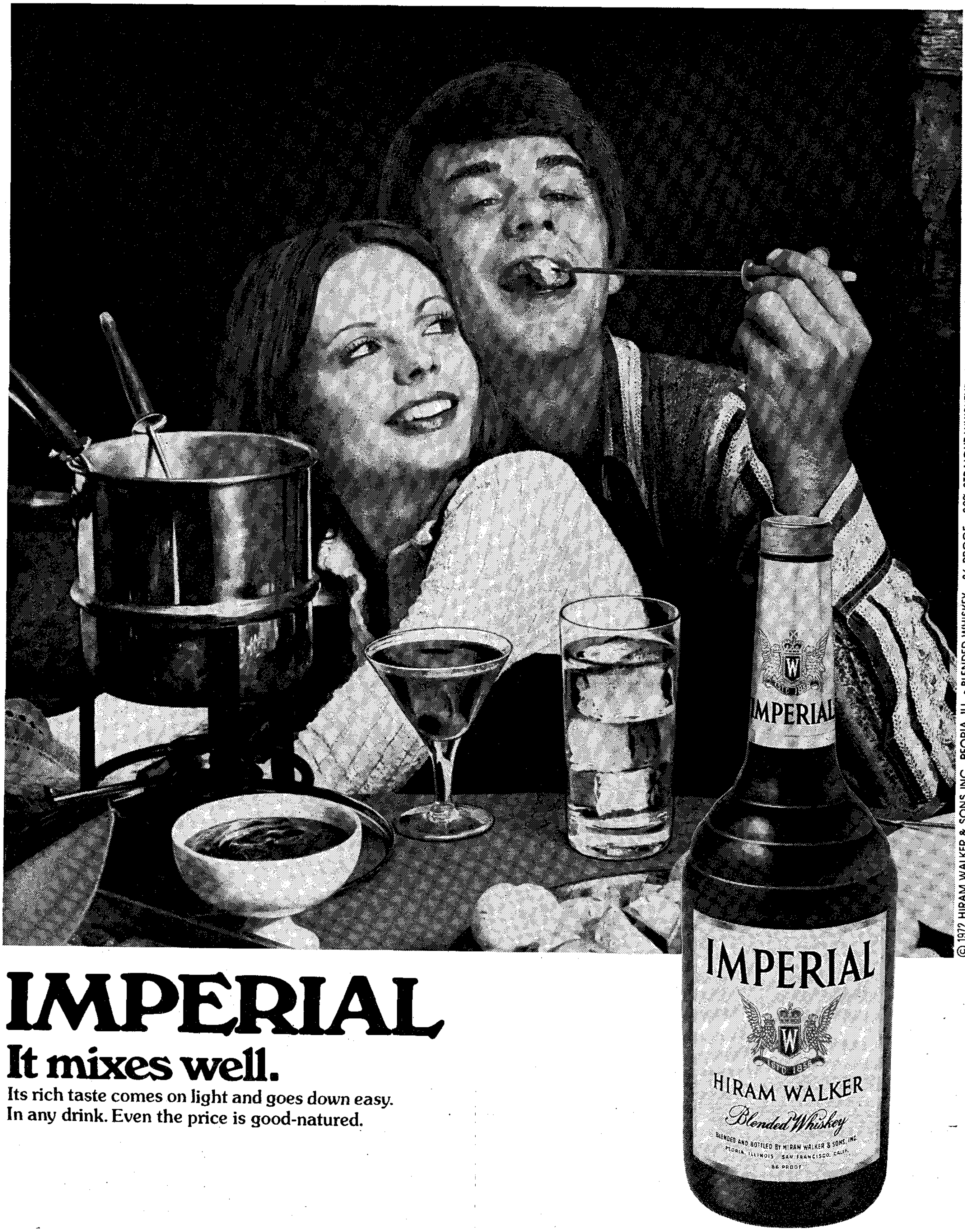
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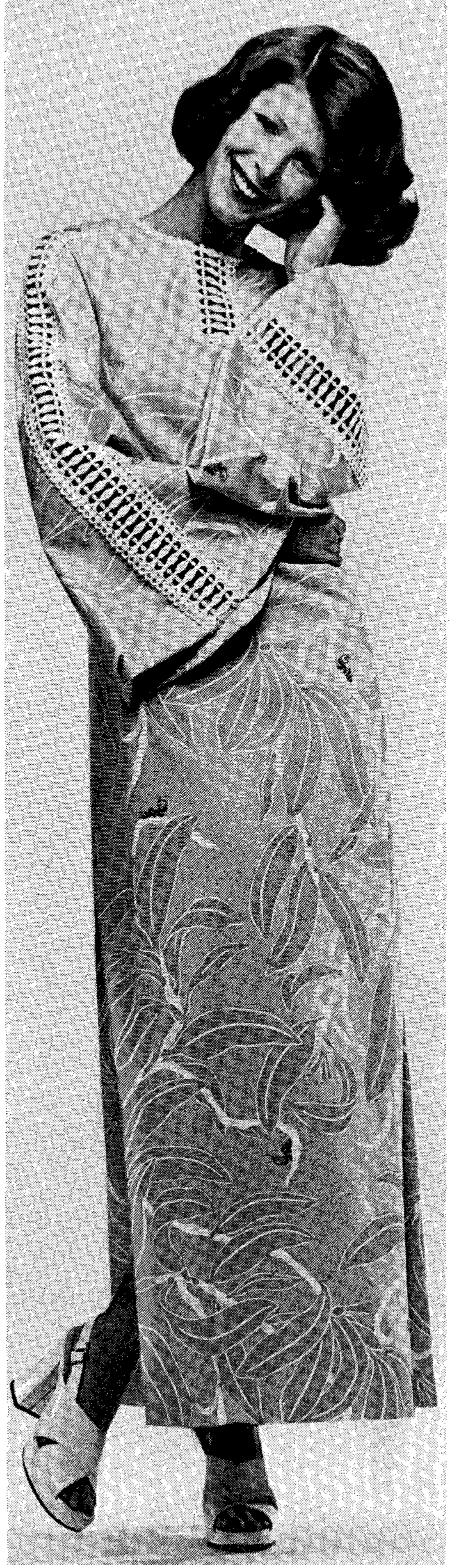
Cage's ideas caught his interest. One was the perception that instruments devised to play tonal music inevitably restricted the evolution of music in which the octave was no longer of the first importance. (In this, Cage himself was the follower of another Frenchman, Edgard Varèse, who lived still largely unrecognized in New York, and whose ideas were to prove a crucial influence on the development of music in the sixties.) Boulez recognized that Cage's prepared piano was a significant step toward breaking down the frontiers, until then regarded as inviolable, between music and noise; and Cage's device in "Imaginary Landscape No. 4" (1951) of manipulating a dozen radios according to a precise schedule of durations and dynamics fascinated him, not for the result but as an experiment in combining exactitude and chance. Above all, he was interested by Cage's practice of spinning coins in accordance with rules laid down in the "I Ching" as a means of introducing "chance operations" into music. All this was far from Boulez's creative concerns in the early fifties, and when Cage moved into the world of Happenings their ways parted for good. Yet a seed had been planted in Boulez's mind which was to bear fruit several years later.

Though serialism had given Boulez the means he had sought of controlling his material, by 1954 certain deficiencies in the system had become apparent. One was that in the absence of themes, which had served as dramatis personae prior to Webern, it was difficult to articulate development so that a work's over-all shape would be readily apparent. (No doubt this is one reason almost all of Webern's scores are short.) Where every element was in a constant state of variation, there was a paradoxical lack of variety. Boulez, always keenly responsive to the visual arts, saw the problem as akin to that of reintroducing perspective into abstract painting. But there was another element missing from serial structures—what he called "a momentary submission to free will." How, he asked himself, could the willfulness of the imagination be squared with logical necessity? Cage's device of spinning coins was perhaps too arbitrary. But the operation recalled Mallarmé's observation that "each thought is a throw of the dice," and Mallarmé, Boulez was shortly to discover, had put his epigram into practice in a book, "Le Livre," in which the reader could choose for himself the order in which he would read the pages. Might not a piece of music also be conceived as a series of compartments to be visited at will? In any case, was the traditional notion of a work as a closed circuit—an object determined once and for all by the composer—applicable to the relativity implicit in a serial world, where each score generated its own form? These, as far as I can distinguish them, are some of the considerations that led Boulez to the brink of aleatory music.

BOULEZ was only one of several composers to reach comparable conclusions at approximately the same moment in time. In 1953, Karlheinz Stockhausen, whom Boulez once referred to as "the only man I can talk to about music," went to Bonn University to study the physical nature of sound with a scientist named Werner Meyer-Eppler. There he perceived in the vibrations that form the raw material of sound certain indeterminate elements of chance, which seemed to him to offer a parallel to the principle of relativity in twentieth-century physics. Like Cage, he was also fascinated by the possibility of finding a musical equivalent for the drip techniques used by Jackson Pollock, and here, too, aleatory devices seemed to offer fruitful possibilities. For Stockhausen, as for Boulez, the basic motive was to "bring relativity into music," and in 1954 he composed some short piano pieces in which details are left to chance.

In the serial adventure, Boulez had been the pioneer and Stockhausen, three crucial years his junior, a follower; indeed, Boulez is said to have had a good deal to do with the final shape of "Kontrapunkte Nr. 1," the score with which Stockhausen first made his mark, in 1953. Four years later, the situation had changed. In 1957, the two composers were in close contact while each worked on his first important aleatory score, and the pieces were presented to the world within a few weeks of each other. On July 28, 1957, in Darmstadt, Paul Jacobs gave the first performance of Stockhausen's "Klavierstück XI," and Boulez was sufficiently impressed by it to play it to Stravinsky the following month in Paris. Then, that October, Boulez gave the first performance of his own Piano Sonata No. 3, also in Darmstadt. In both works, shape and content might be varied at each performance. But, because Stockhausen's commitment to the aleatory principle had from the start been more far-reaching and wholehearted than Boulez's the resemblance remained super-



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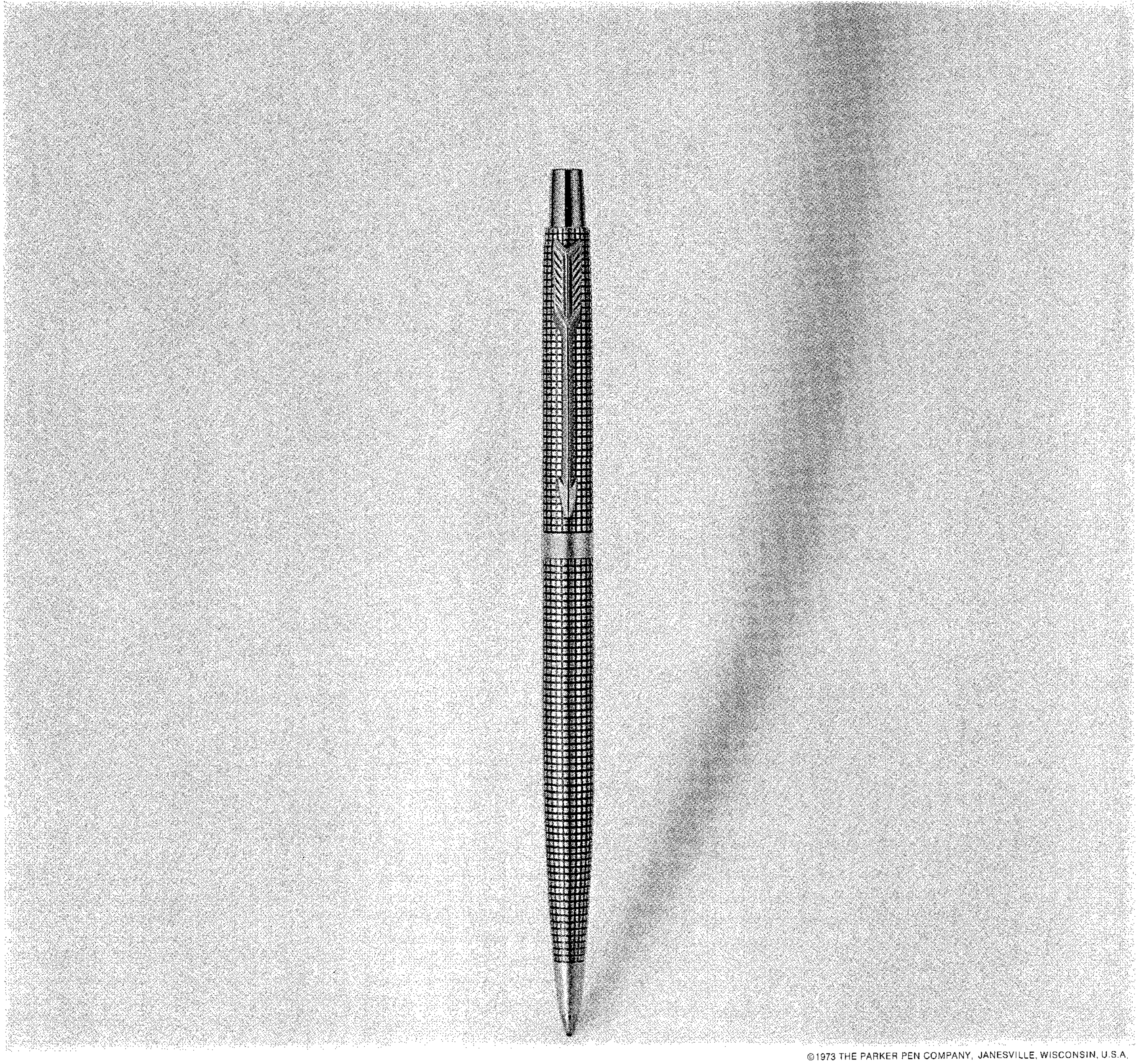

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ficial. While Stockhausen had accepted the full implications of chance, Boulez had tried to confine its implications to choice. The evolution of postwar music had arrived at a critical bifurcation, which was eventually to leave Boulez an isolated, even a lonely, figure.

"Klavierstück XI" consists of nineteen fragments—or "groups," as Stockhausen prefers to call them—each of which is followed by playing instructions. The groups can be performed in any sequence; indeed, the pianist is specifically instructed to approach the work without any preconceived idea of its eventual shape. He starts with any group that happens to catch his eye and plays it at any speed, at any degree of loudness, and with any mode of attack (staccato or legato, and so on) he chooses. Thereafter, however, he has to take the instructions that follow the group he has played and apply them to whatever group he plays next. Obviously, no two performances are alike. Indeed, infinite variants are possible, so not even the composer could foresee the juxtapositions that might arise. To Boulez's mind, "Klavierstück XI" thus reintroduced by the back door the gratuitousness that had been a defect of serialism. At first sight, serial determinism and the wilder shores of aleatory music appear as far apart as any two things can be. But both, when carried to their logical conclusion, relieve the composer of much of his responsibility.

Boulez's conception of the role of chance was from the start far more precisely circumscribed, and he has said that at this moment literature was a stronger influence on his ideas than music itself—a clear reference to Mallarmé's "Le Livre," which was published only in 1957, while Boulez was at work on his third piano sonata. Mallarmé was already dear to Boulez for his drastic attitude toward language; indeed, his willingness to take it to bits and reassemble it is somewhat comparable to what Boulez attempted in "Structures." Now, in "Le Livre," he found a conception of a work of art that would be "like the map of a city in which you choose your own way"—but, of course, each road would have to have been explored in detail by the mapmaker.

Boulez was too deeply concerned with intellectual coherence ever to admit anything as potentially destructive as mere inadvertence into his carefully controlled structures. What he sought was "a dialectic between order and choice," and to that end he built into his sonata a series of alternate circuits, to be entered at the choice of the

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performer, who at a given moment would take one route rather than another. The larger the element of choice, the more important it seemed to Boulez to foresee and provide for all the possibilities it offered. As he caustically put it, "an accidental gesture within a random framework does not provide a very promising basis for a work of art." He also said, "If you have no rules, you have no chance"—because chance is, by definition, an event that does not happen according to rules. What he had in mind was a work that at each performance would reveal a different aspect of itself, like a familiar view seen from different positions. If serialism had opened the door to relativity in music, in the sense that each work generated its own structure instead of relying on a preconceived form, then perhaps the moment had come to introduce relativity into performance.

But it is clear that Boulez and Stockhausen understand very different things by relativity—a word they both use liberally. Stockhausen has said, "Boulez's goal remains the work, mine is the impact. . . . That is why he strives to make his work self-contained and autonomous, whereas it is the model character of a work that concerns me, and how that model is subsequently exploited does not interest me." Boulez, in an essay called "Alea," published only a month after he had presented his third sonata, revealed that from the start he had been aware of the dangers involved in opening the door to chance. In a remark that today has a prophetic ring, he observed, "If chance is to be interpreted as nothing more than inadvertence, why not also leave the context in which it appears to inadvertence?" And that is precisely what has happened. Once the principle of chance had been admitted, where was the line to be drawn? The sluice gates were opened, and the waters of Dada rose at such a rate that within a couple of years large areas of the musical landscape were submerged as the order that is implicit in the simplest tune was abandoned.

In 1958, Iannis Xenakis based a score on his design for a pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair by treating its contours as though they were of musical significance. Twenty years earlier, it is true, Heitor Villa-Lobos had plotted the New York skyline on music paper and treated selected points as pitched notes, but Xenakis's experiment was the beginning of a general movement toward "graphics," whereby a piece of music derived its shape from a purely visual pattern. A work might be derived from what the performer happened to read in the evening paper or from any other arbitrary, non-musical factor. In 1963 in Palermo, in a hall surrounded by rat-infested streets where children rifled rubbish dumps for a crust of bread, an invited festival audience was entertained by a mock-spastic cellist, who for fifteen minutes labored unsuccessfully to draw his bow across the strings of his instrument.

Needless to say, such antics were not for Boulez. Aleatory music he still regarded as a necessary antidote to the rigidity of serialism, but "idiotic and vulgar exhibitionism" like that of the cellist in Palermo was inadmissible. Oblivious of his warnings that pure chance could produce a satisfactory piece of music only by pure chance, that instrumentalists left to their own devices would almost inevitably regurgitate the clichés of the music they had already absorbed (something that Stockhausen has since discovered), that shock was of its nature a device that could work only once, that an attempt to make performance a quasi-dramatic end in itself overlooked the fact that few musicians are good actors ("I'm for specialized workers" was Boulez's tart comment on this trend), the Gadarene herd hurled themselves down the aleatory slopes into a sea of chaos. Boulez turned in the late fifties to the composition of "Pli Selon Pli," one of the few indisputable high points of postwar music, which combined aleatory and serial techniques, and which now, little more than a decade after its first performance, appears a monument from a vanished age. Ostensibly, this pinnacle of achievement brought him a new degree of eminence, but by the time he had finished it most of the other leaders of his generation had in varying degrees made their peace with the new aleatory order, and he had become a middle-aged composer on the brink of isolation.

It was almost exactly at this moment that a new chapter in his career began: he became a conductor.

—PETER HEYWORTH

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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THE THEATRE

MY FAIR LADIES

I WOULD as soon go out and kick a crocus as say a harsh word about "Irene," the musical that helps to celebrate the opening of the new Minskoff Theatre, at One Astor Plaza, in, as the saying goes, the heart of Times Square. This "Irene" appears to have begun as a revival of a popular musical of 1919, adapted by Harry Rigby, who had the curious and successful notion of bringing back, in a shrewdly mutilated form, "No, No, Nanette." In the course of many months on the road, many hands have tinkered with his adaptation of "Irene," and the book is now listed as being by Hugh Wheeler and Joseph Stein; I think equal credit should be given to Alan Jay Lerner and G. B. Shaw, because what we see and hear is a clumsy but not unappealing version of "My Fair Lady," employing for the sake of novelty an eerie multiplicity of Elizas. ("Listen, if one Eliza is socko what about three?" "I like it already, Manny.") What the *ur*-"Irene" may have been I don't know; one of its songs—"In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown"—has become a classic and is retained in the present show. A much earlier hit—"You Made Me Love You"—has been worked in, and additional lyrics and music have been contributed by Charles Gaynor and Otis Clements. The show is, in short, a palimpsest, and it cannot fail to make people feel mildly happy, because it will remind them again and again of shows at which they felt *very* happy.

This musical oddity is redeemed, against fierce odds, by the sheer winningness of the cast, by the charm of Raoul Pène duBois's settings and costumes, and by the wit of the choreography, devised by Peter Gennaro. I wouldn't have expected to find myself putty in the hands of Debbie Reynolds, but such proves to be the case; she hurls herself about the stage like a fiery particle, and I am torn between admiration for her energy and terror lest she break into a thousand pieces before my very eyes. George S. Irving is suitably preposterous as a couturier of uncertain gender and place of origin—he goes by the name of Madame Lucy, of Paris, but it appears that he was born a tough kid in the environs of Ninth Avenue—and Monte Markham plays a wealthy, wellborn misogynist with the proper wry self-doubt. (At one point, he comes within an ace of breaking into "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" Maybe they cut that line out of town.) On opening night, Patsy Kelly overdid her habitual broad style of comedy; she must learn to distrust the claque that eggs her on into self-parody.

A word of praise for Gower Champion, who has directed "Irene" with his usual professional zest, and a word of praise for the theatre itself. It is the attractive fruit of a prolonged and intense collaboration between Mayor Lindsay, his brilliant Midtown Design group, the architects of the building, Kahn & Jacobs, and the Minskoff brothers, who own the building. The immense upper lobby of the theatre, reached by escalator, hangs something like five stories above Times Square, with a great wall of glass facing the Square; from inside, the wall seems at first glance to frame a marvellous work of Pop art, which at second glance is seen to be the block-long Gordon's Gin sign across the Square. I am told that an effort is being made to insure the presence in perpetuity of this lovely, blazing object by having it declared a historic landmark. Well, I so declare it.

UP Broadway from the Minskoff Theatre is the new Uris Theatre, another praiseworthy invention of Mayor Lindsay and the bright young men in his design group. The show that opened the Uris—"Via Galactica"—was a classic disaster; the musical that has now followed it is called "Seesaw," and while it is far from being a disaster, it is not, I am sorry to say, a success. Based on William Gibson's "Two for the Seesaw," a sentimental two-character play touchingly performed by Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, the present version, which has been written, directed, and choreographed by Michael Bennett, remains a stubbornly divided work. We are shuttled back and forth between small scenes made up of intimate dialogues between the two principals, Jerry and Gittel, and production numbers that are very loud and slick and hard-driving, with a big cast of energetic singers and dancers. There is no necessary emotional connection between one group of scenes and the other, and even the physical connection, in terms of plotting, proves fairly scant. Mr. Bennett would have done better to stray farther from Mr. Gibson's original; the opulent singing and dancing scenes are splendid, but the parched love scenes in Gittel's and Jerry's tiny, ugly apartments end by seeming mere interruptions.

Michele Lee is often affecting as Gittel, though I wish she hadn't been directed to bear down so hard upon her Jewishness and supposed stupidity. Jerry, the uptight attorney from Omaha, is played by Ken Howard, who plainly hopes we will see that the role is not one for which he feels a natural affinity. The most refreshing performer of the evening is a young man named Tommy Tune, who plays a homosexual choreographer with a sunny openness of manner and without the slightest trace of old-fashioned campy exaggeration. His performance is one of the welcome signs that the era of the stage homosexual as some sort of silly freak is finally drawing to an end. The music of "Seesaw," by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Dorothy Fields, are alike in being unmemorable. The settings are by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Ann Roth, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher—all very helpful, as the damnable phony canned sound is not.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

At a news conference marking the end of a six-day meeting of the four-nation Mekong Committee, Bui Hiu Tuan of South Vietnam, its chairman, and W. J. Vander Oord, its executive agent, said the committee hopes to:

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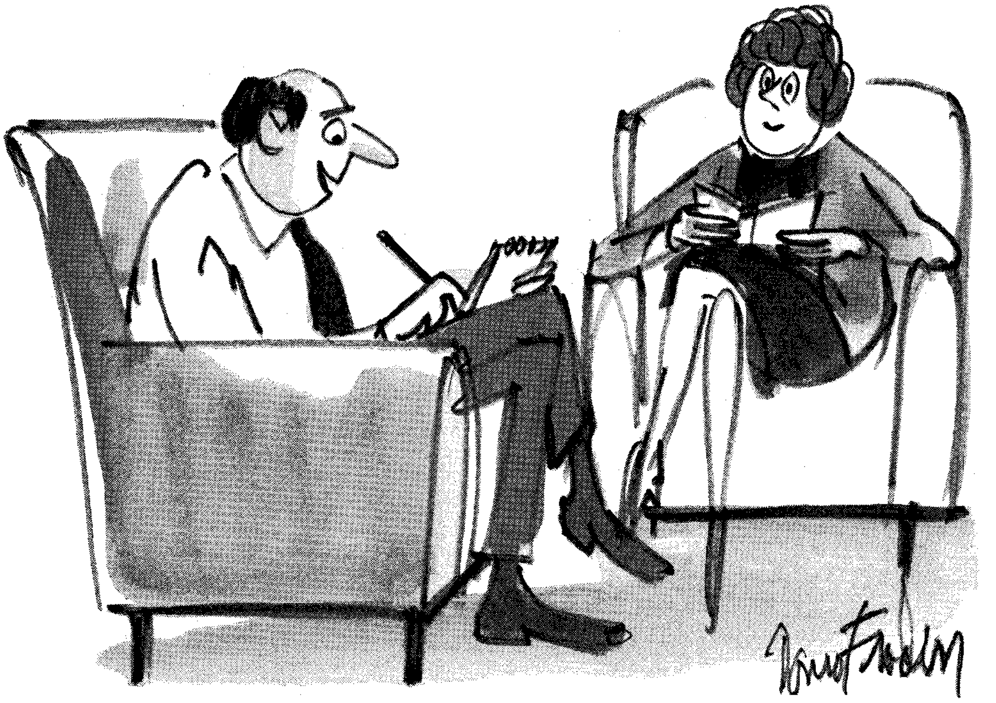
AROUND CITY HALL

A HAIL OF BULLETS

A Scotland Yard official was asked on a television talk show here early last year if he could explain why most London policemen move around armed only with billy clubs while a New York policeman, on or off duty, must by Police Department regulation never hit the street without strapping on a fully loaded .38-calibre revolver. After the usual police demurrer as to different conditions in different cities, the Londoner's comment was "I assume the men here wear guns for their own protection." The New York city fathers who, in 1845, replaced a small band of night watchmen with a full-time municipal police force would no doubt have found it hard to believe that the day would come when, at least in one visitor's judgment, the deadliest item of equipment carried by a member of the department would be primarily for the protection not of the local citizenry but of the policeman himself. In recent weeks, both visitors and resident New Yorkers who relied on headlined reports of statements from leaders of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union, and from some of the union's more aggressive political supporters—statements that clamored for what amounted to full-time bodyguards for policemen in radio cars, and demanded that, for their own protection, all New York policemen on patrol should be armed with shotguns as well as their service revolvers—might have concluded that members of the local force were almost entirely preoccupied with their own safety. There was some basis for their heightened sense of danger. One policeman was fatally shot in the line of duty on January 19th, and the following week snipers wounded four other members of the force. The dead policeman was Stephen Gilroy, a patrolman, who was killed early in the forty-seven-hour siege of John & Al Sports, in Williamsburg, a largely black section of Brooklyn, where four young Black Muslims, interrupted as they were trying to heist some firearms from the store's gun department, had barricaded themselves with a number of hostages. (By coincidence, John & Al's was diagonally across the street from the Oasis Café, which was used for some of the scenes in "The French Connection," the movie that was loosely based on actual exploits of the local narcotics squad as it chased down a band of heroin smugglers.) In the sniping incidents the following week, a patrol car manned by two officers was raked with gunfire as it rolled through Brownsville, another largely black Brooklyn neighborhood, and three days later two other policemen were shot at eight miles away, in St. Alban's, a predominantly black area of Queens, as their radio car stopped for a traffic light. "HUNT 'MAD DOGS' IN COP SHOOTINGS" was the headline in the Long Island *Press*. The injuries to the four policemen were not serious, but some newspaper readers got the impression that the situation was worse than it was, thanks to scare headlines that treated as aspects of an anti-police vendetta such occurrences as routine scuffles during arrests and the experience of an off-duty officer, drinking at a neighborhood bar, who was shot at, along with other customers, during an attempted holdup. Inevitably, the sniping also brought press reprises of more serious attacks on the New York force: the wounding of Patrolmen Nicholas Binetti and Thomas Curry in their radio car on Riverside Drive in May, 1971; the killing of Patrolmen Waverly Jones and Joseph Piagentini two nights later, near their car in Harlem; and the fatal shooting of Patrolmen Gregory Foster and Rocco Laurie in the East Village in January, 1972—attacks that many believed to be part of a nationwide black-militant conspiracy to assassinate policemen.

The recent sniping incidents did not appear to be related to the siege at John & Al's; the four Black Muslims were reportedly seeking guns for a small war against a rival Black Muslim faction rather than for attacks on the police. In any case, their followers had no immediate reason to be bitter toward the local cops. The survival of the four men long enough to be arrested and led off to jail represented, in fact, one of the very few instances in recent years when alleged killers of a New York cop who were trapped at the scene lived to become judicial statistics. The 1965 law that ended capital punishment in the state retained it for criminals convicted of murdering a policeman in the course of committing a felony. Although in New York City alone twenty-eight policemen are listed as having been killed in the line of duty from 1966 through last year, the statutory exception has never been applied, in part because killers of policemen who are captured at the scene rarely survive to be arraigned. No matter how many sharpshooting medals have been won by officers who are on the scene or who arrive soon afterward, the presumed killers are almost never wounded, disabled, or disarmed in any less perma-



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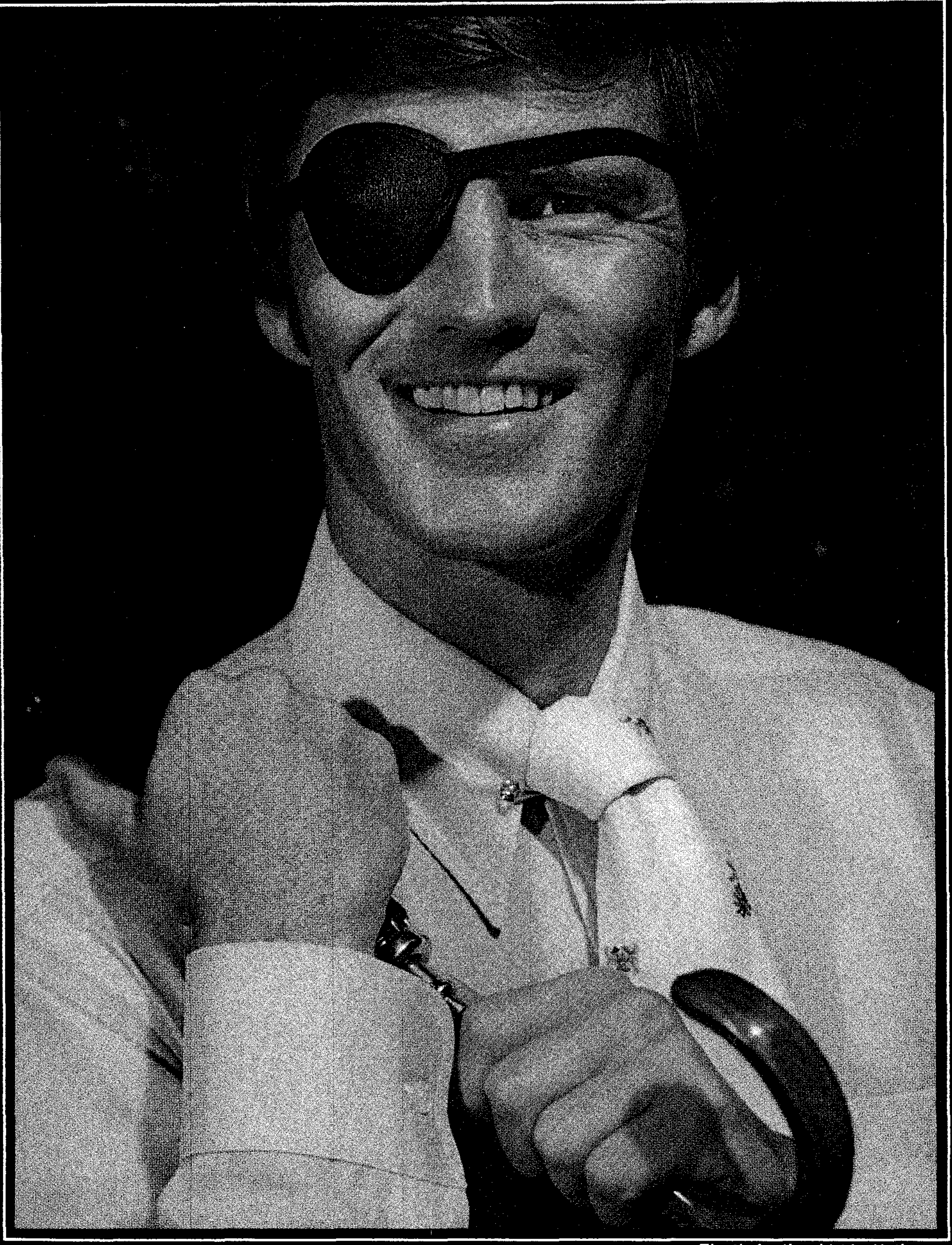

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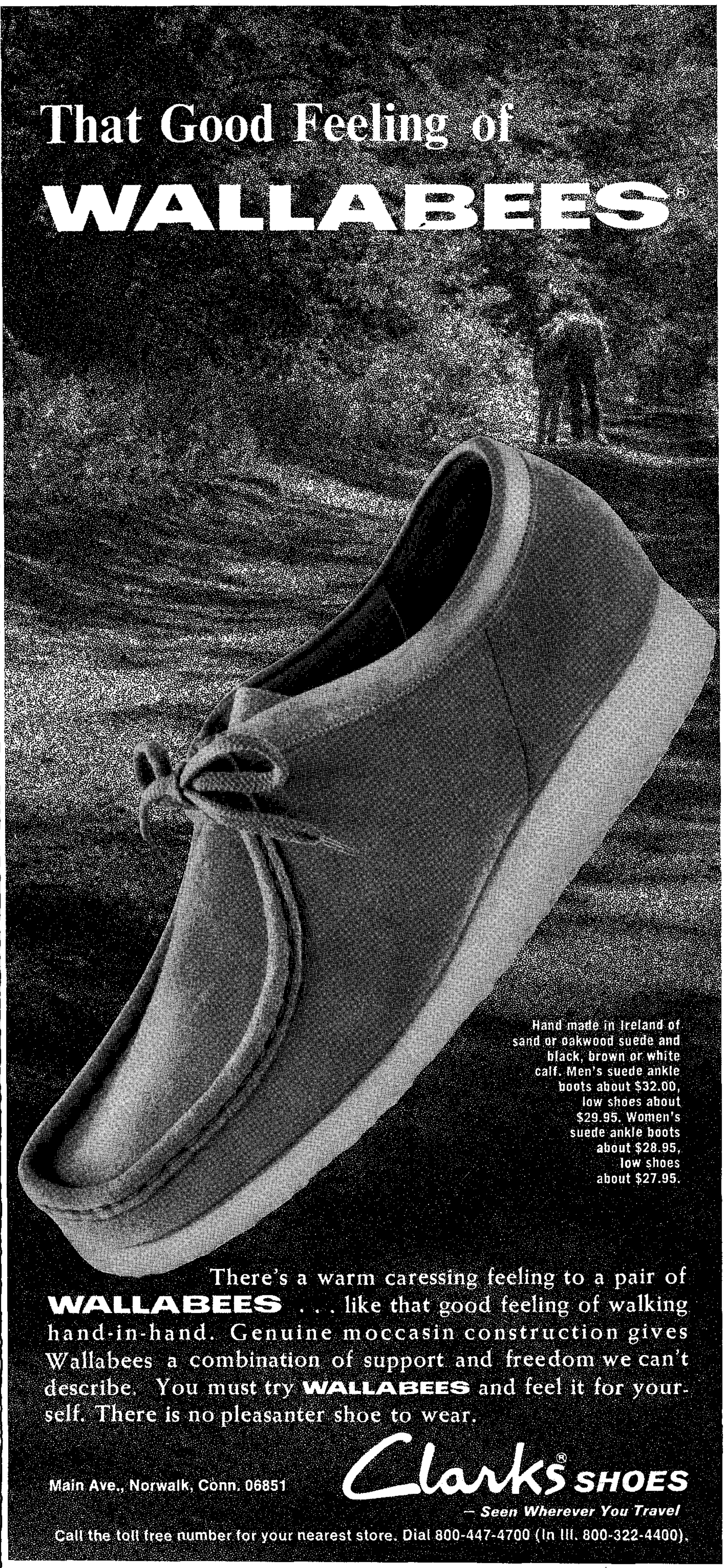
nent fashion than by a shot—or, more often, numerous shots—through the heart or upper body. This is only in line with general police training, however. A police rookie is taught that in all cases where the use of his gun is legally justifiable he should aim for the chest or, as some Police Academy instructors don't hesitate to describe it, shoot to kill. In cases where the suspect who dies is believed to have killed a policeman, many members of the force would not deny, at least privately, that this shortcutting of the prescribed judicial processes might on occasion be related to the prevailing station-house view that neither "bleeding-heart" juries nor judges hampered by what the police regard as the permissiveness of evidentiary rules can be relied on to see to it that their brother officer's death is avenged.

There is little doubt that to the men on the force, as to the Albany legislators who voted for the bill that retains capital punishment in certain cases, the killing of a policeman is the most reprehensible of crimes. After the Williamsburg hostages made a lucky escape from John & Al's, some of the several hundred policemen on the scene openly expressed resentment against Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy for his determination to persuade the gunmen to surrender—an effort that succeeded only after the Muslims were promised that they would not be gunned down as they came out. Gilroy had "died for nothing," one member of the Williamsburg precinct complained later. "We should have gone in there with hand grenades and bazookas." Robert McKiernan, the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, called such outbursts "very understandable," since the men were "frustrated because they don't see justice in the courts." (Among some of the black onlookers from the Williamsburg neighborhood who knew that the Muslims had sent out a message saying, "This is the end, this is glory—we'll go out in a hail of bullets," there was another kind of frustration. According to Mr. 1-2-5 Street, a columnist for Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, "the crowd around the John & Al Sporting Goods Store was disappointed when the four men did not come out shooting.") As the Muslims emerged from John & Al's, their hands over their heads, a policeman on the scene said, "Look at them! They killed a cop and they'll be back on the streets in three months."

The event that may have set off the two sniping attacks on local radio cars in the week after the Williamsburg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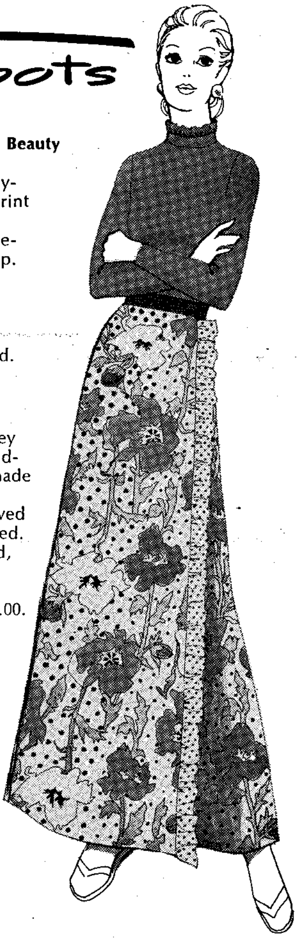
siege was a shoot-out in the Big T Bar, also in Brooklyn. Nine members of a precinct robbery squad, who had been issued shotguns for the occasion, had gone to the bar in search of Woodie Green, a suspect in two recent bank robberies and, according to the department, a possible member of the Black Liberation Army, which was first heard of in May, 1971, in a letter sent to the *Times* claiming credit for the wounding of Binetti and Curry. When Green and a companion were confronted in the bar, it was reported, they pulled guns and began shooting, and, in the resulting melee, were both killed by police shotgun fire. The two sniping attacks followed, as did another letter to the *Times*, also signed "The Black Liberation Army," which claimed Green and his dead companion as their own and vowed to continue the fight for black freedom. In contrast to the belief of P.B.A. officials and large numbers of individual policemen that the Black Liberation Army is an elaborate conspiratorial organization dedicated to assassinating policemen, many black leaders—including Roy Wilkins, the executive director of the N.A.A.C.P.—consider such a conspiracy a myth. Holding a position somewhere in between are a number of police intelligence men, here and elsewhere, who are inclined to think that the name is one occasionally adopted for rhetorical purposes by a few members of a loosely affiliated band of small-time hoods who are dedicated primarily to robbing neighborhood banks and sticking up grocery stores. Although the hoods' program of ripping off the white power structure might include cutting down an occasional policeman, these officials feel that blaming a single, organized black syndicate for every sniper's attack is too easy; unfortunately, there are hundreds of neighborhoods in this city and elsewhere whose residents don't need a directive from a black-militant steering committee before they take a shot at a passing cop. The extent to which New York's heavily white police force is a symbol of racial oppression and is thus considered fair game by large numbers of blacks was indicated last year after the shooting of Patrolmen Foster and Laurie. Foster—like Waverly Jones, in the double police murder the year before—was black. The *Amsterdam News* is published largely for and by black citizens who have reached some accommodation with the white establishment, one of its major owners being Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. Nevertheless, that paper's six-column

The Talbots



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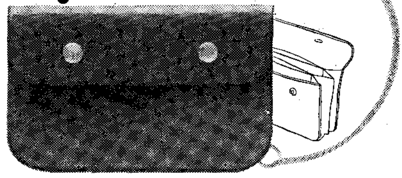

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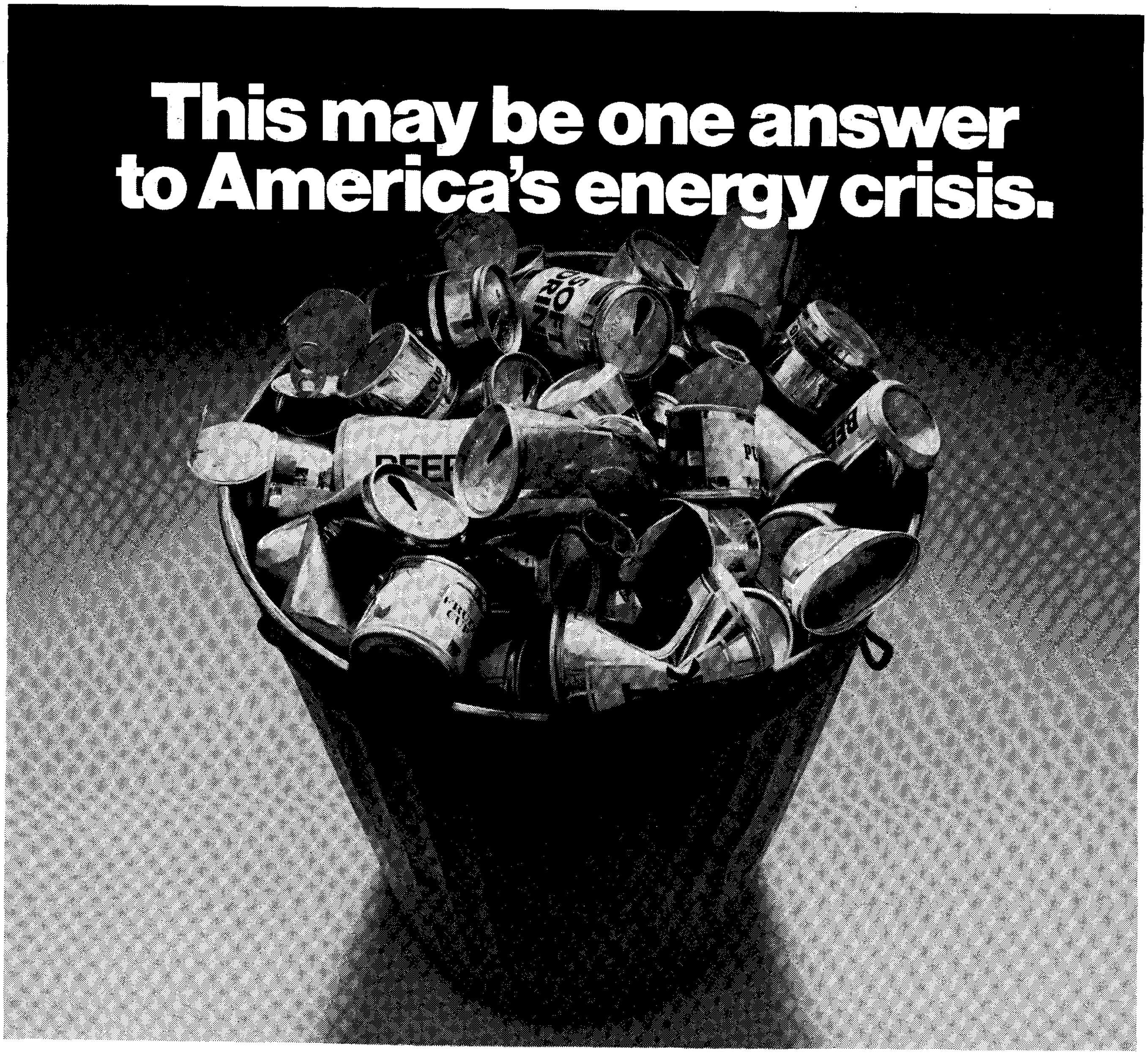

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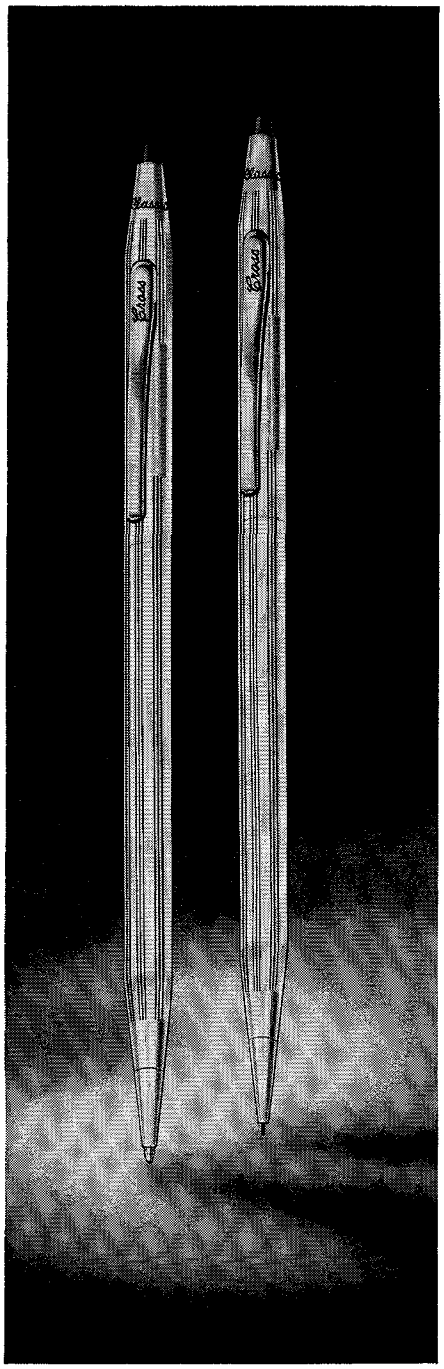

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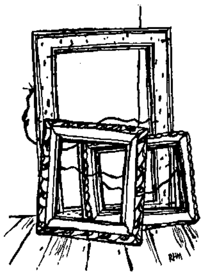
banner headline the week after the Foster-Laurie murders was “WHY KILL BLACK COPS?”

MANY of the more overheated statements from P.B.A. leaders seem to reflect the dark suspicion that they are surrounded by men of little faith, and, bearing out this theory, there are local cynics who have openly speculated whether the P.B.A.’s recent daily reminders that its membership was under armed siege might not have something to do with the imminence of negotiations for a new union contract. (The present one expires at the end of June.) The P.B.A. spokesmen will inevitably make a pitch for higher combat pay and other improvements in current arrangements, which now insure a beginning patrolman $16,894 a year in salary and other benefits, and the right to retire on half pay, including overtime, after twenty years—*if*, as the P.B.A. might well add, he lives that long. There are other cynical New Yorkers who have suspected police leaders, in and out of the union, of being grateful for any diversion of public attention from the theft of seventy-three million dollars’ worth of cocaine and heroin (including the narcotics once triumphantly captured in “The French Connection” case) from the department property clerk’s office. However, both Commissioner Murphy and Mayor Lindsay have been severely criticized by the police in the past for not fully embracing the theory of a black-militant conspiracy against the force, and the grotesque spectacle of policemen being shot at by citizens they were on the streets to protect was hardly one that a politician, whatever office he intends to run for eventually, could fail to respond to in dramatic fashion. A few hours after the second police ambush, Lindsay announced that during the next sixty days every police car on duty in high-crime areas would be trailed by a backup car. Members of the extra guard force would be off-duty policemen, paid at overtime rates.



In a number of American cities, radio cars are manned by a single policeman, but the local P.B.A. has no use for this arrangement—a position that, ironically, may make things somewhat easier for any anti-police conspirators, since, once they take aim at a car, they can be fairly sure of wounding or killing not one policeman but a pair. Last year, when the city’s Office of Labor Relations, seeking additional productivity from the force, proposed that headquarters be allowed to use one-man cars occasionally in low-crime areas, P.B.A. indignation was intense, and the present contract contains no such accommodation. When the Mayor’s order went into effect, therefore, two men were assigned to each backup car. Two weeks later, however, Commissioner Murphy pointed out that the additional expense to the department had reached three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. There had been no further attacks on the police of any consequence, he noted, and, in order to save money for future emergencies, the backup teams would from then on be made up of policemen on regular-duty tours. “How stupid can a person be to put a dollar-and-cents value of a bank account on a policeman’s life?” McKiernan thereupon asked. Members of the force would continue to be protected, the Commissioner assured him. To this end, Murphy announced, a thousand policemen, including half the Tactical Patrol Force, half the citywide Anti-crime Squad, and all precinct anti-crime teams, would be shifted to backup duty from their regular assignments. During the following weeks, in a procedure that had its own grotesque aspects, every patrol car, as it drove through some of the city’s more crime-ridden precincts carrying its prescribed two armed patrolmen, was followed by a backup car, also occupied by two armed patrolmen. It was a procedure that halved, or, compared to cities where one-man cars are permitted, reduced by three-quarters, the amount of protection that might otherwise have been available in these or other neighborhoods to ordinary, unarmed citizens. The irony in this situation is pointed up by the fact that the percentage of homicide victims among ordinary New Yorkers last year was higher than that for the city’s policemen. Sixteen hundred and ninety-one civilians were murdered in 1972 out of a population of 7,867,760, or 2.15 victims for every ten thousand citizens. The five policemen of a force of thirty thousand who were killed in the line of duty represented a percentage of 1.66 per ten thousand.

Although the danger of police duty in New York City may well be on the increase, as recent headlines imply, back in 1930 the percentage of men killed per ten thousand police was 5.4—the highest in department history. And in

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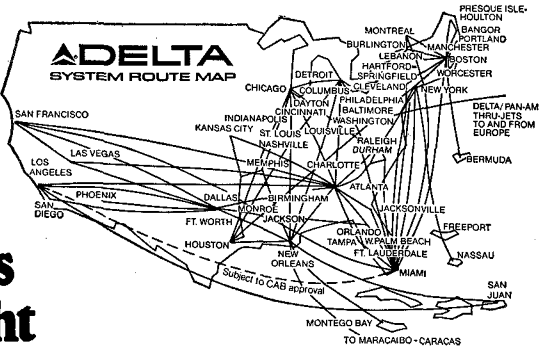
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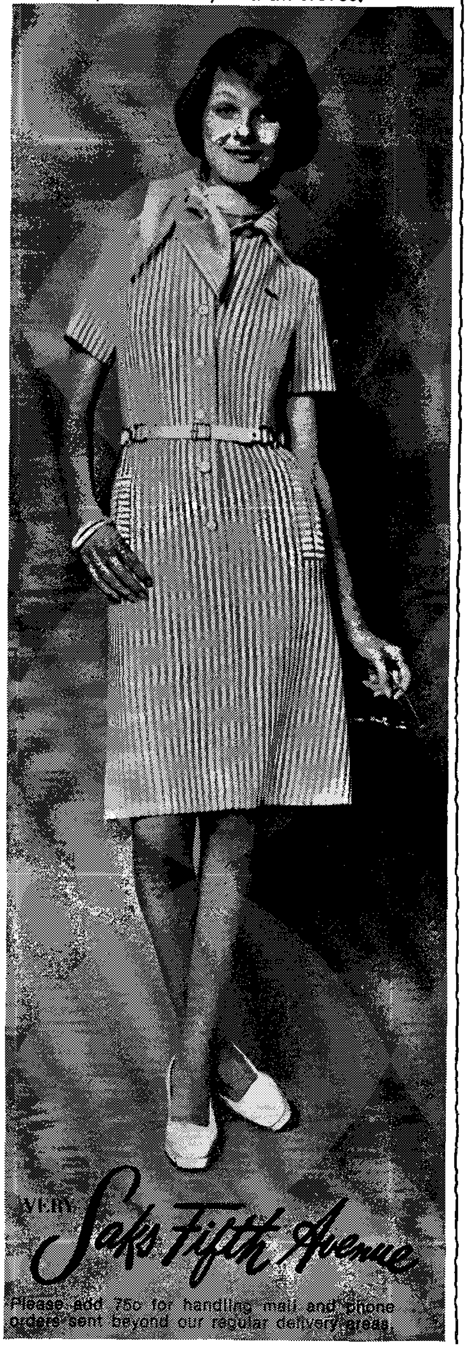

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1972, when the city's general murder total was fifteen per cent higher than that of 1971, the five policemen killed in the line of duty were half the number killed the year before. Of the five, the first two, Laurie and Foster, lost their lives in a sudden, dramatic ambush of the kind that the department's recent protective measures were intended, but were probably powerless, to prevent. The young Italian and the young black man, who had fought together in Vietnam, were gunned down on Avenue B as they returned to their patrol car on a snowy night. Later, police accounts of their death expressed special horror over the fact that they had been shot several times in the back and that, in all, Laurie had been shot six times and Foster eight. (The killers were three black men, according to witnesses; one man was indicted for the double murder a year ago but has yet to be tried.) "If a police officer can be cut down, what will happen to the rest of us? We must not rest until the police officer is recognized for what he is, the conscience of the community," declared Monsignor Joseph A. Dunne at Foster's funeral, in St. Patrick's. The other policemen killed last year met their death under circumstances quite different from those of the Foster-Laurie case. In mid-March, Elijah Stroud, a black patrolman, off duty and in civilian clothes, was standing in line in a Brooklyn butcher shop when two armed men burst through the door and tried to hold up the cashier. Pulling out his service revolver, Stroud fired at them and was killed by return fire. The jury that tried the men who were later apprehended and charged with the crime failed to reach agreement, and a new trial is scheduled—an outcome that may seem to many policemen to bear out their mistrust of formal judicial procedures. (An aftermath of the death of Patrolman Stroud, in whose memory a Brooklyn elementary school was named earlier this year, was the death of another New York city policeman, although not in the line of duty. Among twenty-five hundred members of the force who turned up for Stroud's funeral near his home, in Freeport, Long Island, were a former police partner of his, Detective Ronald Chocko, and a motorcycle patrolman, William McQuillan. The two men quarrelled in a Freeport bar after the services, and then, in the bar's parking lot, McQuillan shot Chocko fatally, in what he described at his subsequent trial as self-defense. He was nevertheless convicted of manslaughter.) The fourth New

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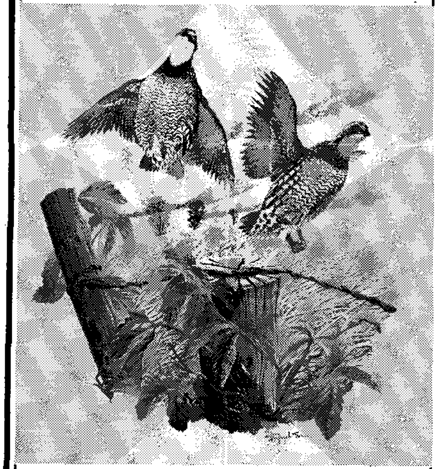

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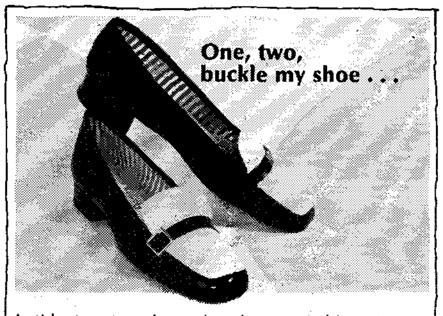

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York policeman killed in the line of duty in 1972 was William R. Capers, a black plainclothesman with nineteen years' service, who was disarming a man who had held up a Queens shoe store when a young white patrolman arrived on the scene. In what the department described as "a tragic mistake," the patrolman misjudged the situation—the kind of misjudgment that an *Amsterdam News* editorial indicated is only too frequent among white cops where black citizens are concerned—and killed the detective with one shot. The death of the city's fifth policeman last year occurred under more complex circumstances. The largest Muslim mosque in the city is Muhammad's Temple No. 7, at 116th Street and Lenox Avenue. On April 14th, a telephone call falsely informed police headquarters that a detective was in trouble inside the mosque. Within minutes, in response to the 10-13 signal ("Policeman in need of help"), dozens of police cars had converged on the mosque. According to Muslim leaders, the first members of the force to arrive, one of them Patrolman Philip Cardillo, "came charging into our temple like criminals" without stopping to ask questions—a desecration, the Muslims noted, that would hardly have been visited on St. Patrick's. When other policemen arrived, they found the door barricaded and began firing through windows on either side. Cardillo was shot, apparently by a police bullet, and later died. Thus, of the five New York policemen who died in the line of duty last year one was certainly killed by another policeman and one very probably was. As it happened, in a department where minority groups represent eight per cent of the force, four of the five men killed were either black or Hispanic.

IT seems unlikely that the carrying of a shotgun would have saved the life of any one of the five policemen who died in 1972. Immediately after this year's snipers' attacks, however, the P.B.A. demanded that shotguns as well as the standard .38s be issued to all policemen on patrol, in order "to give them at least an even chance" against blacks whom McKiernan described as "anti-American-type people" bent on meting out "justice . . . they feel or they think is right." Murphy rejected the suggestion, on the ground that the shotgun was a powerful weapon of last resort and that its scattershot qualities in the hands of men not specially trained in its use would be a grave danger to innocent bystanders. Moreover, Don-

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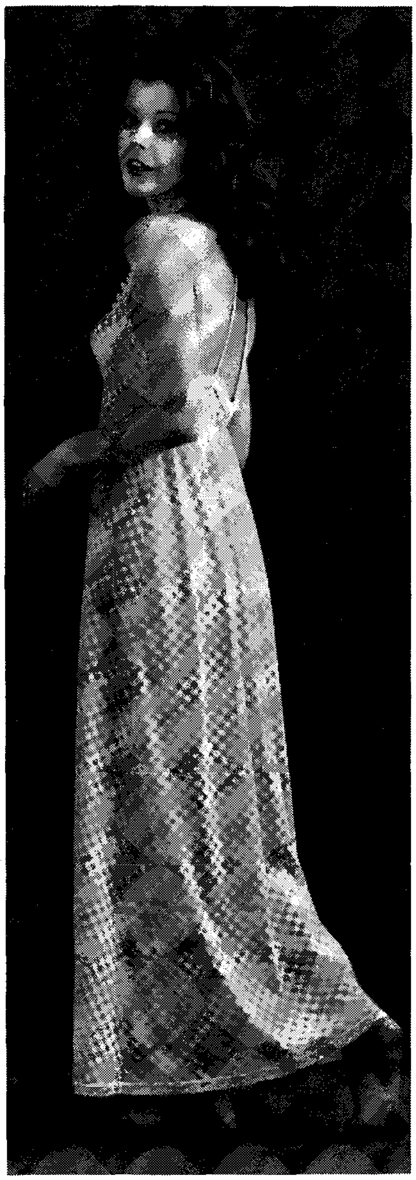

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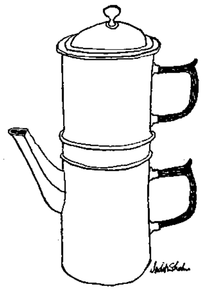
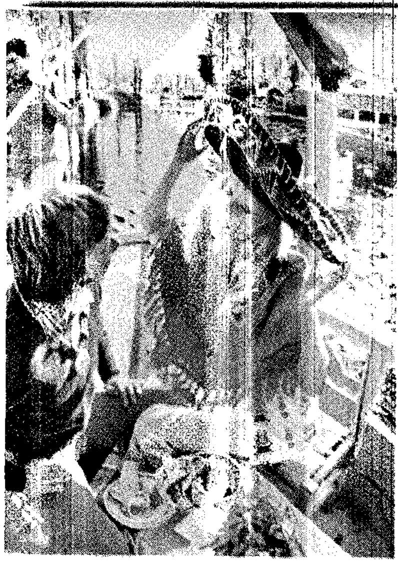
ald Cawley, the department's Chief of Patrol, pointed out that eighty per cent of the calls answered by police cars are service calls—requests for assistance from people who are sick, have a piece of glass in their eye, are having a family fight, or are locked out of their apartments. What would the men do with shotguns while they answered such calls, Cawley asked. Would they carry the shotguns with them up narrow tenement staircases? Or would they leave the shotguns in the patrol car, from which they might be removed, perhaps to end up in the very arsenals the police were trying to protect themselves against? Any member of the force carrying an unauthorized shotgun would be brought up on charges, Murphy announced. Many men on patrol, however, in their concern over the snipers' attacks, were reportedly taking shotguns along anyhow. "It's better to be judged by twelve men than carried by six—that's the motto around here," a patrolman in the Eighty-third Precinct, in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, told a reporter for the *Times* recently. To the surprise of few regular readers of local newspapers, the most bloodthirsty comments on the situation appeared in letters printed in the Voice of the People department in the *News*. "Isn't it within reason to equip all patrol cars with shotguns and police dogs and to do away with the asinine law that requires the police officer to waste precious, and sometimes fatal, minutes in advising the criminal of his rights?" wrote a man from Dunellen, New Jersey. And a policeman's wife from Staten Island asked, "Why doesn't Commissioner Murphy publicly announce that policemen will be allowed to shoot after the slightest provocation?"



The jumpiness of the local police after the snipers' attacks caused the residents of one Queens neighborhood to have a narrow escape. Soon after the second attack, a small boy who was playing with a plastic toy gun on 222nd Street handed it temporarily to an older man. A passerby caught sight of the man standing on the sidewalk with what appeared to be a submachine gun, and called the police. His call brought to the scene about fifty policemen, who declared a form of martial law in the area, setting up roadblocks, flattening pedestrians against walls to be frisked, and ordering families, including small children, out of their houses at gunpoint. When the misunderstanding was finally cleared up, an hour and a half later, no one in the neighborhood expressed any resentment. The mother of some of the children said she was glad, however, that the man hadn't been standing on the sidewalk holding the toy gun when the police arrived. Given the present situation, she said, "the police would have cut him down in a minute." The state assemblyman for the area, who happens to live on the block, congratulated the police for their performance. "Within minutes," he noted, "they had the situation under control." A similar incident occurred last spring, when a Manhattan chiropractor was escorting his sixteen-year-old daughter, his thirteen-year-old son, and three other teen-age boys to a birthday party for which the boys had brought along what he described as noisemakers: plastic pistols that make a clicking sound. The boys were clicking them at each other as they passed the Thirteenth Precinct station house, on East Twenty-first Street, near Gramercy Park. The four boys were arrested and, according to a complaint the father later filed with the Civilian Complaint Review Board, the arresting patrolman told him, "I should have shot you all"—an opinion endorsed by a sergeant, who said, "The patrolman would have been justified in killing all the boys." To a reporter a few days later, the sergeant's comment was only a little less truculent: "It is not hard to conceive that a police officer could have retaliated and responded with his own weapon."

In July of 1971, by which time the number of city policemen killed that year in the line of duty had reached eight, David Burnham, of the *Times*, whose articles on police corruption led directly to the establishment of the Knapp Commission, and who is therefore far from being the P.B.A.'s favorite newspaperman, reported that the previous year, when eight policemen lost their lives, the police themselves had killed fifty-four people. A department study of the problem noted that police reports of such events had in the past been based on the "mistaken assumption that in the majority of cases where a policeman uses his weapon to fend off an assault upon himself, the perpetrator is attacking with a firearm." The study went on, "Reports indicate that in excess of 60% of these situations, the weapon used was other than a firearm." Last year, the number of New Yorkers killed by police in the line of



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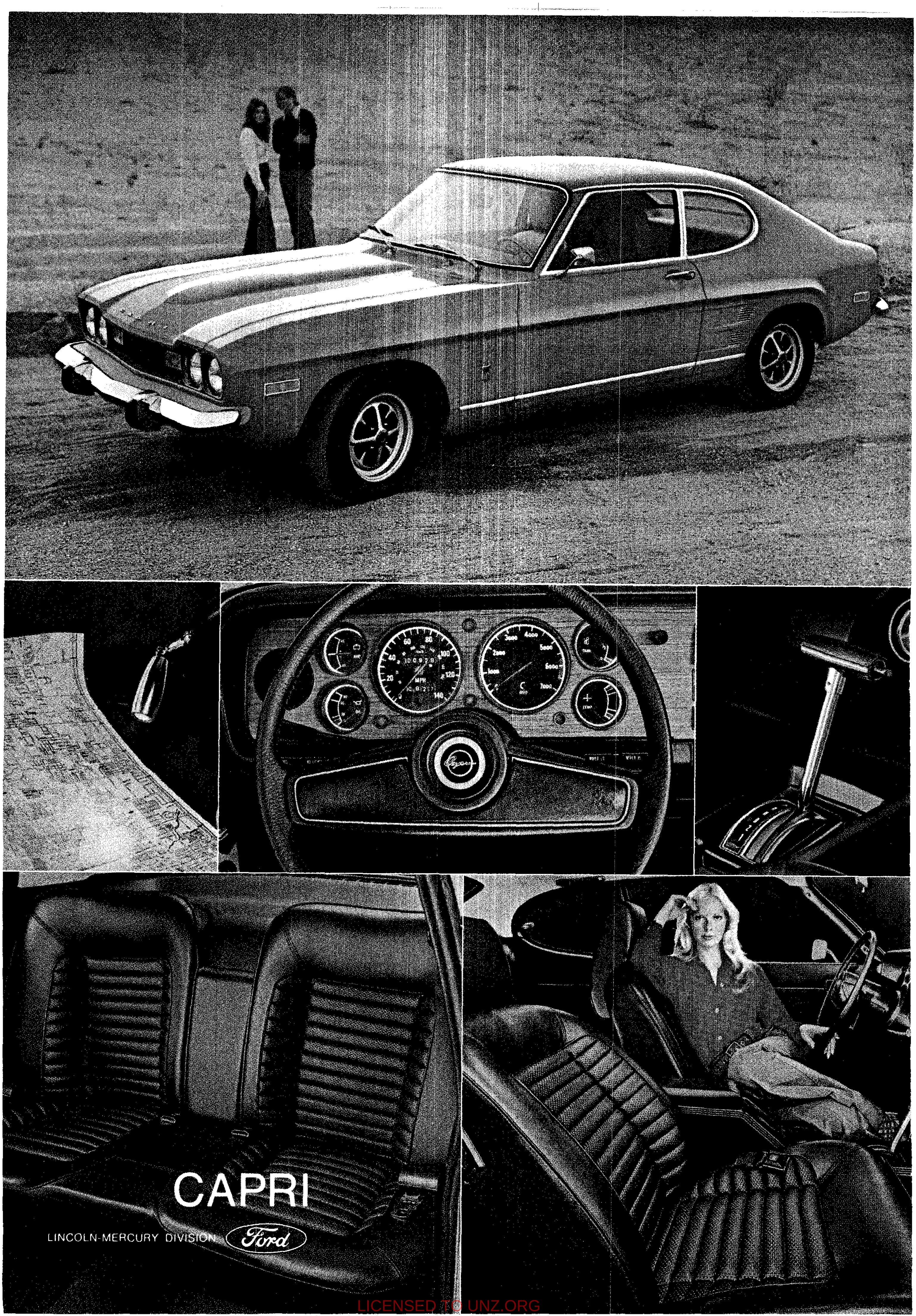
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duty—the Chief Medical Examiner's term for it is "legal intervention"—was sixty-six, down from ninety-three in 1971. One of the sixty-six was a ten-year-old Staten Island black boy, forty-one inches tall, who was fatally shot in the back by accident when police fired at a fourteen-year-old as the two fled from a stolen car. As they explained later, the fourteen-year-old, who was unarmed, "was 'crouched' as if to fire a weapon." After this incident Commissioner Murphy instituted a Firearms Discharge Review Board to review every instance in which a policeman fires his gun. No figures on legal intervention for this year have been released, but in the first six weeks of 1973 police accounts of a number of such interventions (including, of course, the one in which the black militant Woodie Green and his companion were killed) have been reported in the newspapers. One off-duty cop shot a man he said fired a shot at him on a Harlem street. Two patrolmen killed with six shots a man surprised during a holdup of a Queens drugstore when he "turned toward them holding a revolver." A sergeant who had stopped a man for identification in Washington Heights noticed after a time that he was wearing a shoulder holster. The sergeant drew his gun, and when the suspect responded by reaching for *his* gun, he was shot and killed by four shots from the sergeant's gun and five fired by two patrolmen standing nearby. Three plainclothesmen—one sergeant and two patrolmen—riding in a patrol car in East New York saw some teenage girls having an argument on the sidewalk; one of the girls had in her hand a sawed-off shotgun, which, it turned out, was not loaded, and which some witnesses claimed was partly dismantled. As the three policemen got out of the car, the girl with the gun allegedly pointed it at them, and one of the plainclothesmen fired two "quick defensive-reaction" shots, which fatally injured a girl who was *not* holding the gun. Two patrolmen went to the East Harlem apartment of a nineteen-year-old youth whose wife had accused him of beating her. When they got there, they said, he fired a pellet gun at them, the pellet bouncing off one patrolman's leather jacket. The police killed him with nine shots. Two other patrolmen responded to a call saying that a sick man was lying on the fourth-floor landing of a building on West 119th Street. When they woke him, they reported, he jumped up and fired at them twice. It was discovered that his gun was loaded with blanks, but by

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that time one of the policemen had killed the man with two blasts from a shotgun the patrolman was carrying, against regulations. A *News* reader proposed that he should not be brought up on departmental charges but should receive a promotion "for his forthright action and a medal for coming up with a solution to cop-killings." Two members of one of the special backup teams interrupted an argument over a traffic accident, at Broadway and 153rd Street, between two men with Hispanic names. One of them was waving a gun at the other. The patrolmen reported that he then pointed the gun at them. Since it was loaded with the wrong bullets, it did not fire, but one of the backup men killed the man with six shots from his service revolver and five from his personal gun, which he was also carrying. It it not against regulations for a patrolman to carry an extra revolver—a fact that the department pointed out after this shooting. Two patrolmen went to a West 104th Street rooming house to investigate a complaint that a man there was setting fire to garbage cans. When they knocked on the door, according to the patrolmen, a man with a knife looked out and then slammed the door. A number of other policemen were called, and they helped break down the door. The man thereupon lunged at them with a knife, they reported, and two patrolmen killed him with five shots each. All those dead as the result of legal intervention in the ten cases reported in the newspapers during the first six weeks of 1973 appear to have been black or Hispanic.

MEANWHILE, in London, Scotland Yard has been having some unaccustomed trouble with legal-intervention problems. Guns are now issued there on occasion to policemen assigned to unusually dangerous duty. A few weeks ago, two members of the two-hundred-man Special Patrol Group, whose duties include the protection of foreign embassies, answered a call for assistance from the headquarters of the Indian High Commission. They found that the building had been invaded by members of a Pakistani movement described later by its leaders as freedom fighters dedicated to informing the world about the thousands of Pakistanis being held in Indian prisons. Some of the invaders carried daggers, and two carried what turned out to be plastic toy pistols, which they pointed at the constables from the Special Patrol Group. The constables did not know that the pistols were toys, and, between

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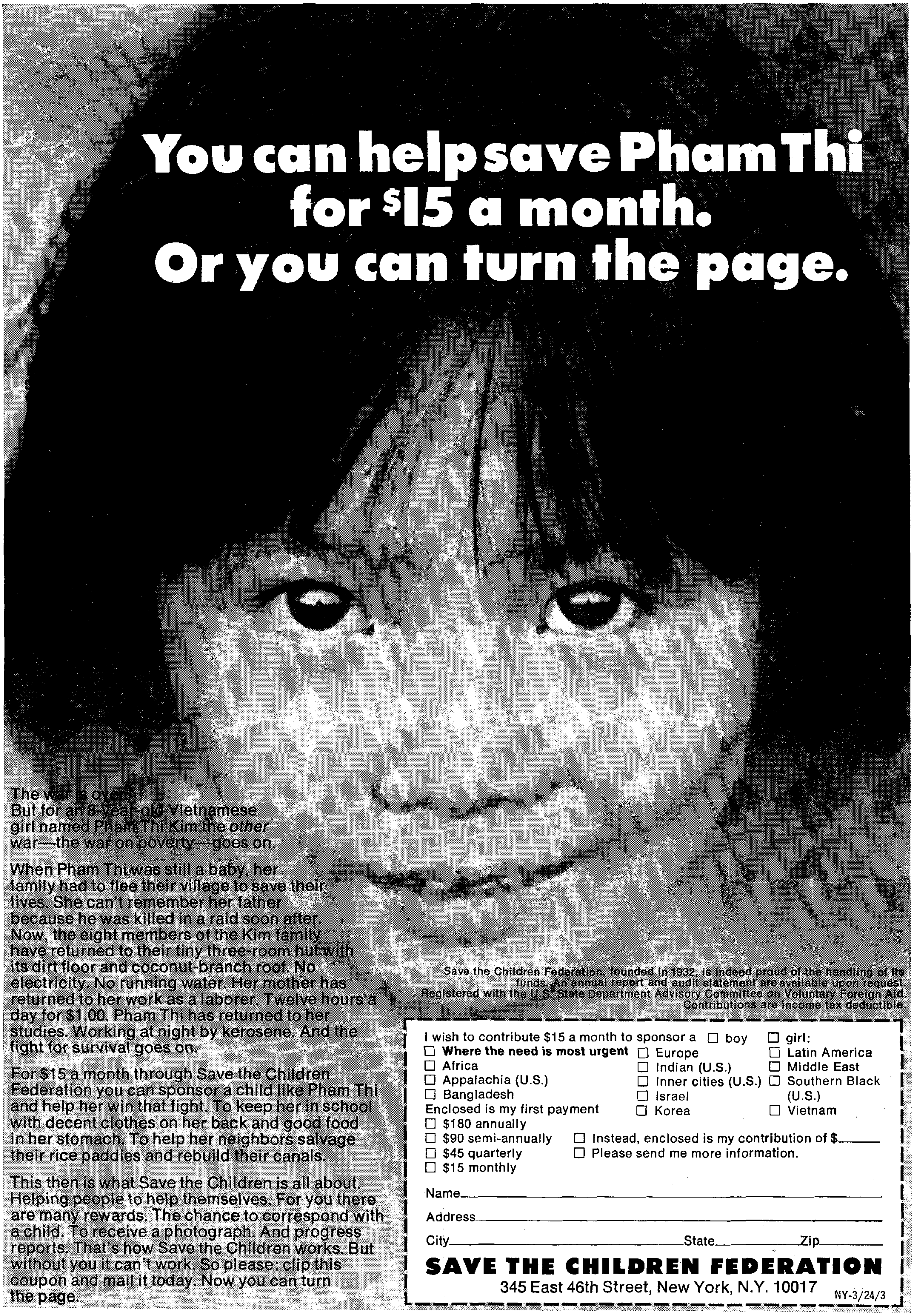

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them, they fired eleven shots, killing the two Pakistanis, who were nineteen years old. It was reported that the two constables were then taken to the hospital to be treated for shock. The following day, Scotland Yard was picketed by Pakistanis waving signs that read "Cold-Blooded Murder of Pakistan Martyrs" and "Eleven Bullets for Two Toy Pistols." The double killing was the subject of impassioned debates in Parliament about the desirability of issuing guns to policemen. Grave concern was expressed over the growing tendency toward violence in British life. In December, a member of the Special Patrol Group had killed a suspected bank robber on a London street. This and the shooting of the Pakistanis were said to be the first police killings of suspected criminals in London in sixty years.

In New York, a different city with different conditions, even abstract discussion of the disarmament of the police, London-style, would clearly be a form of lunacy as long as there is no strong federal law against firearms in the hands of the ordinary citizen. (It is undoubtedly the result of a freak combination of circumstances that during the abortive six-day police strike more than two years ago, when there were virtually no regular patrolmen on the streets to control armed criminals, there was no rise in crime in the city. Mention of this aspect of the strike in the average precinct house, however, is not guaranteed to meet with a nonviolent response.) Mayor Lindsay has called the federal attitude toward gun control the most dangerous form of permissiveness in the field of crime. The President of the City Council, Sanford Garelik, who was Chief Inspector of the Police Department before he went into politics, four years ago (with Representative Mario Biaggi, he is one of two former policemen who are now candidates for mayor), last month blamed another kind of permissiveness for the recent attacks on policemen. He told a joint meeting of Queens service clubs that the trouble grew out of the fact that the young people of the country had been allowed to call the police "pigs." His voice quavering, he said, "After all, a pig is an animal, and once people get to believe that, it doesn't mean anything to shoot them." With the support of the P.B.A., a Queens state assemblyman has introduced a bill in the Legislature making execution a mandatory rather than an optional penalty after conviction for the killing of a policeman. The bill would not, of course, apply to Patrolman McQuillan, who was convicted only of manslaughter in the first degree for the shooting of Detective Chocko in the Freeport parking lot last spring. Last month, McQuillan, now out on bail pending appeal, was sentenced to an indeterminate zero-to-three-year term in a state correction facility. The P.B.A. issued no public complaint over the lightness of the sentence in a criminal case that involved the death of a fellow-policeman, but Chocko's mother was bitter. "Is that justice?" she asked, and added, "We'll see if he'll serve it. He may not even go to jail." Meanwhile, P.B.A. President McKiernan has continued to insist that shotguns should be issued to all policemen. He and the men in his union, he wrote in an article on the Op Ed page of the *Times*, are "becoming increasingly resentful of the arbitrary restrictions that prevent us from defending ourselves." He complained, "New York City is run by a powerful coalition of people who are to the left of center on the political spectrum. . . . Our civilian controllers . . . fret about the possibility of innocent people being injured in the battle. They mutter darkly about police states. . . . Shotguns in backup cars . . . would have been devastating to the animals who were doing the ambushing. One revolutionary with a large hole blown through him would have been a marvelous deterrent to the next nut who thinks it's a good idea to shoot at cops." When Murphy remained adamantly opposed to the wholesale issuing of shotguns, McKiernan reminded him that "the people we are seeking for the ambush shootings have not been captured," and noted, "Tonight, God forbid, it could happen again."

In this violent city, it could, of course, happen any night. At breakfast on a recent Monday, readers of the final edition of the *News* got the word that it had happened again. "COP IS SLAIN; NAB GUNMAN" was the headline on the front page of the tabloid, and the accompanying story reported that, according to the police, an off-duty patrolman had died after being shot in Harlem by an escaping holdup man. A few hours later, however, the afternoon *Post's* headline dealing with the same event read, "COPS SLAY COP; 'TRAGIC ERROR.' " Irving Wright, an

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off-duty policeman who was moonlighting as a clerk in an all-night Harlem grocery, had been pursuing the holdup man with his service gun in his hand when two white patrolmen arrived in a patrol car. According to the patrolmen, Wright had turned and "accidentally" fired his gun at them. In any case, there was another misjudgment of the situation, and in self-defense both emptied their guns, killing the black patrolman. The Medical Examiner's office later described the six shots that hit Wright as having apparently been fired "a little from the rear." The Police Department described the event as a "tragic error"—as in the case of the killing of the black plainclothesman William R. Capers by a white patrolman last year. Asked if he felt there was any significance in the fact that Patrolman Wright was black and the two other patrolmen were white, Mayor Lindsay said, "This just doubles and complicates the nature of the problem." Among the other complications was the fact that Wright was the brother of Samuel Wright, a state assemblyman from Brooklyn and one of the city's more powerful black politicians. By the end of the week, however, Assemblyman Wright had not called for any special investigation, and blamed "the hysteria of the times" for his brother's death. The minister at Wright's funeral in Brooklyn mentioned local black citizens' indebtedness to the police for standing "sentinel in our community" and spoke critically of "some in the community who declare war on society." Speaking of the policeman's trigger finger, however, he said he felt compelled to point out that "when the face is black, the finger is likely to be just ever so slightly less reluctant." An editorial in the *Amsterdam News* said, "The most sane approach to the tragedy . . . must be to give the living the benefit of any doubt, to pay tribute to the honored dead, and to work together to eliminate those differences which create so much doubt in the first place."

—ANDY LOGAN

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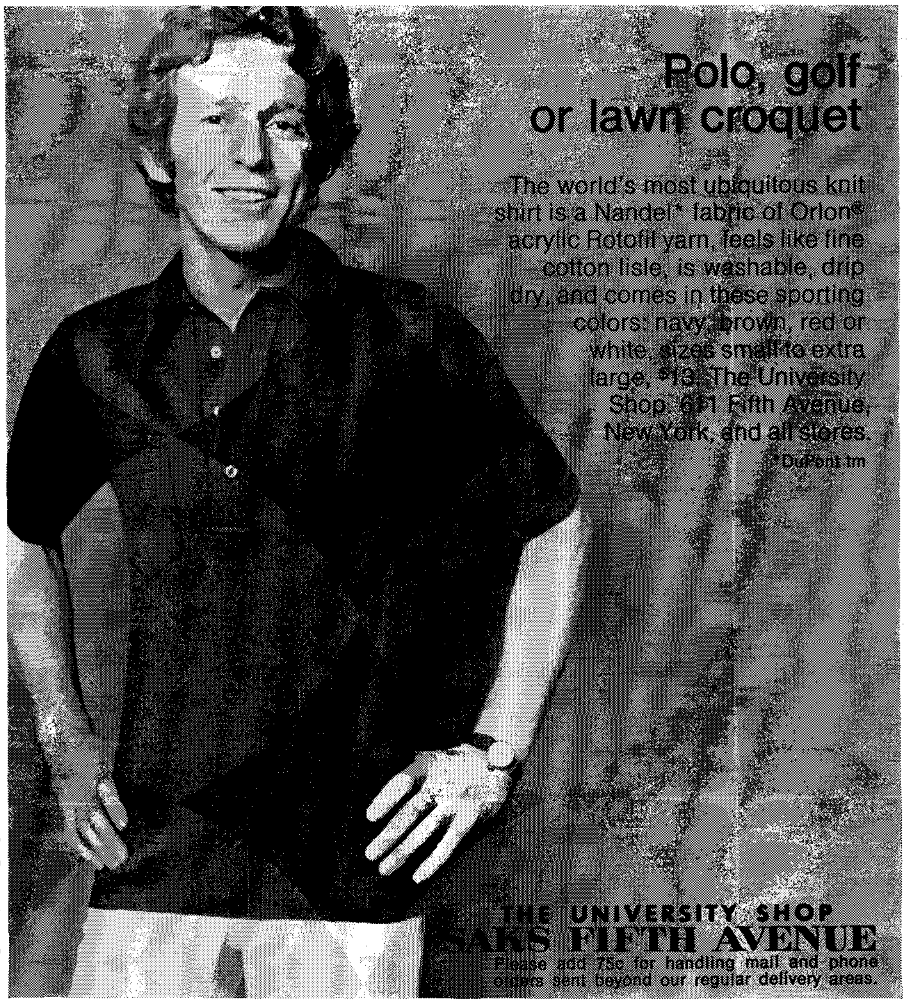
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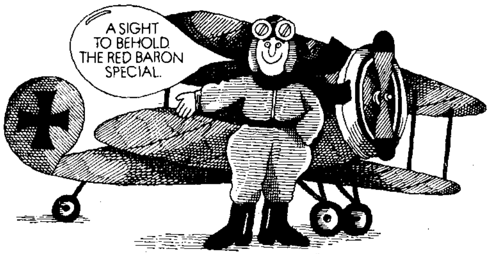
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PLUNDERED PAST

I—THE FLYING FAÇADE AND THE VANISHING GLYPHS

AT a meeting of the College Art Association in Chicago in 1971, the Stanford University art historian Albert Elsen said that in his opinion "there is no more explosive issue before the art world than that of illegal international traffic in works of art." Since then, there have been scores of articles and speeches about the illicit trade, and about the related matter of museums' acquisition policies. This hitherto sedate topic has in the past month burst onto the front pages, with the New York *Times*' sensational investigation of how and where the Metropolitan Museum of Art obtained a breathtaking calyx krater that it put on display in November. The vase, about twenty-five hundred years old and from the hand of the Greek master Euphronios, had been bought, the museum said, from a Lebanese dealer who had had it for many years. The Italian police took sharp issue with this version of its provenance; they alleged that the krater, and a companion cup by Euphronios, had been looted by grave robbers in 1971 from an Etruscan tomb not far from Rome—allegations that they were prepared to pursue. The whole remarkable affair pointed up for the public the highly clandestine nature of many contemporary art transactions. The art market is a closed world whose denizens seek to keep important information strictly within it. Prices, the names of dealers and customers, the routes of supply—all these matters tend to be cloaked in the chiaroscuro language of the trade. Such secrecy was perhaps justified when the art market was a cozy club consisting of a few thousand people and when its profits were minuscule by comparison with other markets. This is no longer so. Art is big business, and the international market has an annual turnover of at least a billion dollars. Yet, with works of art increasingly regarded as speculative commodities, there is no equivalent in the United States—where most of the money is spent—of a Securities and Exchange Commission, to enforce fair dealing and to protect the public interest.

A collector or a museum may "own" a Rembrandt, but in a larger sense the painting belongs to the world. Since the collective judgment of mankind gives any work of art its value, the collective conscience of mankind should rightly be concerned with its preservation. Those who profit from the rising prices of art cannot justifiably complain about public concern, since it is the public that gives their property its value—a value often realized when bequests or gifts are made to museums. To cite a comparison, a real-estate speculator can earn large profits by wisely buying lots in a developing commercial district, but the value of what he owns derives from community enterprise, and the community has an unchallengeable right to impose limits—such as building codes or zoning laws—on how the owner uses his property. An extension of this principle should apply when what we are dealing with is, in the largest sense, the destruction and theft of the remains of the human past.

This is particularly relevant in the case of antiquities buried in archeological sites. Though an American may "own" an Indian mound or an Italian may "own" an Etruscan tomb, there is a general interest in what either does with his property. (In Italy, this interest is recognized, if often not enforced, by law; in the case of most Indian sites in the United States it is neither recognized nor enforced.) Every archeological site is like a time capsule, containing, in some degree, unique evidence about our past. When such a time capsule is destroyed, either by a looter or by a bulldozer, the loss is total. One cannot grow another Indian mound. And yet the tempo of destruction is currently so great that by the end of the century most remaining important archeological sites may well be plundered or paved over. We face a future in which there may be no past, beyond that which is already known and excavated. Or equally sad, what is left may be so ruinously mutilated as to afford only a forlorn fragment of a vanished legacy.

THE art market is not the biggest business in the world, but in the past two decades its growth has outpaced

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Some people, it seems, get one idea in mind, and then think of nothing else.

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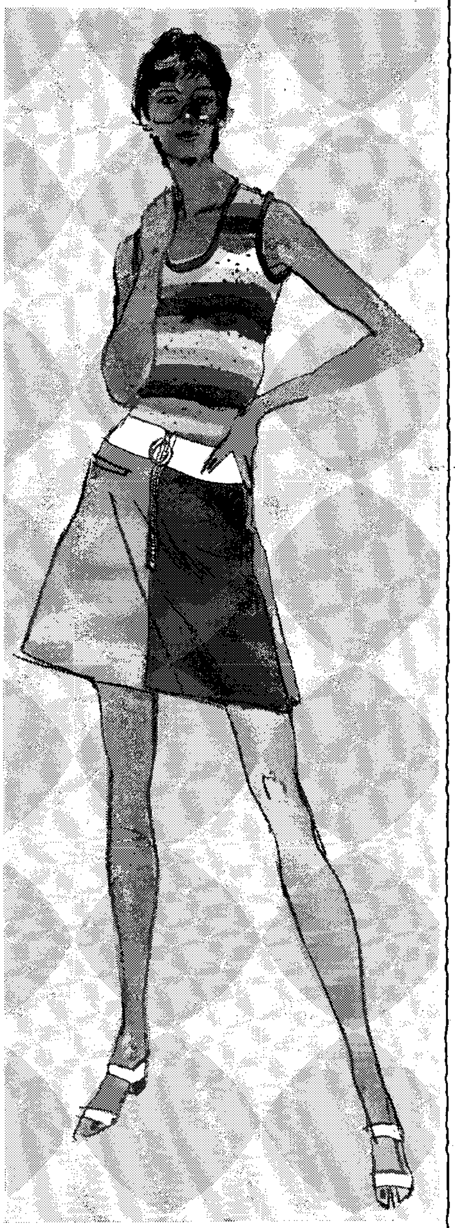

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that of almost every other field for risk capital. Even those in the art market are impressed, puzzled, and sometimes a little worried. When there is a tight money market, art prices go up; when there are recessions, political upheavals, or fiscal crises art prices go up; and when there is a boom art prices soar like a balloon exuberantly out of control. A bit of canvas with a few dollars' worth of paint on it—provided that the brush was wielded by a Cézanne or a Renoir—can bring greater capital gains than glamour stocks or a prime building site in downtown New York. Where it will all end is impossible to predict, but one can be fairly precise about its beginnings. The postwar art boom started with the auction, in Paris in 1952, of the Gabriel Cognacq collection, at which impressive new price levels were set by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings—Cézanne's "Pommes et Biscuits" was knocked down for the equivalent of ninety-four thousand two hundred and eighty-one dollars, impelling an American who was present to remark that that was "a lot of money for fourteen apples." In the next few years, more records were broken in public sales, notably those of the Weinberg and Goldschmidt collections in London and that of the Lurcy collection in New York—landmark auctions, to which those in the trade refer with awe and nostalgia. But the biggest breakthrough was the sale, in 1961, at Parke-Bernet, of Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." The gallery's chief auctioneer, Louis Marion, had somewhat nervously predicted that "Aristotle" would fetch at least a million dollars; when his ivory hammer finally closed the sale, the price was two and a third million—the largest sum ever paid at public auction for any work of art.

Since that purchase, by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the record figure has been more than doubled—also by the Metropolitan, with the purchase of a Velázquez in 1970. The precise increase in values is difficult to measure, since most sales are private; but auctions are public, and a recent index of fine-art sales compiled by Sotheby's—now Parke-Bernet's parent house—and the London *Times* shows that prices have been multiplied by ten or eleven in twenty years, with a factor of thirty or forty in the more fashionable fields. By comparison, the average price for industrial stocks in the same period has only been multiplied by five. As early as 1955, *Fortune* was able to advise its executive readership that art "can be

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the most lucrative investment in the world." That Cézanne and Rembrandt should perform more profitably than General Motors may seem, on the face of it, an occasion for civilized celebration. Whatever the motives of those who bid up prices for pictures, they are bearing witness to the power of art, and the sales, by generating curiosity, and even serious interest, doubtless augment public support for the arts. Clearly, the boom market has been good for dealers, good for auction houses, good for collectors and some museums, and good for the more successful living artists. Yet even those in the trade are troubled by the confusion of values implicit in the rating of some works as "gilt-edged," others as "blue-chip," and the rest as "speculative" or "growth" issues (to borrow the terminology of the *Fortune* article). Not long ago, Geoffrey Agnew, chairman of the Society of London Art Dealers, protested the publication in the London *Times* of auction price indexes, saying that in his view "works of art should be bought primarily for their aesthetic, rather than their investment, value." A burst of hilarity ensuing in the Letters column of the *Times* offered ample proof that Mr. Agnew's customers were not so high-minded. And, besides creating a confusion of values, the bull market in art poses more practical problems. More than any other single element, the increase in art prices has been responsible for the wholesale theft, mutilation, and destruction of art everywhere in the world.

Most evident is the matter of theft. Within the past decade, the stealing of art has been transformed from an amusing nuisance into an international plague. Every day, an important work of art is stolen somewhere, and though some of the thefts are committed by cranks or the simpleminded, most are not. In certain instances, the thieves extort ransom for the stolen art, which then turns up in an abandoned car or a baggage locker. More often, the missing works are sold. Paintings by lesser-known masters can be sold to unsuspecting dealers or collectors; sometimes the works are doctored by restorers so that the risk of discovery is minimal. In other cases, art is stowed in Swiss banks while the owners wait for statutes of limitation on the sale of stolen goods to expire. (In Italy, the wait is ten years.)

The theft of even major works is so widespread that two lists of "Most Wanted" art recently circulated by the International Criminal Police Organi-

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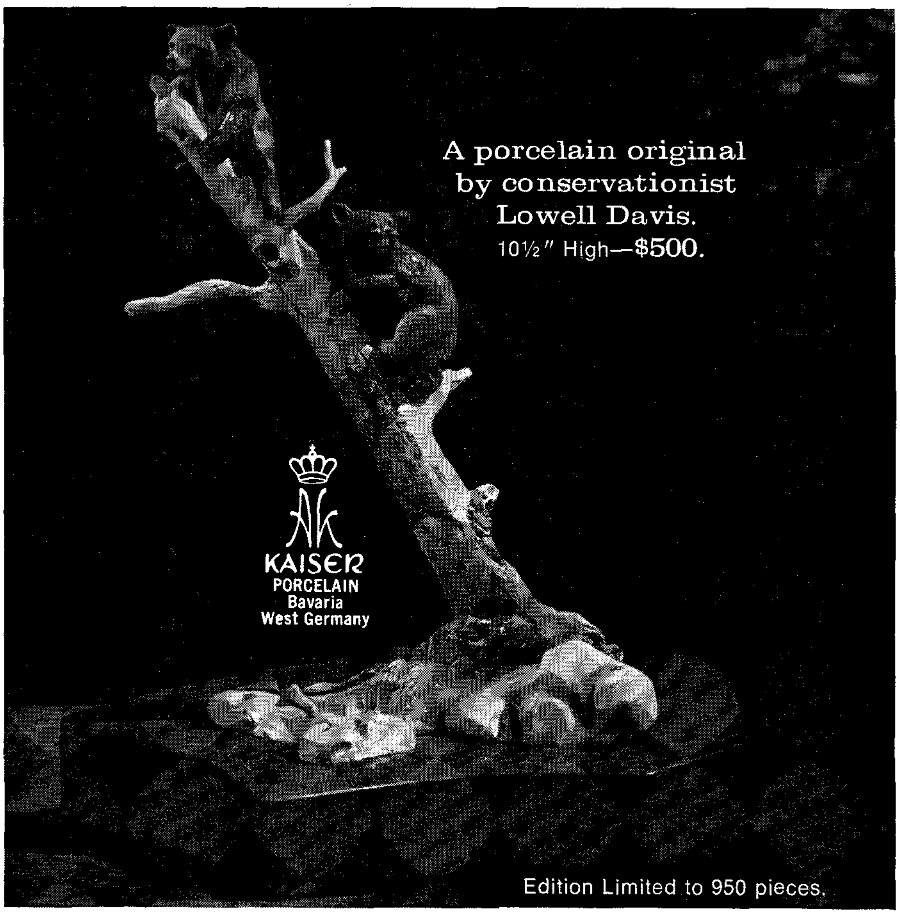
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zation, or Interpol, comprised two dozen works that would form the nucleus of a first-rate small museum, as these examples suggest:

Masaccio, "Virgin and Child," stolen in 1971 from the Palazzo Vecchio, in Florence.

Memling, "Portrait of a Gentleman," stolen at the same time from the same place.

Toulouse-Lautrec, "Marcelle," stolen in 1968 in Kyoto, Japan, and owned by a museum in Albi, France.

Caravaggio, "Nativity," stolen in 1969 from a church in Palermo.

Correggio, "The Holy Family," stolen in 1970 from a museum in Pavia, Italy.

Rembrandt, "The Flight Into Egypt," stolen in 1971 from a museum in Tours, France.

Gainsborough, "Portrait of Sir Robert Fletcher," stolen in 1972 from the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

Hals, "Portrait of a Young Woman," stolen in 1972 from a museum in Düsseldorf.

Nearly all the twenty-four works named by Interpol, many of which have a value of at least a million dollars, were stolen since 1965 and are only a selection from an aggregate of more than a thousand works stolen within the past decade and still listed in Interpol's "Wanted" files. By conservative estimate, a hundred million dollars' worth of stolen art is currently at large, and, by general agreement, the rate of recovery has been dismal.

IN the case of stolen paintings, there is a consolation—albeit a thin one. Very few of them are destroyed; they may vanish for years into clandestine vaults, but they do survive, and so—in the most important cases, at least—do photographic reproductions of them. The illicit looting of archeological sites gets less publicity, but its consequences are more serious, because they include the total loss of unrecorded information. The stimulus of the art market has made ancient sites the targets of an unexampled assault by looters armed with shovels, bulldozers, and even dynamite. Objects taken from a site are often mutilated, and, in any case, their context is obliterated; the looted piece becomes an orphan without pedigree, its very legitimacy open to question.

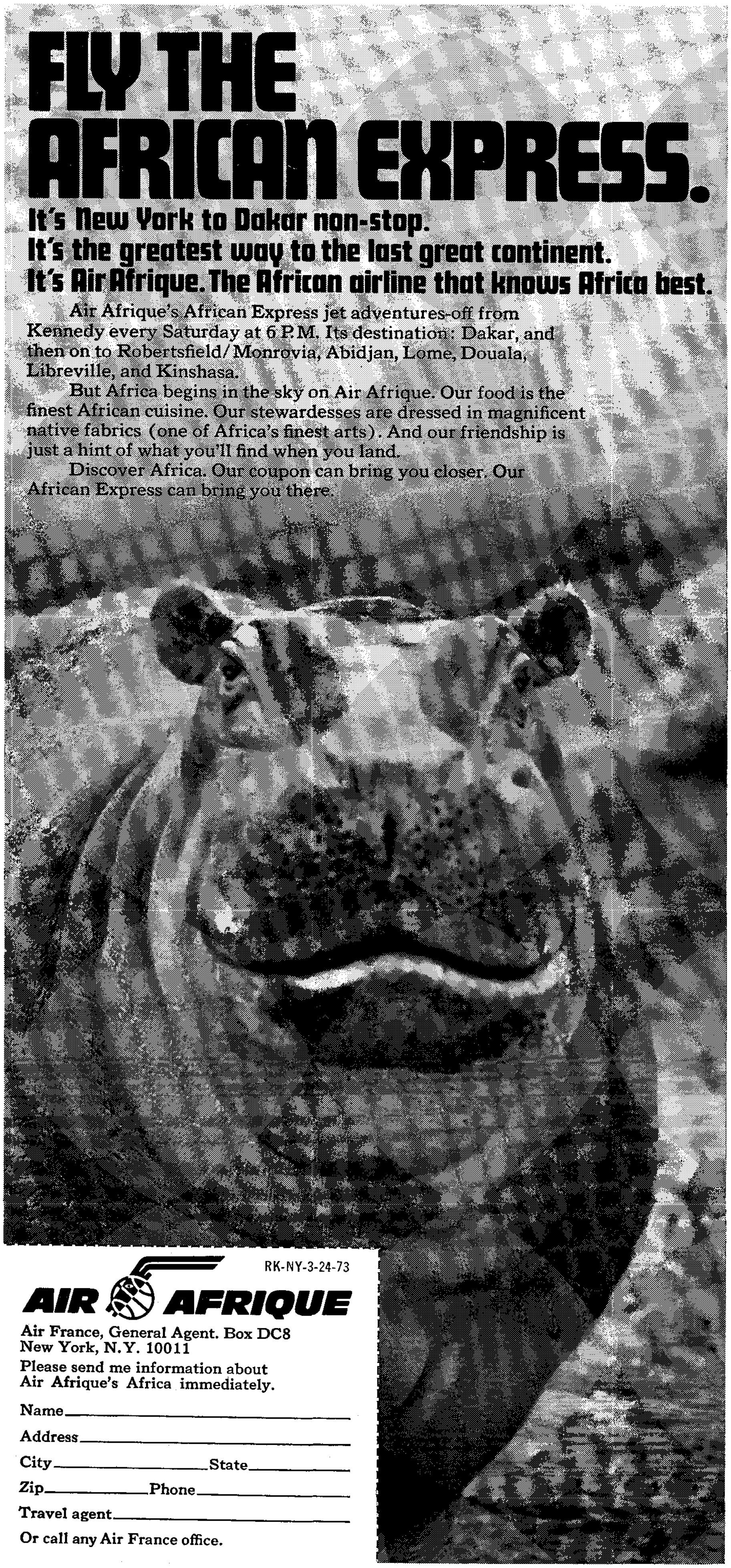
In the looting of ancient temples and ceremonial centers, pillagers are spared the trouble of digging, and they simply wrench statuary, friezes, and tablets from their settings; this is happening wherever there are unprotected sites, from the Maya areas of Latin America to the Khmer ruins of Cambodia. Especially flagrant, and sad, instances occurred in Bangladesh in 1971, during that country's war for independence. After the fighting, a survey was carried out by Enamul Haque, the director of the Dacca Museum. To his surprise, he found that military action accounted for very little of the destruction of cultural properties; most of the damage was the result of deliberate plunder. Dr. Haque reported that at least two thousand Hindu temples had been destroyed or substantially damaged, and some six thousand pieces of sculpture had been removed or destroyed by looters. Much of the art was smuggled abroad and sold. He adds, "The situation was aggravated by the presence of the eager-to-collect aid officials from abroad working in connection with the international relief agencies. The local thugs were too willing to please them by recklessly looting icons from temples." Thirty-five bronze sculptures were taken from the Archeological Museum at Mainamati, and the entire collection of the Dinajpur Museum was looted. Doubtless a good part of this art will find its way ultimately into Western museums and private collections.

Poverty and desperation are extenuating factors in Bangladesh, but not in the United States, where pot-hunting is a weekend hobby of the more affluent. The rise in prices for American Indian art, though it has been good for the collector, has had disastrous consequences for scholarship. One can see the link between the art market and looting by examining the unwanted consequences of a single sale—the auction, in November, 1971, at Parke-Bernet, of the Green collection of American Indian art. The sale itself was thoroughly reputable, but as a result of the publicity it gave to record price levels for Indian art, looting, which was already epidemic, intensified with extraordinary rapidity.

Parke-Bernet, long the leading American auction house, was taken over by Sotheby's in 1964, and the firm resulting from the merger is the single most potent force in the international art market. The elegance of the New York gallery has been preserved since the merger, but the arrival of Sotheby's English officers and experts—the ablest and most competitive in the art world—has given Parke-Bernet a new air of bustle. The Sotheby's approach is not to wait for trends but to develop them aggressively, stimulating new fields of collector interest, such as antique cars or vintage wines. Thus, ample energy and imagination were applied to the sale of the Green collection, which was the first major auction in the East of American Indian art. The sale date, to begin with, was set to coincide with the opening of a major exhibition at the Whitney Museum called "Two Hundred Years of North American Indian Art"—the first such show of its scope in New York since 1941. The opening assured additional attention to the auction, and, indeed, it was vigorously promoted in the media. Press releases outlined the colorful story of Colonel George Green, a splendid eccentric who served as a surgeon in the Civil War, and subsequently founded a patent-medicine business and made a fortune selling Green's Dyspepsia Salt, August Flower, Ague Conqueror, and Boschee's German Syrup. A man of whim, he acquired two private railroad cars for his business trips, during one of which he visited Pasadena and found that none of the hotels there were adequately fireproof; he thereupon built the fireproof Hotel Green, which stands today. While Colonel Green was investigating medicinal potions, he became interested in Indian art, and bought extensively at low prices. After his death, in 1925, his son and grandchildren added to his collection, increasing it to twenty-five hundred pieces by 1971, when the Green family decided to put more than three hundred pieces up at auction.

Thanks to the growing interest in American Indians, the opening of the Whitney show, and the colorful Colonel's biography, press coverage was lavish. A richly illustrated catalogue, selling for four dollars, was prepared by Harmer Johnson, an Englishman, who is the gallery's expert in primitive art. Mr. Johnson estimated that the sale of the three hundred pieces would bring between forty and sixty-seven thousand dollars. He underestimated the enthusiasm of the bidders. (One of them, a Wyoming collector, turned up in cowboy hat, boots, and beaded jacket.) In the event, the sale realized a hundred and sixty thousand dollars; one item, a Navajo blanket, had been sold at Parke-Bernet for a hundred dollars in 1963 and brought a thousand in the Green auction. The headlines the next day conveyed the message: "FOR INDIAN ARTIFACTS, PRICE TREND IS UP" (the *Times*) and "INDIAN ART: BIG MONEY" (the *Post*).

In the month following the sale, Parke-Bernet was engulfed by Indian artifacts, as tomahawks, wampum belts, and old blankets came spilling out of attics and closets. Such private enterprise is of small concern to archeologists. Their worry is that a growing



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market, like a powerful magnet, draws rare and interesting objects from the soil. An example is Mimbres pottery. This beautiful ware, named for the valley in New Mexico in which it was first found, consists of painted bowls, most of them "killed," when they were buried in tombs, by having a small hole knocked in their bottom. Made a millennium ago, Mimbres pots have "a humor and liveliness unprecedented in Indian art," according to Miguel Covarrubias, in his authoritative 1954 study of North American aboriginal art, "The Eagle, the Jaguar, and the Serpent." The pottery constitutes a vivid catalogue of Southwestern zoology—striking depictions of deer, antelope, mountain sheep, buzzards, opossum, turtles, frogs, turkeys, quail, ducks, heron, fish, lizards, horned toads, and flying and crawling insects.

One of the scholars interested in Mimbres ware is Stewart L. Peckham, chief archeologist of the Museum of New Mexico, in Santa Fe. Peckham, who has been conducting a survey of the Indian sites in the state, was distressed to find that almost all the major Mimbres sites, even those on federal- or state-owned land, had been ravaged by pot-hunters. He discovered that Mimbres burial sites on private land had been attacked with bulldozers or tractorlike front-end loaders, so that the sites looked like "a shell-pocked World War I battlefield." In a letter to me describing the assaults, he wrote:

> You can probably detect that I have more than just mild contempt for the pot-hunter. Although he deserves eternal damnation, he isn't the only one to blame. The affluent art collector should also be roasted in Hell. His demand for new conversation-pieces to add to his collection, regardless of price, only stimulates the pot-hunters to seek out and pillage more archeological sites.

A few days after Peckham mailed this letter, the following advertisement appeared in the Deming, New Mexico, *Graphic* of June 26, 1972:

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Here it should be noted that Peckham, like archeologists elsewhere, is as much concerned about industrial and real-estate development as he is about pot-hunters. He reports that Indian pueblos have been paved over in the urban sprawl of Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Farmington, and Las Cruces; that

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the building of the Navajo Reservoir on the San Juan River in the early nineteen-sixties resulted in the flooding or other destruction of five hundred archeological sites; and that other Indian sites have been obliterated by drilling pads for oil and gas wells, while access roads and pipelines have caused further damage. Variants of this situation occur everywhere on the American continents—and in the rest of the world. In Tunisia, the site of ancient Carthage may soon be covered by a housing development, and in Mexico road-building has become a serious menace to Maya sites.

AS a result of both deliberate looting and the expansion of civilization, the material remains of the past are being churned up at an unprecedented rate. Sometimes the spoliation is rooted in greed; at other times its source is indifference. Either way, the consequences are the same. Given the present tempo of destruction, by the end of the century all unexplored major archeological sites may be irrevocably disfigured or ravaged. We are witnessing the equivalent of the burning of the library at Alexandria by the Romans—the catastrophic bonfire in which much of the wisdom of antiquity was consumed. One can see most of the ingredients of such a conflagration in the relentless demolition of pre-Columbian sites here in the Western Hemisphere. The pre-Columbian field is a prime example of what might be called a "growth market" in art. Forty years ago, the market scarcely existed, but today it lures scores of dealers and thousands of collectors. Most of the art comes from three areas—Mexico, Central America, and the Andean republics of South America—and nearly all of it has been smuggled out of the countries of origin.

John Wise, of New York, a dignified man in his seventies who wears an old-fashioned gold watch chain across his vest, is the senior pre-Columbian-art dealer in North America, and he has witnessed the entire transformation in the market. He recalls that in the early nineteen-thirties pre-Columbian pieces were known as "specimens," and one could pick them up for a few dollars in Latin America. For instance, a Colima dog—a clay figurine from western Mexico—then went for two dollars in a Mexican market and cost about twenty-five dollars in New York; by 1948 such a dog, of good quality, would bring from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars in New York, and now the price for a first-class example

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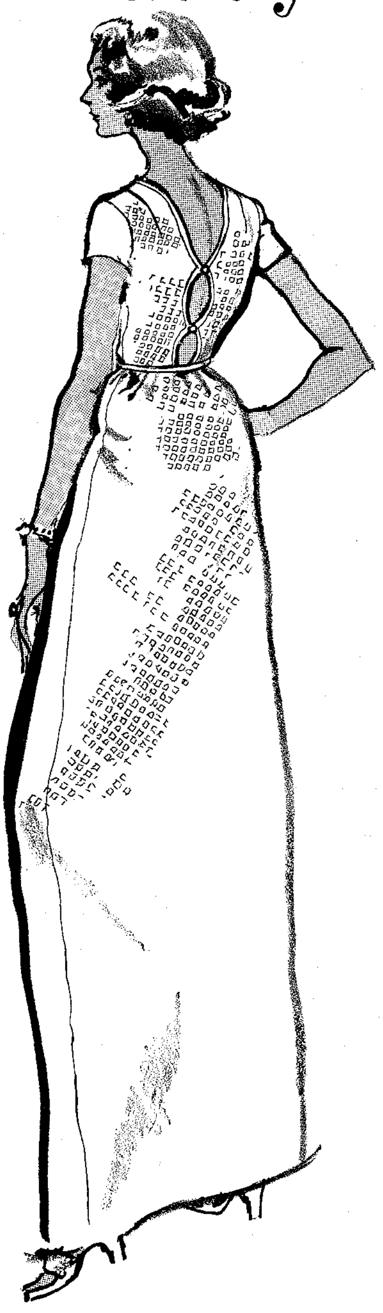

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might be double or triple those amounts. When Mr. Wise started out, only a few other dealers handled pre-Columbian art, preëminent among them the late Earl Stendahl, in Los Angeles. Now there are about fifty dealers in the field, of whom a dozen sell pieces of outstanding quality. Some are "open" dealers, who operate galleries on Madison Avenue or work, as Mr. Wise does, from hotel suites in midtown Manhattan. But several of the most important are unknown even to the art public; they have no gallery, they never advertise, and they sell only to a select clientele.

Why has the market grown? The most obvious reason is that pre-Columbian art has become fashionable, along with the ethnographic art of Africa and Polynesia; it has an aesthetic kinship with contemporary art, and an added touch of appealing mystery. There is a practical reason, too: light planes, new roads, and jet airliners have opened up once inaccessible areas in Latin America, bringing new archeological riches within reach of the market. Possibly still more important is a third reason—the vast influx of new money into the art market and the enormous increase in the number of collectors. Today, pre-Columbian works (along with Old Master prints) are among the most desirable prizes available to middle-income buyers. For a few hundred dollars, one can buy a handsome Colima figurine or a polychrome Nazca pot, and one can even buy it at Bloomingdale's, which has a pre-Columbian department. A recent advertisement says: "Here is an extensive treasure-trove of over a thousand pieces that graphically records aspects of a long-lost civilization. . . . Here indeed is a haven for the connoisseur and a fascinating 'dig' for the armchair archeologist." With an eye to middle-income collectors, one dealer—Hartwell Kennard, in Texas—sends out a fat mail-order catalogue of pre-Columbian pieces, many of them selling for less than fifty dollars. Mr. Kennard's catalogue says, "My location near the U.S.-Mexico border enables me to bypass several middlemen and give you lower prices. Send your order now; I guarantee your satisfaction."

There is thus a two-tier market in pre-Columbian works: a popular market in lower-priced pieces and a selective market for rich collectors willing to pay thousands for unique works of superior quality. Because most pieces derive from illicit excavations and necessarily have only a vague pedigree, buyers in both markets are bedevilled by a prevalence of clever fakes. A collector's suspicion that he has been cheated is the sour side of the market's sweet success, as the following story may illustrate.

My inquiry into the illicit pre-Columbian market began with a chance meeting I had, in April, 1970, with a dealer whose identity I shall screen with the pseudonym George Alpha. (I shall use similar aliases in other such cases.) George Alpha operates from his home, and he sells only works of supreme quality. Like so many dealers, Alpha is a man of polyglot charm, with a likable iconoclasm about the ethics of his trade. He and I had been brought together for lunch by a friend. Alpha showed no reluctance to talk about his calling, and, encouraged by his openness, I asked if he was concerned about a UNESCO convention then being proposed which would outlaw the smuggling of art. He looked at me as if in pity of my innocence. "What does 'provenance' mean?" he said. "It doesn't mean a thing. I have a warehouse in Europe [he mentioned the city], and I keep a lot of things there. If they ratify the UNESCO convention, then what? I know several indigent counts who would be delighted, for a price, to swear that any piece of mine had been part of the family collection for centuries. I bring my things in from Europe, and who is going to deny it? The treaty won't end the trade. It will just mean more trouble."

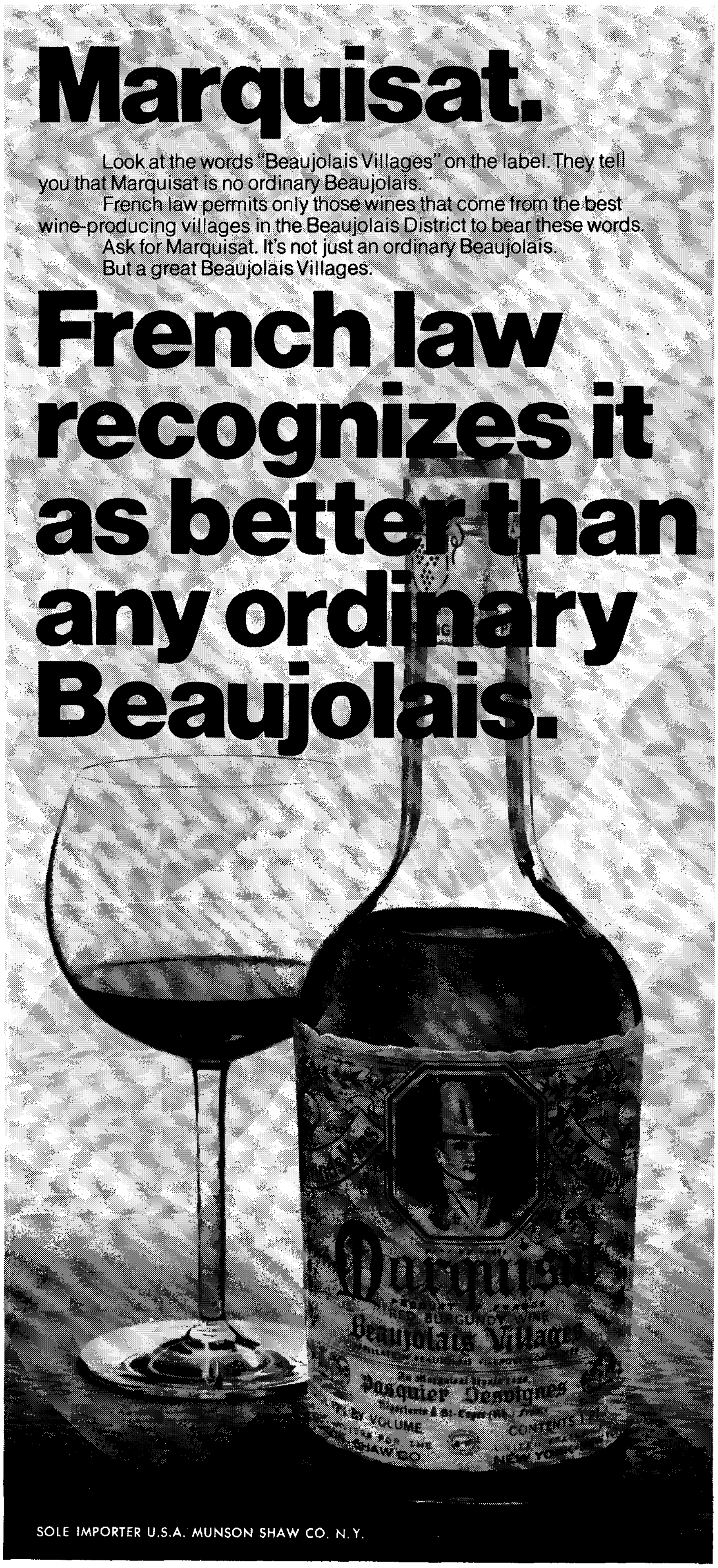
We talked about the problem of the destruction of archeological sites. Alpha was not at all abashed. "Let me tell you," he said, "I take better care of my material than the archeologists. In fact, the archeologists are the worst looters. You should see how my men work. Everything is done with love, and if you don't believe me I'll take you along so that you can see for yourself. What I'm doing is *saving* the art—saving it from the jungles and from the ignorance of archeologists."

A few months later, I saw Alpha again, and this time he showed me through his apartment, taking me into an inner room whose every crevice seemed to contain a pre-Columbian carved yoke, funerary idol, or exquisitely painted pot. As we talked, the name of a prominent Midwestern museum official came up. Alpha said he wanted to show me something, and he pulled from his file a document with an august letterhead and invited me to read it. It was a bill of sale for a pre-Columbian piece, ending with the interesting notation that one of the conditions of the sale was that neither the dealer's name nor the price would be divulged. "Look at the date," said Alpha. "It was the same week that our friend made a speech saying his museum would never buy smuggled art."

During the same encounter, Alpha made a remark that strongly impressed me. I had asked whether he wouldn't prefer an open, completely legal market in antiquities, so that he could operate as reputably as a bank manager. He thought for a moment, looked at me intently, and replied, "You must not forget one thing. I am a pirate. I enjoy piracy. I like the moment at the airport when they look at my passport [he carries several] and glance at my bag, for I take the very best pieces with me on the airplane. You know, I don't like X [here he named a better-known dealer in the field], but I respect him. He's like me—he won't trust a runner with a really first-class piece. He takes it out himself. Once, we saw each other at the same airport, each with a hand on a bag, and we pretended we didn't know each other."

MY conversations with Alpha persuaded me that an inquiry into the illicit pre-Columbian-art market might be both interesting and useful. During the following year, I made three trips to Mexico, and in the course of them I heard many bizarre stories, one of the most bizarre concerning a remarkable Maya mask. Early in 1966, the telephone rang in the residence of Dr. Josué Sáenz, on Paseo de las Palmas, an avenue lined with prosperous homes, on the outskirts of Mexico City. The caller said, "Hello. I will have good news for you in two weeks," and hung up. After a few weeks passed, the telephone rang and the same voice said, "Hello. This is González, but I can't talk now. The police are all around." Finally, there was a third call, urging Dr. Sáenz to take the first flight the following morning to Villahermosa, the capital of the state of Tabasco, in the tropical south of Mexico. Dr. Sáenz immediately booked passage.

This was not strange or imprudent behavior for Josué Sáenz, the owner of what is universally acknowledged to be the finest private collection of pre-Columbian art in the world. In the Metropolitan Museum's "Before Cortés" exhibition, in 1970, no fewer than twenty-three of the pieces were from the Sáenz collection—including a



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Maya openwork relief showing a regal couple in intense discourse, regarded as the finest object of its kind, which appeared on the cover of the museum's lavish catalogue. His collection has grown through his willingness to take unconventional risks. Dr. Sáenz, who is now fifty-seven, is an imposing figure in the collecting world. He is a banker, a sportsman, a public servant, and a university lecturer. He has pedigree (his father was the eminent Mexican educator Moisés Sáenz), money, and social position (he was president of the national Olympic Committee during the Mexican Olympics). After attending Swarthmore and the London School of Economics, Dr. Sáenz studied monetary theory at Cambridge University and wrote his thesis under John Maynard Keynes. In the nineteen-fifties, he became a serious collector. A North American friend who knew Sáenz in his early days as a collector has recalled his method: "Josué went about it the way he does everything, with intelligence and energy. He let it be known that he would pay the highest price on the market for anything he wanted, and as a result he got first refusal on everything of importance for sale in Mexico."

On his way to Villahermosa, Dr. Sáenz had no idea what to expect, but he did become a bit apprehensive when he was met at the airport by two rough-looking strangers. He was told to leave his bags in the terminal, and was elbowed to a single-engine Cessna that was revving up nearby. Aloft, the plane seemed to head toward Chiapas, but Dr. Sáenz could not be sure of the direction, because after takeoff the pilot pointedly put a cloth mask over the compass. A rainstorm came up, and the Cessna virtually skidded over the foliage of a thick jungle. Finally, the plane bumped to a landing on a newly cleared airstrip. The party was met by a group of smiling peasants, but no names were given. "We have something to show you," said one of the peasants. He handed Dr. Sáenz a turquoise mosaic mask about six inches high, encrusted with jadeite and bone. The eyes, nose, and mouth of the face were lined with red resin, but what was most striking about the mask was the teeth—a row of filed human teeth and two animal fangs. Dr. Sáenz studied the mask with a magnifying lens and concluded that it was probably Post-Classic Maya and probably authentic. If so, it was one of only a handful of such masks in existence. He suggested that before making any commitment he take the mask back to Mexico City for

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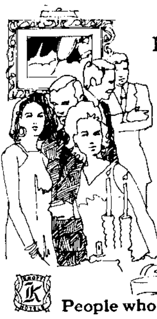

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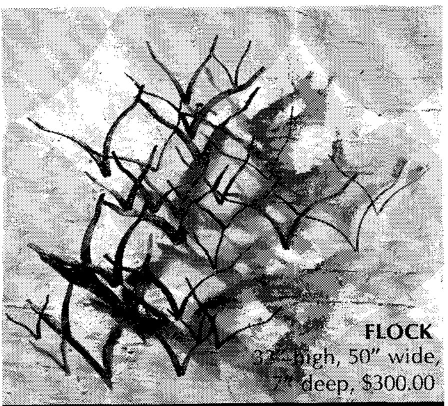

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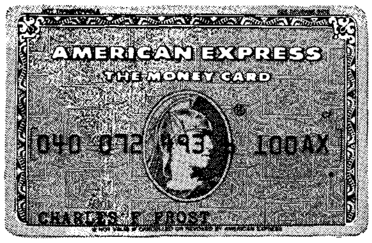
an expert appraisal, but the spokesman for the peasants, still smiling, said, "No, Señor Sáenz, you have to make up your mind right now." Having taken a hard look at the piece, and its venders, Dr. Sáenz offered the equivalent of two thousand dollars. The peasants' smiles turned to laughter, and their spokesman, reaching into his ragged jacket, pulled out a Parke-Bernet catalogue and pointed to some of the recent prices for pre-Columbian art. A higher sum was agreed upon, and Dr. Sáenz prudently—he thought— wrote out a check postdated the following Tuesday; this was a Saturday, and he thought he would have time to get the mask examined and stop payment if it turned out to be spurious.

Back in Mexico City, Dr. Sáenz took the mask to José Luis Franco, a gnomelike art expert who works in his own apartment—a cluttered walkup filled with laboratory equipment—and who is considered one of the foremost authenticators of pre-Columbian art. Señor Franco scrutinized the mask and didn't like it; he told Dr. Sáenz that it was probably—though not certainly—fake. On Monday morning, a stop-payment order was put through on the check, but under Mexican banking practice postdating is not binding, and Dr. Sáenz, to his annoyance, learned that his check had already been cashed. He turned the mask over to one of his regular dealers, telling him to offer it for sale without any guarantee as to its authenticity and to get whatever he could for it. Within a few weeks, the dealer proudly informed Dr. Sáenz that a North American had bought the fanged mask for a sum that matched the original outlay.

The North American was a dealer who had frequently worked with George Alpha. The mask made its way to New York, where it was shown to Dr. Gordon Ekholm, curator of Mexican archeology at the American Museum of Natural History. Though Dr. Ekholm deplores the illicit art trade, he has long felt a scholar's obligation to see what comes out of Latin America, so that at least some record can be kept of it. He therefore agreed to examine the mask. When he put it under a microscope, he noticed something curious: minute indentations on the cheeks—little pocks in the resin—which showed that a beard had been once affixed to the mask. Other masks, of known authenticity, had similar markings. Dr. Ekholm felt that a forger would hardly be aware of such a detail. His verdict was favorable. The opinion considerably enhanced the value



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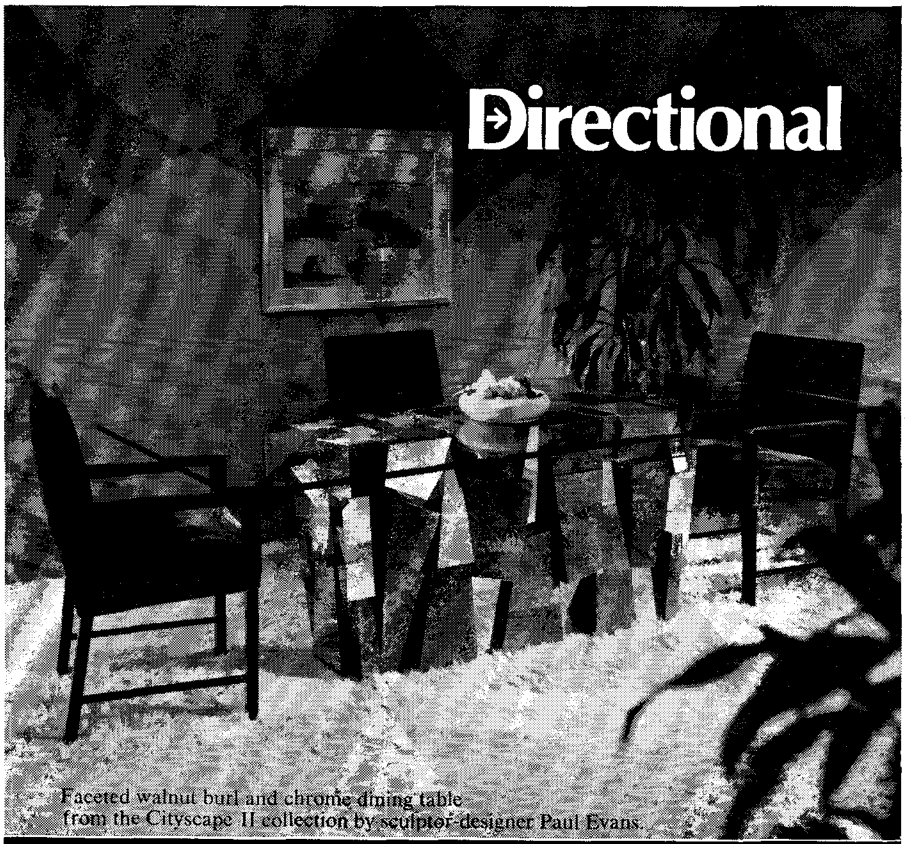
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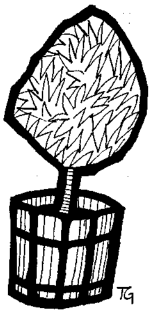
of the mask; the next problem was to find a customer. If a major piece is shown to a potential buyer and he turns it down, other purchasers may become wary, suspecting that something is wrong. It was decided that the mask should be offered to the Robert Woods Bliss Collection, at Dumbarton Oaks, and the next journey the piece made was to Washington, D.C., in a case wadded with foam rubber. For a dealer, a museum purchase is important not only in financial terms but also as a certificate of reputability, and in the pre-Columbian field the Bliss Collection is held in special esteem. It was one of the first great private collections of ancient American art, and it was assembled by a notable couple. The collection had its beginning about 1912 in Paris, where Robert Woods Bliss, a career diplomat, was assuming a new embassy post. One day, he visited the shop of an *antiquaire* on Boulevard Raspail and, in doing so, caught what he later called "the collector's microbe." Before long, he purchased the piece that had taken his eye—a jade figure. It turned out to be Olmec, and that was a touch of collector's luck, since the Olmec civilization was not identified as such until the nineteen-forties, and hence the rarity of the piece was not known when he bought it. Bliss was married to an heiress to a patent-medicine fortune (Castoria)—a woman of regal bearing named Mildred Barnes. In 1920, the couple acquired Dumbarton Oaks, a handsome Georgian estate spacious enough to quarter, in 1944, the international conference that led to the establishment of the United Nations. Mrs. Bliss made the garden her preserve, turning it into a fragrant labyrinth, while Mr. Bliss became interested in Byzantine as well as pre-Columbian art. Both collections grew steadily, and Dumbarton Oaks became a noted salon; Mrs. Bliss, wearing gloves and a hat, served tea at 5 P.M. precisely, and an invitation was a mark of social acceptance. In 1940, the Blisses deeded Dumbarton Oaks to Harvard University, and an advanced center for Byzantine studies was later established at the estate. By that time, space was a problem, and, with some misgivings, the couple decided to add a special wing to house the pre-Columbian collection. Bliss died in 1962, and his widow supervised the completion of the wing, an eight-domed carrousel designed by Philip Johnson. When it opened, in 1964, it was judged a success, its teak and glass blending gracefully with the Georgian lines of the old mansion.

Here, in 1966, the fanged mask found its home, as Item 449 of the Bliss Collection. The provenance is given as "Late Post-Classic Maya. Mexico." It was one of the last major purchases approved by Mrs. Bliss before her death, in 1969, at the age of eighty-nine. The mask is believed to represent the Maya god Itzamná, the Lord of the Heavens. Had it not been for Dr. Ekholm's sharp eye it might still be one of many fascinating pieces whose significance is clouded by doubts.

THERE were no such doubts when, in 1968, the Metropolitan Museum of Art was debating whether it should buy the entire façade of a Maya temple—whose story illuminates a more serious dilemma facing museums.

When a small object like a mask or a vase is offered to a museum, a dozen arguments can be made to justify its purchase, however questionable the route by which the piece came into the market. Small pieces are known as "tomb furnishings," and there are hundreds of thousands of pre-Columbian burials in the New World. Who can begrudge a lucky peasant the few thousand pesos he may get if he chances upon a tomb? And if, out of fastidiousness, one museum does not buy the piece, there are a score of others that will. But other objections arise when a dealer offers for sale an inscribed tablet, a painted wall, or a chunk of a monument. All three have been available on the pre-Columbian market as collecting interest in the field has grown. No dealer has done more to meet the demand than a man I shall call Henry Beta, the most unabashed and enterprising *condottiere* in this particular market. Beta entered the trade in the nineteen-forties, when his business took him regularly to Mexico City. He has a flair for the bold gesture, and in 1968 he undertook what for a dealer was a *coup de main*.

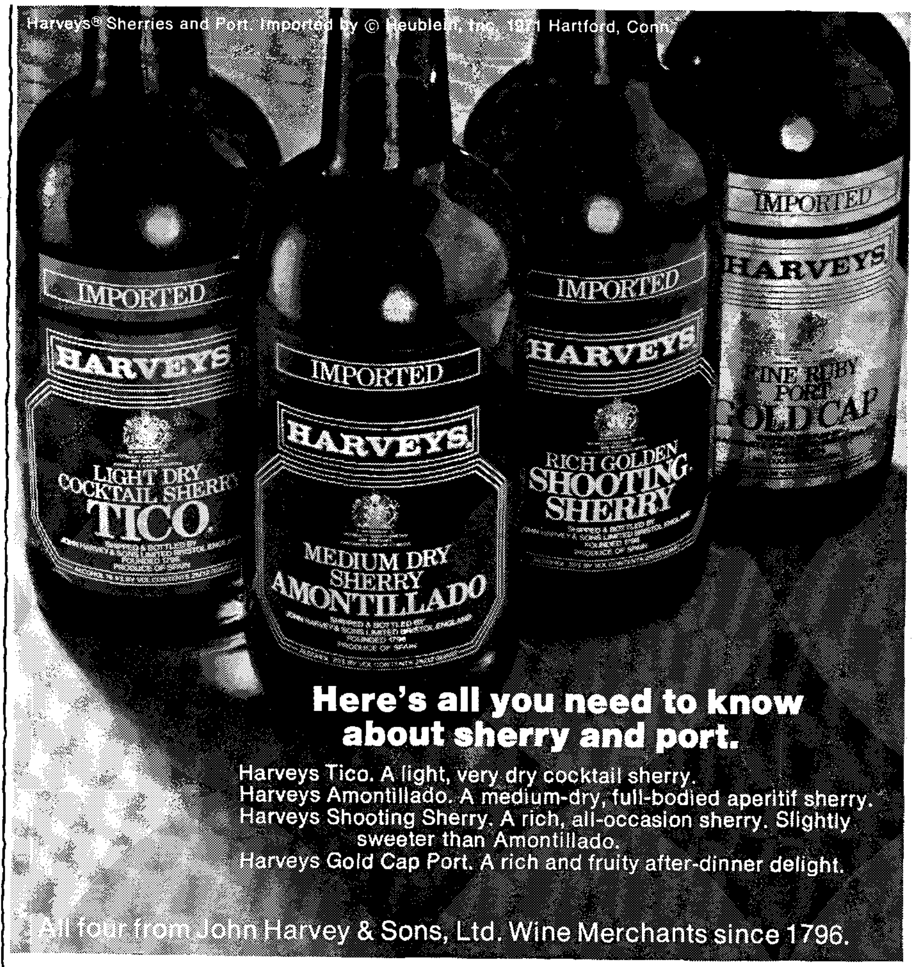


Quintana Roo is a little-explored part of the Yucatán Peninsula, and in its jungles Beta's men discovered an entire Maya site, filled with plazas and pyramids. The site, which is now called Kohunlich, is notable for great stucco masks flanking the stairs of its temples. Photographs were taken of some of the masks, and Beta showed a set to Josué Sáenz, suggesting that an entire façade could be transported to the collector's lower-floor gallery. Dr. Sáenz declined the offer, on the ground that removing the façade would involve physical destruction of the site. In New York, however, considerable interest was expressed, and, encouraged in the belief that the venture would be highly profitable, Beta decided to airlift a large part of the temple façade.

The operation cost more than eighty thousand dollars. A Mérida businessman organized a work crew to clear an airstrip for an airplane flown by a pilot from Florida. As the temple façade was sawed free, the power saws struck stone pegs at intervals, and the resulting vibrations shattered some of the stucco, but there was enough of the façade for a large shipment. The packed fragments were flown to Mérida and from there were shipped in mislabelled crates to New Orleans, passing from that city to New York, where some of the façade was brought to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The asking price was more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Thomas P. F. Hoving, the director, was then occupied with plans for the museum's 1970 centennial celebration, which was to include the most ambitious exhibition of Middle American sculpture ever held outside Mexico. "Before Cortés" was to have a symbolic importance. It had long been a source of distress to those interested in the art of the Americas that the Metropolitan had ignored pre-Columbian art—even though its first president, John Taylor Johnston, had urged in 1883 that the museum honor a "special duty" to show native art. Not until 1969 did the Metropolitan mount any major pre-Columbian display, and on that occasion the pieces, on loan from the Museum of Primitive Art, shared billing with the primitive art of Africa and Oceania. "Before Cortés," then, was an expression of tardy penance. The chief organizer of the exhibition was someone who had long pleaded for just such a show—Dudley T. Easby, Jr., who had been the secretary of the museum from 1945 until his appointment as head of the new Department of Primitive Art in 1969. A lawyer with a courtly manner, Mr. Easby is an expert on pre-Columbian metalwork and is considered an authority in the field. His wife, Elizabeth Kennedy Easby, is a well-known archeologist and a former acting curator of primitive art at the Brooklyn Museum.

For three years, the Easbys travelled through Europe, Latin America, and the United States, pleading with often reluctant owners to lend pieces to "Be-



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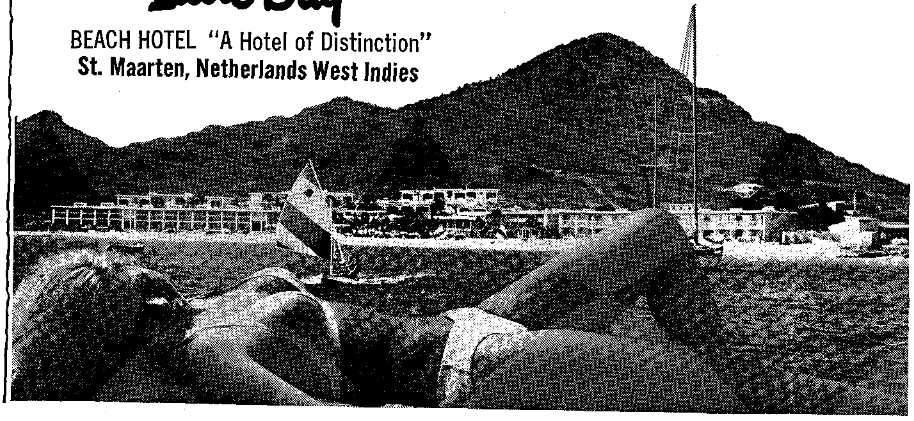

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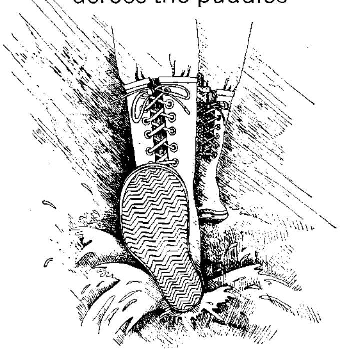
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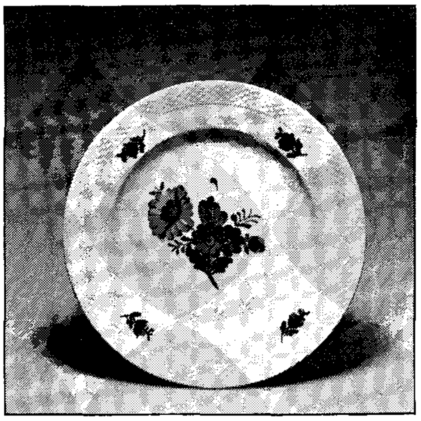
fore Cortés." In Vienna, their tact brought them successfully through an encounter with Professor Etta Becker-Donner, a formidable woman who is head of the Museum für Völkerkunde, which has as its prize pre-Columbian exhibit a brilliant feathered headdress sent by Cortés to Emperor Charles V. At the initial meeting, Professor Becker-Donner opened the conversation by saying, "Not the headdress." Mr. Easby replied in his most soothing manner, "Madame, only a fool would ask for it, and only a madman would lend it." After that, negotiations for other pieces progressed successfully.

Now, in December, 1968, the Metropolitan had to decide what to do about the temple façade, parts of which were lying so temptingly in its laboratories. Before a decision was made, the Easbys happened to be in Mexico, where word of the winged temple was circulating among collectors. A dinner was held for the Easbys, and among those present were Dr. Sáenz and Dr. Ignacio Bernal, Mexico's most prominent archeologist and the director of its National Museum of Anthropology. Dr. Sáenz at one point turned to Easby, who had complained of a respiratory ailment, and said, "There are funny stories going around. People are saying you came to Mexico by ship not for your health but to take temples away. They are also saying that the black bag you carry is not for medicine but to carry money to buy temples." Easby made no reply, but he absorbed the message.

In New York, meanwhile, the fragments of the temple were seen by Joseph Veach Noble, then the museum's vice-director for administration. Mr. Noble did not care for what he saw; in his view, to buy the temple would be like buying a chunk of the Parthenon. He expressed his objections in a forthright and vehement way to Mr. Hoving, and a decision was made to notify Dr. Bernal, in Mexico, that a Maya temple had somehow found its way to New York. Dr. Bernal, a tall man with an almost theatrical presence—he has great brows and a strong nose, which themselves suggest monumental sculpture—soon arrived at the Metropolitan to examine the booty. He identified the temple façade as Mexican property that had been illegally exported, and asked Mr. Hoving who was selling it. To Bernal's irritation, Mr. Hoving replied that it was against museum policy to reveal the names of dealers. Then the Mexican scholar noticed that a slip of paper was sticking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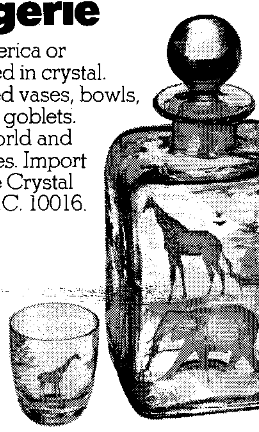
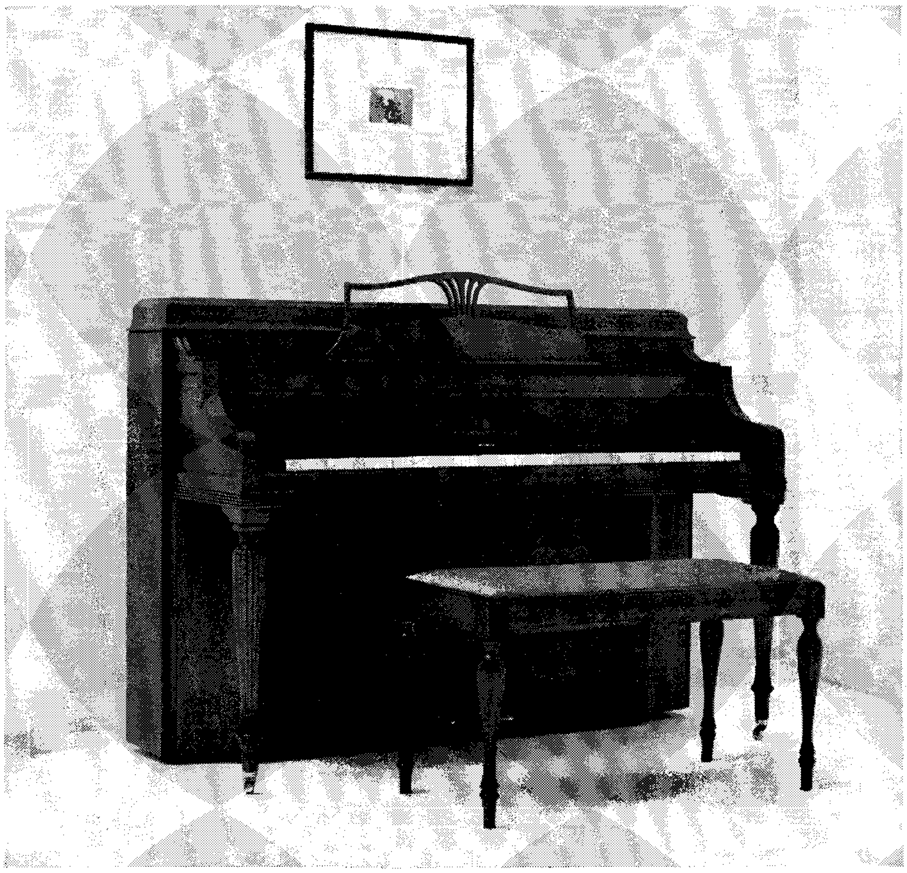


out of the breast pocket of the Metropolitan director's jacket, and on it was the dealer's identity. No one had *told* Bernal the name.

A day or so later, Mr. Noble called Henry Beta and asked him to come to the museum. The unsuspecting Beta arrived with the genial air of a dealer about to close an enormous sale. Gruffly, Noble came to the point, telling Beta that the museum not only was not buying the temple but was urging its return to Mexico. The dealer's expression seemed to collapse like an exhaling balloon as Noble rose to excuse himself and returned to present Dr. Bernal. In that encounter, Beta recovered his aplomb sufficiently to suggest that at least someone ought to reimburse him for the eighty thousand dollars it had cost him to take the temple out of the jungle. It took a moment for the startled Mexican to absorb this statement. Then he replied, "You mean to say that after you've stolen one of our temples you want us to pay your expenses?" Beta was advised to write off the loss, and to bear in mind that he could easily run into legal trouble in Mexico.

The temple was repacked in some sixty crates and left New York aboard a special flight of the Mexican national airline. Noble was at the airport when the cartons were loaded, and he was present in Mexico City a year later, when the Kohunlich temple façade had its first public showing, in the Maya Room of the National Museum of Anthropology. Subsequently, Noble left the Metropolitan to become the director of the Museum of the City of New York. Among the photographs on his desk is one that shows him standing beside the only Maya temple façade that crossed the Gulf of Mexico twice.

IN this case, the Metropolitan Museum resisted temptation, but American museums have not always been so scrupulous. Within the last fifteen years, a specialized market has been developed for the sale of large pre-Columbian sculpture, carved lintels, and, particularly, stelae. Maya stelae are limestone tablets, inscribed with hieroglyphs, that are found at the bases of temples and pyramids. Most are in unguarded sites in Mexico and Guatemala, and to carry them away the looters—known as *esteleros*—cut them into pieces. They are reassembled by restorers and sold for prices that range from fifty thousand dollars to more than two hundred thousand, depending on the stelae's condition and the beauty of their carvings. No other



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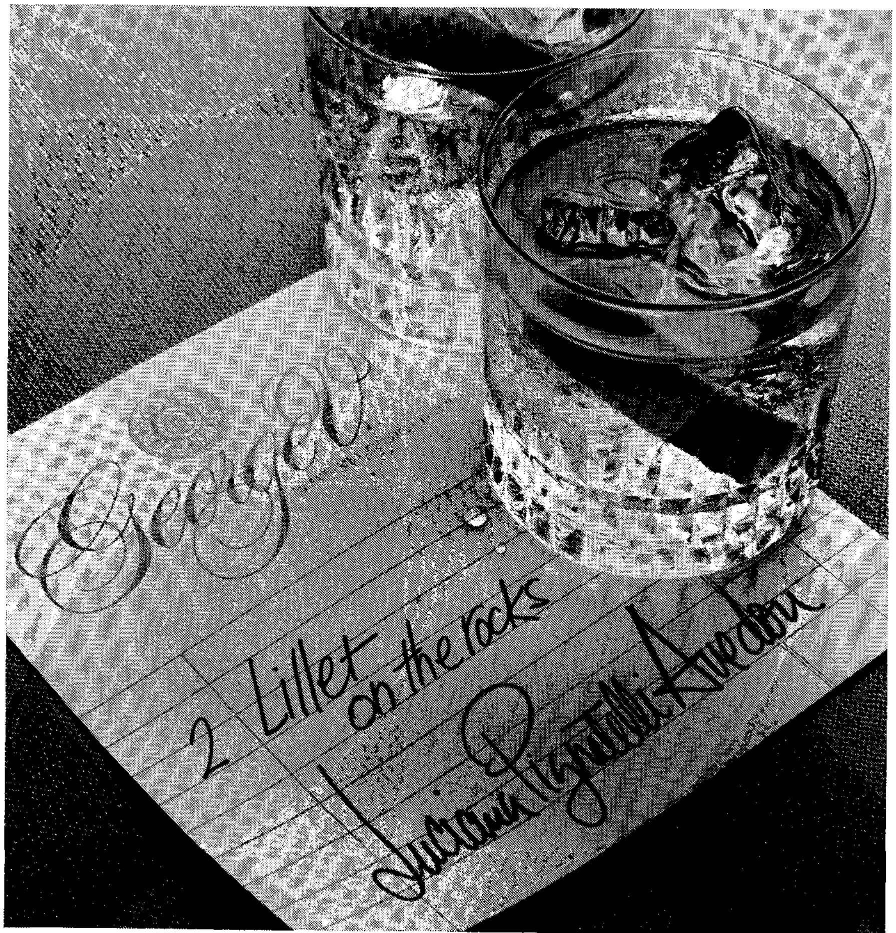

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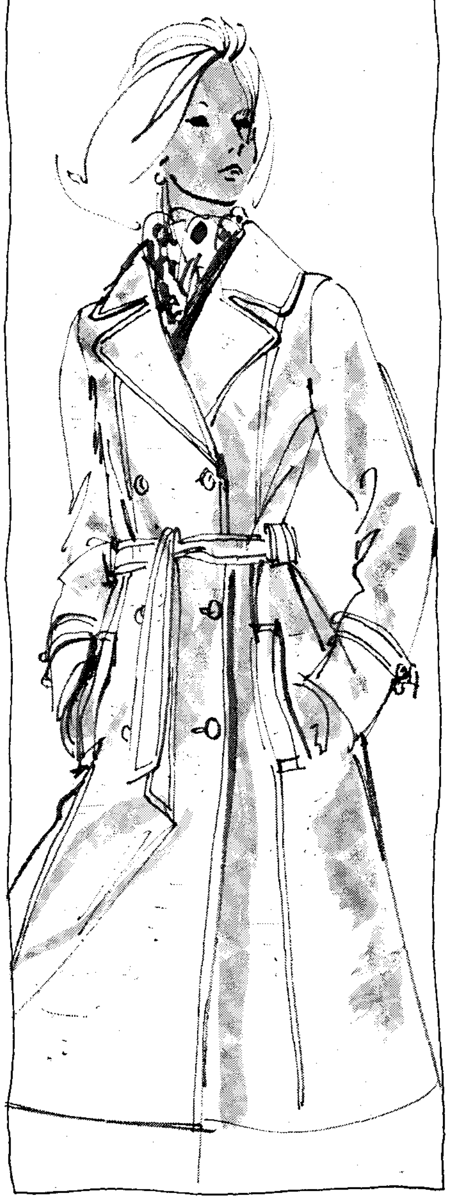

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form of looting has caused so much scandal.

If one were to search for landmarks, an early one would be the publication in 1965 of a brief article in the *Journal* of the University of San Carlos, in Guatemala City. Entitled "Two Maya Stelae Stolen from Guatemala: Their Presence in New York," the article was by Professor Jorge Luján Muñoz, an art historian at the university. Dr. Luján called attention to two fine stelae, one exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum and the other at the Museum of Primitive Art. He reproduced photographs of the same pieces at their original site, Piedras Negras—photographs that had been published in 1901 at Harvard by the Austrian scholar Teobert Maler. Both museums were now necessarily aware that they had acquired stelae removed illegally from a well-known Maya site. They were probably also aware that by engaging in such a transaction they were tacitly encouraging other museums and collectors to follow their example. After prolonged negotiations—involving, in the case of the Museum of Primitive Art, its founder and chief patron, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller—the museums agreed that the smuggled art would be returned to Guatemala. The Brooklyn Museum's decision was announced in a *Times* report in June, 1972, which said, "The restitution was made following the Museum's discovery that the pieces had been stolen." Whenever the discovery was made in Brooklyn, at the Museum of Primitive Art the tablet was listed in a 1964 catalogue as "Stela. Guatemala. Piedras Negras: Maya. Ca. 600 A.D."

There were other episodes. In January, 1967, a large crate shipped from Central America and labelled "Machinery" burst open as it was being taken to a warehouse in Houston, Texas. United States customs agents found that the crate, and five others, contained a Maya stela broken into thirty-two pieces, with a total weight of 2,918 pounds; when it was whole, the stela had stood on the site of Naranjo, in Guatemala, close to the border of British Honduras. Customs officials learned that the stela had been hauled on muleback to British Honduras, where it was shipped to Houston. The fraudulent mislabelling helped make it a simple matter for Guatemala to recover the stela, but the accompanying federal action prompted some interesting comment in the Houston press.

In an article headlined "BUYING, SELLING STOLEN ART APPARENTLY NOT MUCH OF A CRIME," the Houston *Post* carried an interview with Ben DuBose, the proprietor of a pre-Columbian-art gallery in Houston that was filled with art he admitted was stolen. The paper reported:

> This, he explained, is the simplest and most innocent kind of lawbreaking.
>
> "Those people need bread," he said. "They've got plenty of sex and too many people to feed. They really need food, shelter, and money and their governments are not bringing it to them. . . .
>
> "They've got more of this stuff than they can handle," DuBose said. "I've seen Mexican towns with big museums and starving people. . . . Every nation in the world is guilty of taking national treasures from other countries. . . . Why should we start giving them back? Why should the United States be different?"

Lowell Collins, identified as a Houston teacher and expert in pre-Columbian art, was also interviewed, and was quoted as saying, "What the hell? As long as U.S. laws are not broken, it's all right. After all, these things are not appreciated in those countries. They're brought here and given a home. Now cultured people can see them."

By and large, this has been the dealers' attitude, though it has not often been so bluntly expressed. A more sophisticated exposition has been given by André Emmerich, a leading New York dealer, who sells both pre-Columbian and contemporary art. At the 1971 College Art Association meeting in Chicago, Emmerich said of the international illicit traffic:

> Like everyone, I would like to be on the side of virtue, motherhood, and so forth. I am not quite sure on which side virtue lies. . . . Do the descendants of the Turks who drove out the Greeks from Asia Minor have a better right to the art made by the ancestors of the Greeks? Do the destroyers of the Maya civilization [have more right] to its remnants than we do? I propose that it's a very serious basic moral question. I beg the obvious fact that the art of mankind—the art of ancient mankind—is part of mankind's cultural heritage, and does not belong exclusively to that particular geographical spot where ancient cultures flourished. I think that this country more than any other has a special claim to the arts of all mankind. . . . American institutions have bought the objects they have acquired, and have not only paid with money but we have paid the debt with scholarly contributions. . . . I would say that probably the majority of work on pre-Columbian art has been done by American scholars. So I think that we have paid our way.

It must be added that most scholars in the pre-Columbian field do not agree.

EARLY in 1971, an important archeological exhibition opened in the Park Avenue mansion occupied by the Center for Inter-American Relations. It was called "The Art of Maya Hieroglyphic Writing" and was sponsored jointly by the Center and Harvard's Peabody Museum of Archeology and Ethnology. The exhibition had a double purpose—to publicize an ambitious new attempt to decipher Maya writing and to call attention to the destruction of precisely the material that contained the clues needed for such decoding. The Center display had its genesis in a holiday trip to Mexico made in 1964 by a Washington lawyer, Edgar H. Brenner. Brenner, who is normally concerned with litigation at the firm of Arnold & Porter, where he is a partner, toured Chichén Itzá and Uxmal on a visit to Yucatán and was fascinated by the hieroglyphic inscriptions he saw at these Maya sites. On his return, he decided to try his hand at deciphering the script, and found that the basic materials were not available—that there was no published corpus of all known hieroglyphics. Brenner was a director of the Stella and Charles Guttman Foundation, established by a whiskey importer and chiefly devoted to medical research, and somehow the lawyer, who combines with a normal gravity a dry, deadpan wit, persuaded the Foundation trustees to sponsor a meeting of leading scholars to see what could be done about Maya hieroglyphics. The meeting was held in November, 1967, and it was agreed that a major contribution would be the publication, for the first time, of the texts on the 1,322 inscribed stones known to exist, most of them *in situ*, in Mexico and Central America.

The next step was to find a project director, who would have to be a Maya expert, a proficient photographer, a draftsman, a writer, and a jungle explorer—and, preferably, a bachelor, since he would have to spend long months in the bush. Brenner heard about a Scotsman in his forties named Ian Graham, who met every requirement, and early in 1968 Graham was appointed director of the Maya Hieroglyphic Inscription Study, a fifteen-year venture that would cost about half a million dollars. The Guttman Foundation provided seed money, and the Peabody Museum at Harvard added its support, naming Mr. Graham a Research Fellow in Middle American Archeology and giving him the run of what is probably the best single Maya research library. Like Brenner, Graham had become interested in the Maya during a visit to Mexico—in his case, in 1959. The Scotsman met some friends who spoke knowledgeably about

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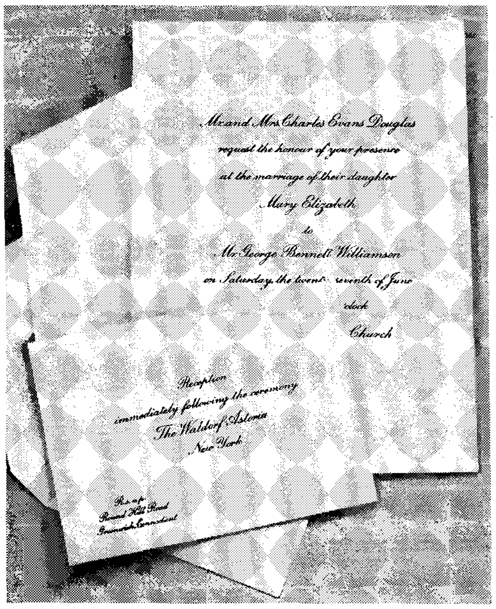

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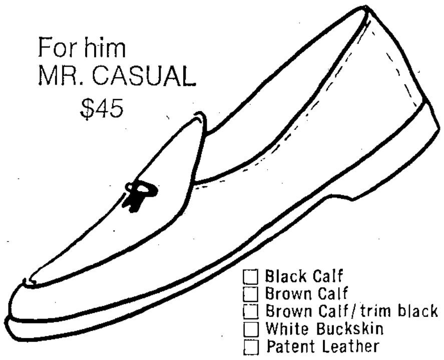

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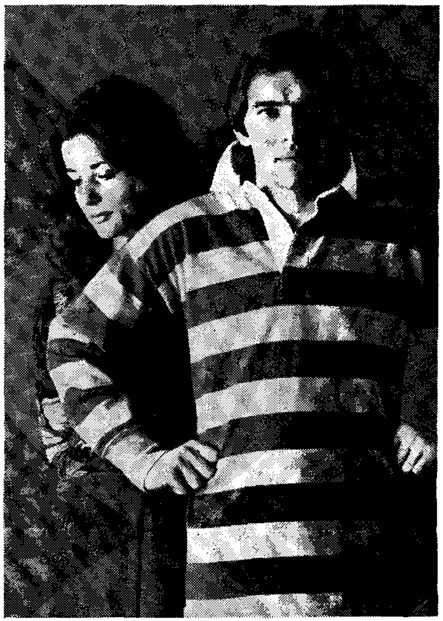

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the Maya, and he visited the National Museum to learn more. The following year, he was back in Mexico, and drove south in a 1927 Rolls-Royce, winding up in Guatemala, in whose remoter villages his automobile would bring out the entire populace, agape. Having some means, he decided to become a free-lance Maya explorer. Graham learned the ways of El Petén, the department in Guatemala with the largest number of Classic Maya sites, and he learned to frequent a bar called the Green Twist, in Flores, the departmental seat, because that bar was a favorite haunt of the *chicleros*—men who roamed the jungle collecting the sap used to make chewing gum, and who sometimes came upon ruins unknown to plodding archeologists. He also befriended geologists working for oil companies, for they, too, sometimes chanced upon temples in the rain forest. The first fruit of Graham's forays was a monograph published in 1967 by the Middle American Research Institute of Tulane University. It gave accounts of six little-known sites, illustrated with drawings and photographs by Graham, and interspersed with advice on how to make latex molds of temple sculpture and where to look out for jungle insects. Thus, when Graham became director of the Hieroglyphic Study he was acquiring formal responsibility for doing what he had been doing on his own.

Graham soon became aware that the very material he was recording was being looted at a dismaying rate. In the past decade, no fewer than forty stelae in Guatemala had either been stolen or badly mutilated. Of a hundred or so sites in El Petén, only one, Tikal, was guarded, and even there *esteleros* were at work. What especially troubled Graham was that the carved stones were being eagerly bought by museums and collectors, most of them in the United States. It was partly to call attention to the problem that the exhibition of Maya hieroglyphics was organized at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Graham prepared the catalogue for the show, at which an entire room was devoted to photographs and drawings of defaced Maya monuments, with captions like "The Sack of El Peru," "A Stela Mutilated for the Second Time," and "Destruction of History in the Name of Art."

The opening, on January 27, 1971, was a festive occasion. An audience in formal dress heard Graham give a pleasant account of various specialized matters—among them the best way of cooking porridge in a jungle camp. A

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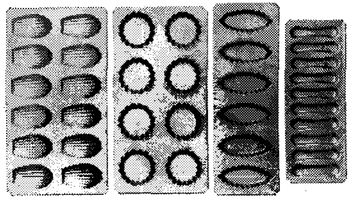

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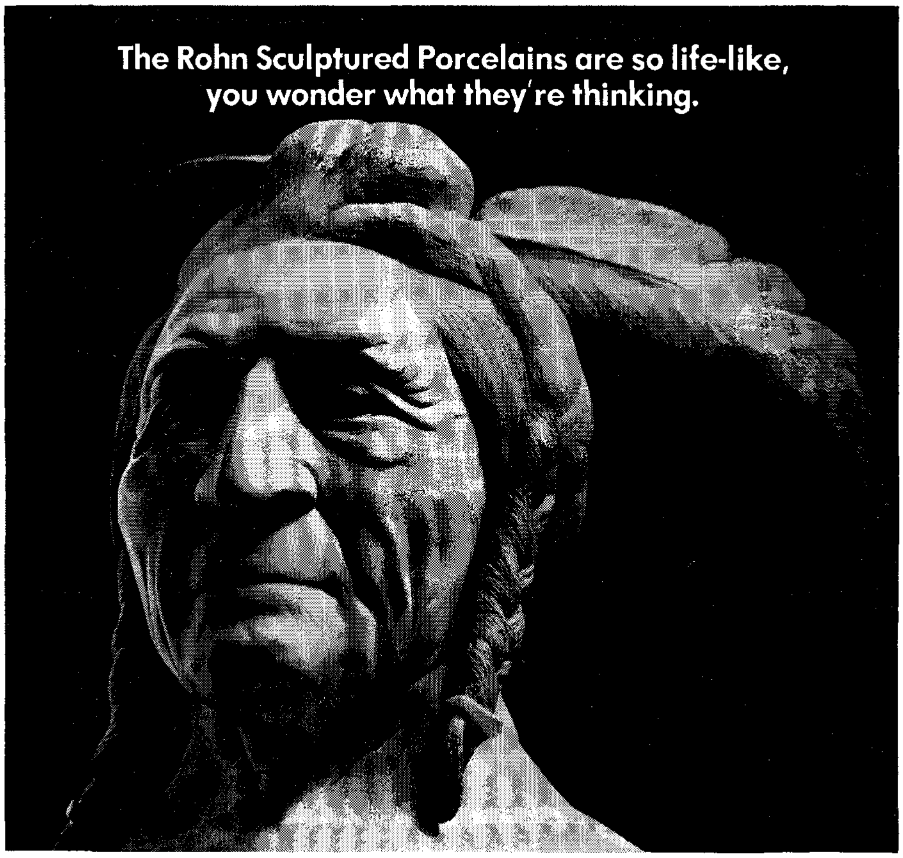
few weeks later, he flew back to Guatemala to resume his work, and learned that looters had attacked the unrecorded site of La Naya, three miles north of Lake Macanché, in El Petén; he decided to go there immediately, while there was something left. Accompanied by three Guatemalan guides, Graham set out for La Naya. His chief guide was Pedro Arturo Sierra, a forest guard at Tikal National Park, who had recently visited the site, interrupted the plundering, and helped police identify several of the robbers. The party arrived at dusk, and a camp was cleared, hammocks were hung, and the fire was started for supper. Arturo Sierra was standing near Graham when the clap of gunfire was heard. The Guatemalan was shot twice, first in the back and then in the chest, fatally. The survivors, badly shaken, stayed the night at La Naya, and when police arrived later the camp of the ambushers was found, along with evidence that they had been chiselling away at a stela when Graham's party arrived. Graham himself, a lean six-footer, would have been an easy target; it was apparent that Arturo Sierra had been singled out and killed in reprisal for his earlier identification of looters at La Naya.

In the fall of 1971, back in the United States, Graham learned that a La Naya stela was being offered on the art market, and also that a Santa Fe Springs, California, dealer was seeking a buyer for another tablet—Machaquilá Stela 2, which Graham had discovered in 1961 and recorded in 1962. Thoroughly angry, he told a colleague, who, in turn, got in touch with the Department of Justice. On January 18, 1972, in an unprecedented federal action, three agents of the F.B.I. impounded the Machaquilá stela, which was in the home of Clive Hollinshead, the Santa Fe Springs dealer. A federal grand jury, on August 28, 1972, handed up an indictment charging Hollinshead and two other people with conspiring to transport stolen goods in interstate and foreign commerce. The indictment charged that the stela was smuggled to Miami by an unindicted co-conspirator, who was met there by Johnnie Brown Fell of Mobile, Alabama, formerly in the fishing business. Fell delivered the stela to Hollinshead at a Holiday Inn at Raleigh, North Carolina. The stela, a large limestone slab, eighty-two inches high and forty-nine inches wide, has the figures of a priest and his attendant on its face and hieroglyphs on its face and sides; the asking price was three hundred thousand dollars. On



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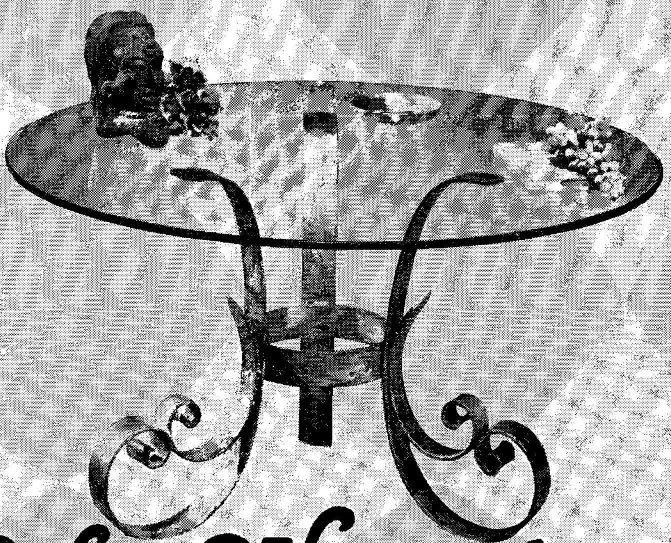
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February 28th, the case went to trial in a Los Angeles Federal District Court, and last week, after deliberating for two days, the jury found Hollinshead and Fell guilty of all charges against them.

WHATEVER the legal precedent set by the Hollinshead case, the intervention of the F.B.I. is a token of a new attitude toward the illicit trade, at least as far as monumental pieces are concerned. But the range of other pre-Columbian material is vast, and scholars in the field differ strongly as to how carefully they should examine suspect objects. The essence of the argument is embodied in the story of the new Maya codex.

Of all the high Indian civilizations in the New World, only the Maya evolved what seems to be a fully developed system of writing. Not only were they literate but they were gifted mathematicians as well, independently inventing the concept of zero, and they are credited with calculating the length of the year with a precision unequalled in the West until the nineteenth century. But little of this was known before Maya sites were explored in the early eighteen-forties by a New York lawyer, John Lloyd Stephens, and an English artist, Frederick Catherwood. Stephens, an amateur archeologist and a writer of some fluency, was especially impressed by the strange Maya script, of which he remarked, "I cannot help believing that the tablets of hieroglyphics will yet be read."

This hope seemed within easy fulfillment in 1863, when a long-lost key to the glyphs was found in a library in Madrid. The manuscript was by Diego de Landa, Bishop of Yucatán, who in the fifteen-sixties had located Indians still able to read hieroglyphs. After getting a key to the symbols for numbers and dates, he thought it would be relatively simple to correlate the Latin alphabet with the Maya hieroglyphs. But many of the hieroglyphs were symbols for words; thus, when the Bishop asked for the sign for the letter "B" he got the word in Mayan for "road" or "journey," which has the same sound. Thus, many hieroglyphs were left unexplained, and Landa's key turned out to be less than a Rosetta stone; even after a century of intensive international scholarship the hieroglyphs can be only partly read. Thanks in good measure to the Bishop, dates and numbers can be deciphered, along with isolated words, and something of the structure of the script is known. In 1960, an important breakthrough was made by the Harvard scholar Tatiana Proskouriakoff, who noticed that the dates on any one group of stelae at Piedras Negras did not cover a span longer than a human life. Pursuing this insight, Miss Proskouriakoff was able to identify the symbols for specific rulers; apparently, two glyphs—known as the "upended frog" and "toothache" glyphs—were like bookends around historical information. The stelae may yet yield clues to the causes of the so far inexplicable collapse of Classic Maya civilization, around the ninth century A.D. For Maya scholars, a basic problem has been the lack of texts. The Maya did compile books, known as codices, which combined text and pictures on accordionlike series of sheets of bark, but most were burned as pagan relics by Spanish friars. (Bishop Landa himself was responsible for an auto-da-fé in 1562 in which twenty-seven Maya picture books were destroyed.) Only three codices were known to have survived the Spanish conquest, and these ended up in libraries in Dresden, Paris, and Madrid. Not a single Maya manuscript can be seen in a museum in this hemisphere. One can thus understand the interest among Mayanists when, on April 20, 1971, it was announced that a wholly unknown fourth codex had come to light. The announcement was made by Professor Michael D. Coe, of Yale, at the opening at the Grolier Club, on East Sixtieth Street, of an exhibition called "Ancient Maya Calligraphy." By coincidence, this was only two months after the opening of the similar show at the Center for Inter-American Relations. The fourth codex was an eleven-page fragment of a calendrical book written on bark cloth and apparently dating from the Late Post-Classic Maya period. Though its contents were specialized—it dealt with the cycles of the planet Venus—its mere preservation was, as Dr. Coe said, "nothing less than a miracle." But was it genuine? Who owned it? And where had it been found? Only on the first point did Dr. Coe feel free to talk. He said he would stake his reputation on its authenticity, which in his view was proved by its condition and by the inscriptions on it, since they were unlike anything previously seen. A piece of the bark was later carbon-dated to about 1250 A.D., plus or minus some hundred and fifty years—a finding that put the organic material well within the Post-Classic period. (Dr. Willard F. Libby, of the University of Chicago, won a Nobel Prize for discovering, in the late nineteen-forties, that objects made from organic substances can be dated with rough accuracy by measuring the radioactivity of carbon, which runs down at a fixed rate.) As for the rest, the Yale scholar said that the codex was a "real hot potato," that it had been lent to the Grolier Club by an anonymous owner, and that nothing more could be said about it.

The Grolier Club exhibition also displayed eighty-five other Maya objects of outstanding quality, most of them lent by dealers and private collectors. No finer selection of Maya painted pottery has ever been put on public view; every piece was superb—and few, if any, had a pedigree. Here one could see what was available to a collector of means who was indifferent to provenance. It was, at first, somewhat difficult to see why an eminent Yale scholar had organized the show. To find an answer to this question, one needs to know something about Michael Coe. The past chairman of Yale's Department of Anthropology, Coe is in his forties but can still be mistaken for a graduate student. He has a bouncy manner and a round, mobile face; he responds to anything new with a cadenza of exclamations. His car, a Volkswagen bus, has "OLMEC" on its plates. His commitment to his field is total, and it is familial. In the mid-nineteen-forties, he and his brother William, two and a half years his senior, spent a college holiday in Yucatán, and the visit led to others, their interest in the Maya and in pre-Columbian archeology turning into an obsession. "I see this in students today," William Coe says. "They become hooked. It's like falling in love and marrying—for better or worse." William, who attended the University of Pennsylvania, earned his doctorate in archeology, and became director of a major dig that the university carried out at Tikal. Michael followed similar interests at Harvard, then joined the Yale faculty in 1960 after extensive field work. His wife, Sophie, is also involved with the Maya. The daughter of the Russian-born geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky, she has translated important Maya linguistic studies by the Soviet scholar Yuri Knorosov. The Coes may fairly be called the first family in the Maya field, though the brothers are not in agreement on many issues. In Michael Coe one senses an impatience with the ponderous pace of research, and—more strongly—an irritation with the holier-than-thou attitude of many of his colleagues. For all the talk about looting, he will remark,

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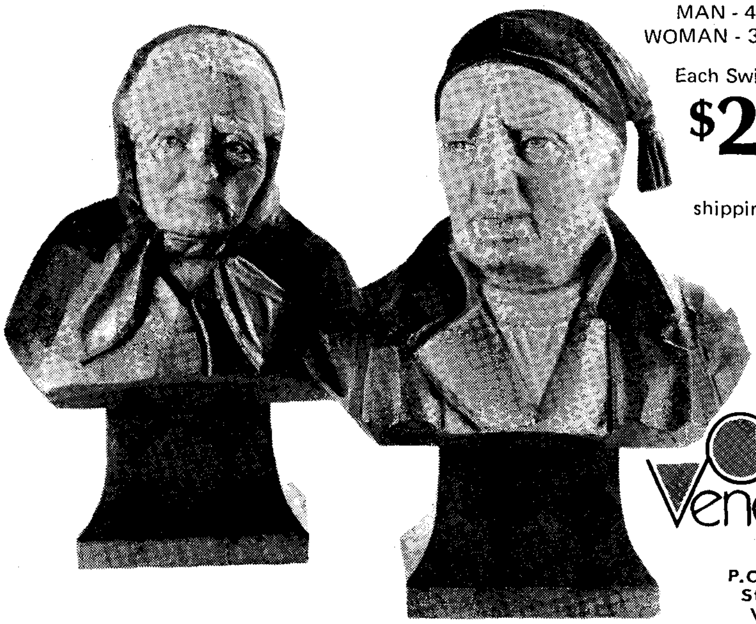

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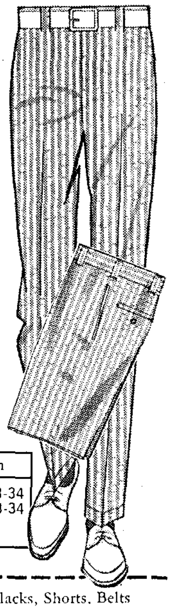

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archeologists are among the worst offenders, since the archeological findings at as many as half of all excavated sites are never published. "Think about that for a minute," he says. "Boxes of forgotten shards lying in basements; the fellow who has dug them up has left whatever university he sent them to long ago. His notes are scattered, and labels vanish. The site could just as well have been destroyed, and yet every department of archeology, every museum has this problem." Dr. Coe regards himself as a steward, not a policeman. He is interested in all objects, no matter how they have emerged from the earth, and points out that if qualified scholars did not examine these pieces they would vanish, unrecorded, into a hundred scattered collections. To him, the Maya pottery at the Grolier Club exhibition and the codex are cases in point. He had been aware of the existence of the codex for several years, and he had also known that Maya pottery more beautiful than anything yet seen was coming into the market. He saw a chance, by arranging the Grolier Club show, to bring these rich holdings into public view together. He is preparing a comprehensive catalogue, so that other scholars will also be able to examine this otherwise vagrant material. Coe has a quick answer to those who contend that any disturbance of context is a form of vandalism. "It depends on the object. It depends on the question you are asking," he says. "If someone brought me the Rosetta stone, should I refuse to look at it because it was out of context and dug up by a looter? Of course I'd look at it, because if it was genuine it would add immeasurably to our knowledge." Thus, without a touch of apology he arranged the Grolier Club show.

Among the first people to put their names in the visitors' book at the Grolier Club was Mrs. Clemency Coggins, a Harvard art historian, who has become the most forthright exponent of a view directly opposed to Coe's. More than anyone else, Mrs. Coggins has been responsible for forcing upon museums and collectors a debate on the ethics of acquisition, and she is looked upon as either heroine or harridan, depending on where one stands. She is a doctoral candidate in fine arts, and, as it happens, her specialty is Maya pottery. Her involvement in the dispute over the illicit trade began with her research. She was trying to work out a chronology and typology of Maya polychrome vases, and she found that much of the ware she studied had no provenance. Mrs. Coggins acquired an

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avocation—that of free-lance detective.

A tall, dark-haired woman, Mrs. Coggins is married to a doctor on the staff of Massachusetts General Hospital. Periodically, she commutes from her home, in Auburndale, to the Fogg or the Peabody Museum, in Cambridge, and returns home to cook for her family and retreat into her study. There she has the most extensive file in America on the theft and destruction of pre-Columbian art. She began it in the mid-nineteen-sixties, when she began tracking down the origin of pieces displayed in American museums. This led to a 1969 article in the *Art Journal* on the plundering of pre-Columbian sites, which ended with a long list, in fine print, of suspect pieces, many of which had been exhibited in the United States. Her study thereafter became a clearing house for information about the illicit market. Field archeologists sent her reports of fresh depredations: E. Wyllys Andrews, of Tulane, described a Maya site in Mexico as a "lunar landscape" after pot-hunters had cleaned it out; Nicholas Hellmuth, a St. Louis archeologist, listed stelae stolen while his work was under way at Yaxhá, in Guatemala; a Minnesota scholar told of a fine stela he had discovered near Tikal and deliberately kept secret, only to find it again, five years later, decapitated. Mrs. Coggins used the material for increasingly frequent articles and speeches.

On rare occasions, she tours Madison Avenue to see what is new on the art market, talking to dealers with cold politeness. She gives an impression of refreshingly old-fashioned integrity. Her mother is the novelist Anya Seton and her grandfather was the great nature artist and writer Ernest Thompson Seton. In person, she has a humor, even a whimsey, not known to her detractors. In any event, Mrs. Coggins has become the conscience of her calling. In May, 1971, she delivered a paper on the illicit trade to the annual meeting of the Society for American Archeology, in Norman, Oklahoma. She spoke about the Grolier Club exhibition, remarking on the extraordinary quality of the Maya material, and then asked what scholars could do about the economic realities of the art market. She went on:

> First, perhaps, we should try to examine what the relationship is between the world of the specialist and that of the art dealer. Particularly salient, it seems to me, is the fact that the present nature and the success of the antiquities business has imposed a great strain on that rela-

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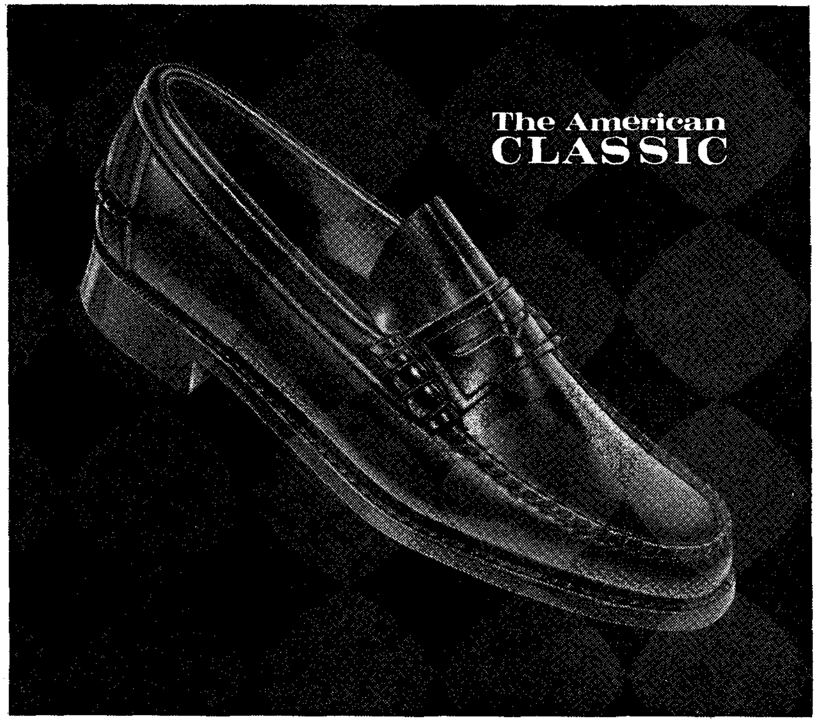

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> tionship, one which has in the past been largely benign and cordial.
>
> There is a sense of betrayal, and of confusion, on the part of many archeologists and art historians whose dealings with art dealers have always been correct, and carried on in an atmosphere of antiquarian scholarship, and of aesthetic pleasure in the objects involved. Their opinions, freely given, have been offered in the hope of enhancing the objects in a historical sense, and of ferreting out forgeries. In return for such information, art dealers have traditionally kept such specialists informed on what objects were where; and they have given them photographs. But somehow this time-honored symbiotic relationship has gone bad.
>
> The size, the destructiveness, and the money now involved in what used to be a relatively innocuous trade have turned the scholar, who would only authenticate a piece, into an accomplice. His opinion, however cautiously given, may determine the market value of a piece. For many who have mediated between dealers and collectors and museums, the new turn this relationship has taken is a source of agonizing and perhaps insoluble conflict, often compelling a choice between an ethical abstraction and long-term friendships.

In those few words, Mrs. Coggins caught the essence of a complex situation and at least pointed the way to a civilized approach to a partial solution.

A FEW months after the opening of the Grolier Club show, I had an encounter with the dealer I am calling George Alpha. We talked about many things, and, inevitably, the subject of the new Maya codex came up. I asked if he thought it was genuine, and, with some emphasis, he said yes. How could he be so sure? "Because I know its father and mother, and they are both honest." What did he mean by that? "That codex was found in a wooden box—I happen to know about it, though it is not mine—and the box was tightly closed, so tight that the bark paper was not spoiled by the humidity," he said. "The codex was discovered in a cave in Chiapas, and was part of a funerary group. I expect that it will be sold for six figures and disappear from sight for a number of years. Then it will reappear, with a collector's name attached to it." Alpha paused for a moment, as if debating whether to say more. "You know," he added, "it was found with some other first-class objects, including the mosaic mask in Dumbarton Oaks."

If Alpha was telling the truth—and I believe he was—an archeological find of major significance was made at the site to which Dr. Sáenz was summoned in Chiapas. Whatever was in the cache has been dispersed, and the item of greatest importance—the only Maya codex found in modern times—has simply vanished, its owner unknown, its whereabouts uncertain. Such is the high price we all pay for the high price of art. What can be done about it?

The dilemma that faces a scholar in deciding whether to examine or authenticate a piece of suspect art cannot be resolved by legislation. Nevertheless public policy can have some effect on the market forces that underlie the dilemma. This can be brought about in two ways, the first being through legislation that outlaws the sale and trade of illegally excavated cultural property. Nearly every country rich in antiquities has legislation that seeks to restrict the export of rare works of art. In Mexico, there is virtually no legal market for the sale of pre-Columbian antiquities. But, because Mexico has thousands of archeological sites, because much of the country is poor, and because prices for pre-Columbian art are high, the law is about as effective as the Prohibition Amendment was in America. The United States, for its part, has responded to appeals for action by imposing import controls on some forms of looted art. In 1971, a treaty with Mexico was ratified that provides for the return of stolen archeological and cultural material of "outstanding importance." Last year, in August, the Senate gave preliminary approval to the UNESCO convention which in theory proscribes the trade in contraband art, and a couple of months later Congress passed a law making it an offense to bring into the United States monumental pre-Columbian sculpture exported contrary to another country's laws. Yet, as even those responsible for formulating these measures will despairingly admit, the combined effect will be only to lessen the plunder, not eliminate it.

The second possible approach has not yet been tried. This would be to qualify the invisible subsidy that American tax laws now give the international art market. The nature of that subsidy can be simply explained. Since the nineteen-fifties, the United States has allowed the value of gifts of art to museums to be taken as deductions in the donor's tax return up to a level equivalent to thirty per cent of his gross income in any one year. Thus, the wealthy collector can have the choice of paying taxes or making tax-deductible gifts to a museum, with the gift valued at the current market price. No other country has made so generous a fiscal gesture to the arts, and this tax formula has unquestionably been a success in terms of the huge flow of art to museums. Just as unquestionably, it has been a powerful factor in the postwar art boom. Gerald Reitlinger, in his comprehensive survey, "The Economics of Taste," says that the change in the tax laws "is reflected in some of the more abnormal prices that are bid at European auctions," adding, "It is the main source of the champagne and television-screen entertainments of the modern saleroom." One can question, however, whether those who give looted art to museums should benefit, as they now do, from this exceptional provision—whether, in effect, the American taxpayer should subsidize the devastation of archeological sites.

No one has thought harder about the matter than William D. Rogers, the president of the American Society of International Law, a former deputy coördinator of the Alliance for Progress, and, like Edgar Brenner, a partner in the firm of Arnold & Porter. A few years ago, because of a particular interest in Latin America, Rogers became concerned with the illicit traffic in smuggled art, and at his instigation a special panel was formed to study what could be done about it. The panel, sponsored by the Society of International Law, made proposals that were later embodied in the 1972 legislation protecting monumental pre-Columbian objects. But Rogers came to feel that a more fundamental step should be taken. Specifically, he suggested that no antiquity given to a museum should qualify for a tax benefit if the donated object was without convincing pedigree. The limitation would not apply to art already owned by a collector at the time the law went into effect, but it would be up to the owner to prove that he possessed any object prior to that date. Such a regulation would end the anomaly whereby American laws reward those who purchase pillaged art. It would, as well, take a good deal of the speculative money out of an inflated market.

—KARL E. MEYER

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

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CORRECTION

The November 1972 issue of "AUSTRALIA NOW" carried an article titled "An International Cuisine." Because of communication difficulties, the article contained several mistakes. The first paragraph should have read "Ten Italians" not "Two Italians." In the recipe for "Royal Beef," "One pound of beef" should have read "A round of beef," and in the recipe for "Tuna in Provencal Sauce," a "quarter pound of mushroom sauce," should have read "mushrooms (no sauce)."—*Australia Now.*

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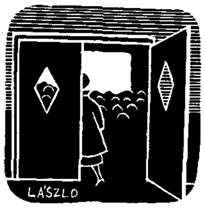
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Kings

Ludwig II of Bavaria, the supreme childish fantasist among kings—and one of the most harmless of all kings—is such an obviously magical, gaudy subject for the movies that many people may look forward with glee to Visconti's "Ludwig." But it's well to bear in mind that though Ludwig is remembered because of the pleasures his candied-rococo follies give us, Visconti's follies are grimly humorless. Of the major filmmakers, Luchino Visconti is certainly the most estranged from the audience. Sometimes, in his films, the vital connection between the material on the screen and us disappears, and Visconti doesn't seem to notice or to care—he just goes on without us, heavily treading water. This happens for almost the entire duration of "Ludwig," which is two hours and fifty-three minutes long. The subject is so juicy and frivolous that bravura pageantry on its own, without much drama, might be enough, but, incredibly, this movie about the king's obsession with a mock-heroic fairy-tale mode of life has no *style*.



The translated, partly dubbed dialogue is neither formal and elegant nor colloquial; it's like an earnest translation of a dowdy libretto, and it makes the actors sound like the talking dead. The early portions of the film are shot in badly lighted compositions resembling those wide-canvas nineteenth-century academic Russian paintings of a convocation of stiff, important people. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes; there are constant amputations, so we don't find out why we have been watching a sequence but simply move on to something else, and the arbitrary compositions and abrupt closeups destroy the sense of what's going on. Visconti has been able to photograph Ludwig's actual castles and to reproduce interiors he couldn't shoot in, and yet we don't have a chance just to rove around and luxuriate in them. We always seem to be driving up to the carriage entrance; then we're stuck in a room without finding out how we got there. The film gets better-looking, and every now and then there's a great shot, which goes by infuriatingly fast. The rhythmless, disruptive cutting does the movie in, even more than Visconti's usual failing—his lack of dramatic drive.

Typically, his allegorical melodramas, such as "Rocco and His Brothers" and "The Damned," are pushed to such heights that they turn into epics—witless but passionate and strangely self-absorbed. There can be a grandeur in their hollow heaviness and languid monotony; they have generally had style, even when we couldn't be sure of anything else about them. Visconti's first epic, the lyrical yet austere and socially conscious "La Terra Trema," is beautifully proportioned; I think it's one of the best boring movies ever made. Although you may have had to get up to stretch a few times, you didn't want to leave. But sometimes it has seemed necessary to repress one's instinctive responses in order to sit through Visconti's movies: Alain Delon, as the saintly Rocco, photographed as though he were the young Hedy Lamarr and meant to be a prizefighter? "Rocco" suggested an operatic spectacle with a libretto by Dostoevski based on the Warner Brothers social-protest films of the thirties; Visconti gave us not characters but highly theatrical, reminiscent images—Annie Girardot's scrawny, glamorous prostitute was like a young Bankhead, her murder out of "Wozzeck." "The Damned" was a mixture of Wagner and Thomas Mann and the classical Greek crazies. Elements got slammed together that didn't quite make sense together, but they made thunder, and a flowing style can connect a lot. When the Visconti style collapses, you look for the links; they're still buried in the director's mind—in his Jacobean nostalgia.

Granted that it's not easy to make a movie about a very *private*, highly neurotic man whose fantasy world took over his life, it still should have been possible to show how Ludwig's deepest longings were expressed, first in his patronage and adoration of Wagner—that is, in living in the romantic-heroic world of Wagner's operas—and then, when Wagner was exiled and lost to him, in the actual construction of the mythological domains of those operas. Madly fanatic about these projects, Ludwig probably wasn't really insane. What distinguished him from the run of royal builders was that they built boring public monuments to themselves, while he built make-believe, storybook castles. A lover of sweets and Versailles, Ludwig, with his schlocky lavish taste that half a million people a year still pay to revel in, was a premature pop movie director, and perhaps no more bizarre than a Disney or De Mille.

In the film, Helmut Berger looks like the young Ludwig, but he stalks around, a tense, prissy-mouthed, miserable mess; he's such a gloomy cuckoo he doesn't enjoy his toys. Ludwig, whose family dynasty had ruled Bavaria for seven hundred years—plenty of time to intermarry and become high-strung—ascended the throne at eighteen, in 1864, and stayed on it until 1886. At seventeen, according to historical record (but not in the movie), he was so transported during a performance of "Tannhäuser" that he became convulsed—and the excitement wasn't the music, for Ludwig was not particularly musical. Visconti seems almost not to want us to respond to Ludwig's rapturous dedication to the dreams of his adolescence; the film uses Wagner's music oppressively, as a weight. It isn't until the beginning of the third hour, when Ludwig is in his grotto based on "Tannhäuser"—living in a stage set and gliding among the swans in his gold cockleshell boat—and then when he has his crush on the actor Kainz and expects Kainz to speak privately in the declamatory mode of his roles, that the picture begins to be fitfully amusing. Berger, who looks like a perverted mannequin during the first hour, is more fun when he loses his front teeth and gets crabbed and morose, but he never really has the authentic gleam of the private fantasist that you see in pictures of the later Ludwig. Berger isn't magnetic, the way Ludwig is in those photographs, with those bright, elated eyes in that pudgy and secretive face. Ludwig looks *smart* (and apparently he was); Berger doesn't suggest the workings of Ludwig's mind—how it closed in on itself. Franz Josef's wife, the Empress Elisabeth (Ludwig's cousin), is played by Romy Schneider, and it's Visconti's whim that Ludwig loves her passionately; when she spurns him it appears to be her fault that he shows no further interest in women. (Eve gets it again.) Romy Schneider doesn't take all this nonsense very seriously. She goes through her scenes serenely, with a light good humor; her big, flat face makes her look like a jolly Buddha, and she has a piquant way with those thudding lines, giving them an occasional lilt. It seems characteristic of the private nature of Visconti's fantasies that the only sequence in the film that has any kind of visual integrity is, at the end, the torchlight search for Ludwig's body,

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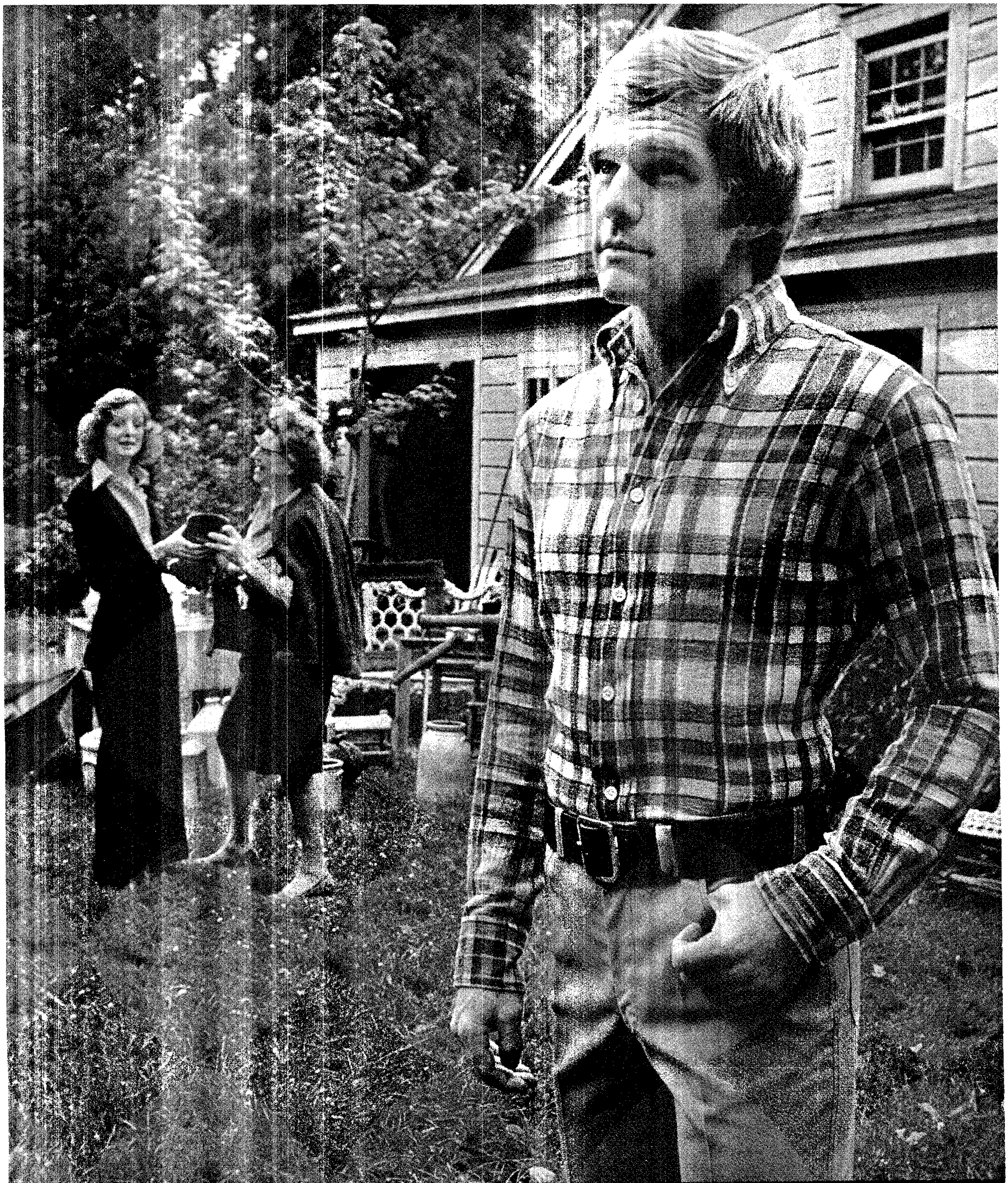

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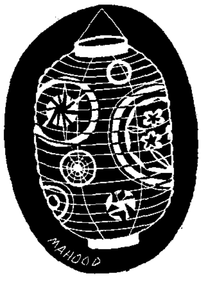
when a lake is dragged at night. Visconti is more carried away by the possibilities of operatic splendor in Ludwig's death than by the *opéra bouffe* of his life. Ludwig's talented aunt Princess Alexandra had her existence blighted by her conviction that she had swallowed a grand piano made of glass. Ludwig's grandfather Ludwig I had ruined himself over Lola Montez. How could Visconti resist the Alpine-Byzantine sick joke of this family, and be so solemn, so dour? Maybe he just couldn't bring himself to treat Ludwig's romanticism as a comedy; maybe he couldn't risk seeing the humor in it. I think Visconti dislikes Ludwig's bad taste so much that he refuses to identify with his subject, refuses even to show Ludwig a little affection. Yet though Visconti may well have superior taste in home furnishings and the decorative arts, his taste for lurid theatrics isn't the highest. He makes very classy horror movies.



A disaster on the scale of "Ludwig" is a prodigy. I long to see the outtakes; and I'd love to know if there was any greater visual or dramatic logic in what Visconti shot than in what he wound up with. By ordinary dramatic standards, Visconti isn't a writer; his scripts (written in collaboration) seem to be blueprints for the big scenes he visualizes—obsessive scenes with overtones of other theatrical works—which are just loosely strung together. Since he uses international casts (Trevor Howard is Wagner, while Silvana Mangano is Cosima), he may assume that the audience will adjust to the mélange of inflections as we adjust to the language problems in opera. (Why he has never gone ahead and made an opera on film—which would appear to be the logical extension of his talents—I don't understand; it seems a tragedy that he hasn't.) He appears remarkably insensitive to national and ethnic differences: when he casts an English actor like Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, the whole concept of "Death in Venice" is diminished—there's no real horror in the painted face. But Visconti aims for florid effects as if they were independent of the psychology of the characters. Rocco was Myshkin without any of the psychological depths that explained Myshkin's sacrificial behavior. Visconti's sense of length—that is, of the running time of his movies—may also relate to opera; like the popular arias in dull operas, his overwrought, garish scenes (and a few funny scenes here) rouse us from apathy. My guess about why the continuity is so jumpy is that he rather magisterially goes on shooting scenes that fascinate him, and later finds he has no place for them. The credits list Adriana Asti in the role of an actress who was actually rather important in Ludwig's life, since his people at first took her for his mistress and were overjoyed at this indication—false, as it turned out—of heterosexual inclinations. Miss Asti does not appear in the film now; no doubt she's on the cutting-room floor. Visconti uses a flashforward near the beginning and then most of the movie is in flashback, and many of the key relationships are never made clear.

It wasn't until I sat down and read Wilfrid Blunt's exquisitely lucid (and entertaining) "The Dream King" that I could figure out what was meant to be going on. Blunt, who is far more sympathetic to the king than Visconti is, explains Ludwig's brother-sister "soul unions" with women, his relations with his subjects, how he paid for his castles, and all the other questions that plague you while you're staring at the movie—and reading the book takes less time. (I think you even get better views of Ludwig's castles and furnishings in the book's illustrations than you do in the movie.)

The contrast of the compact lucidity of Blunt's book with this unyieldingly private, sprawling, cranky movie suggests what may happen to a moviemaker like Visconti. There is a grandiosity inherent in moviemaking, and particularly in making certain types of movies, such as the spectacle and the epic. Experimental films may attract sensitive, even shrinking artists, and middle-sized productions are often made by unassuming directors, but the big, famous moviemakers are men with an imperial cast of mind, and they very often get carried away—shoot far more than they can possibly integrate into a film, and then cut on the assumption that the gaps don't matter. Big movie directors are the modern mad kings, and the truth is that, as with Ludwig, there is a rationale for their follies. Which are harmless, too. If they sometimes throw away a few million dollars, why should they feel there's anything wrong in that, since they have either made many millions for the businessmen or have conferred such majesty and excitement on the businessmen's lives that they have, so to speak, paid their way. The only director with a

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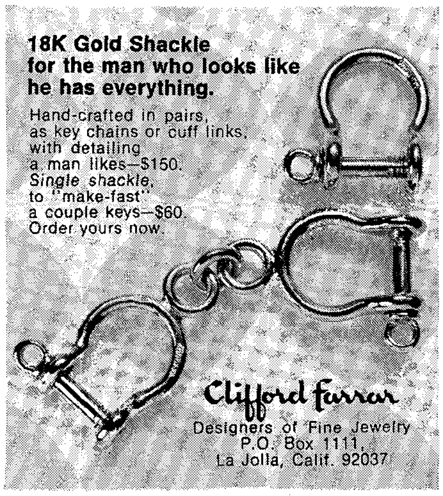

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string of authentic titles, Visconti—not a gypsy Von but the real thing, whose lineage goes back to Charlemagne's father-in-law—must confer something special on the businessmen. So if he squanders and they moan, surely the moan has a few trills in it. The damage the directors do is to their own visions. You have to be a monomaniac to make a big movie that is artistically yours—that isn't just a mechanized production. But a sort of crazed omnipotence sets in. Fighting for money to finance their dreams, sure that the dreams are clearer than they actually are, the big moviemakers scatter their energies and wreck their biggest projects. They push on to ever bigger ones until that happens. And sometimes they are powerful enough to keep the process going, moving from one giant failure to the next.

There was speculation that "The Damned" (called "Götterdämmerung" in Europe) would be Visconti's last film. But perhaps the German-decadent spirit of that film got to him (he has said, "I'm very German. I like German culture—German music, German philosophy—and also the origin of the Visconti family is in Germany"). He went on to "Death in Venice," which looked as if he couldn't bear to end it; Tadzio, the boy with the revolving head, kept reappearing in the piazza, and that poor scarecrow Aschenbach kept clutching himself. And then he went on to "Ludwig," and laid plans for what sounded like the biggest dream castle of them all, "Remembrance of Things Past." However, he had a stroke before "Ludwig" was completed (he supervised the editing, but his illness may help to explain the botched assemblage of the scenes), and the Proust project has passed into Joseph Losey's hands. Now Visconti says that he's contemplating doing "The Magic Mountain," if he has the strength. However, if "Ludwig" proves to be Visconti's last film—his swan song—this visual gibberish will appear to be the chaos he was always heading toward. Maybe the subject of Ludwig the dream king is just too close for a big moviemaker-dreamer to handle. When Fritz Lang tried to do the Wagnerian legends in his two-parter, "Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge," he got ponderously lost. Could Griffith have tackled Ludwig, or could von Sternberg or von Stroheim or Gance or Welles or Fellini, without wallowing, and sinking in the wallow? An enigma like Ludwig, a king who disappears inside his fantasies of greater kings, might be a safe subject for a di-

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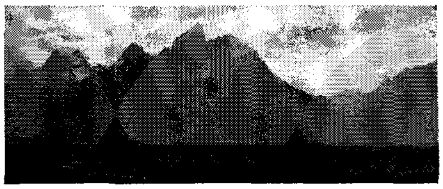

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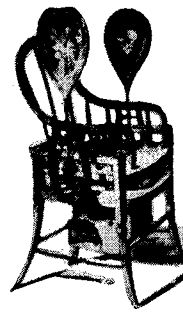

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rector of modest gifts, but it could be the ultimate dangerous subject for a movie king.

"TWO PEOPLE," starring Peter Fonda and a new-to-movies actress, Lindsay Wagner, is meant to be a sensitive modern love story. There is nothing grossly wrong with it; the script, an original by Richard De Roy, is painstakingly tooled, and the direction, by Robert Wise, is tasteful and accomplished. The trouble is this kind of moviemaking is obsolete. "Two People" isn't offensive; it merely has no interest whatsoever. Twenty years ago, this sort of boy-meets-girl movie would have opened on a double bill; it would have been made more carelessly, and it might have had a little zip. But paralyzing insecurity about what the new audience wants has killed the chances for a confident, entertaining quality, and now it has nothing.

Fairly suddenly, a few generations of competent old-style directors—Robert Wise isn't yet sixty, but he's one of them—have been stranded. Wise—unpretentious but also unimaginative, a dependable, efficient director—is particularly unlucky, because his brand of academic pop, in Hollywood terms "prestigious" only a few years ago because it wasn't crude and sleazy, has less personality than much sleazier work. The impersonality and inexpressiveness of this type of moviemaking is stifling now; it was part of a factory system that television absorbed, and the material and techniques have been reproduced so often that there is no conviction left in them. When we go to the movies now, we expect something different, and watching "Two People" seems like watching part of a TV series. The movie begins in Marrakesh, where Fonda and the girl meet, and when they take the train to Casablanca there are ravishing views of the Moroccan countryside; the action moves on to Paris and, finally, to New York. However, to adapt a vulgarism, you can take a director out of the studio, but you can't take the studio out of a director. Not this director, anyway. Wise tries to simulate spontaneity and improvisation and a documentary surface, but the spirit isn't there; nothing has really been left to chance. Competent directors like Wise can't start over, and yet they're in the position of blacksmiths after Henry Ford came along—only it's the other way around. Wise, who has directed such films as "The Body Snatcher" (1945), "The Set-Up" (1949), "Executive Suite" (1954), "Somebody up There Likes

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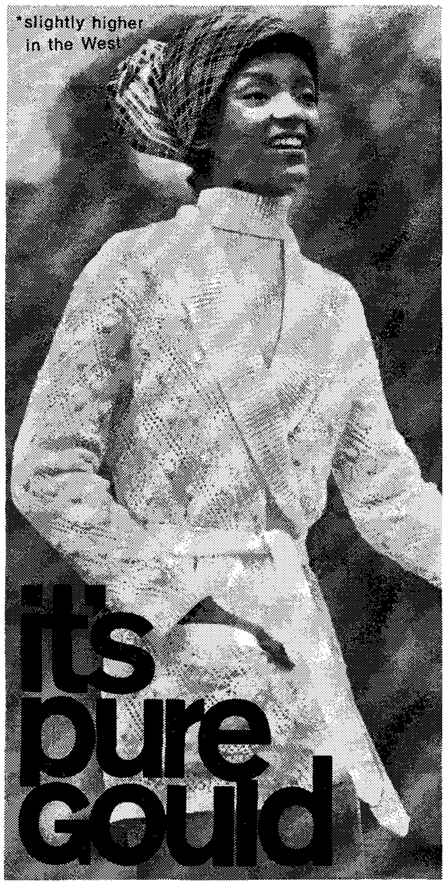

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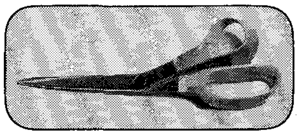

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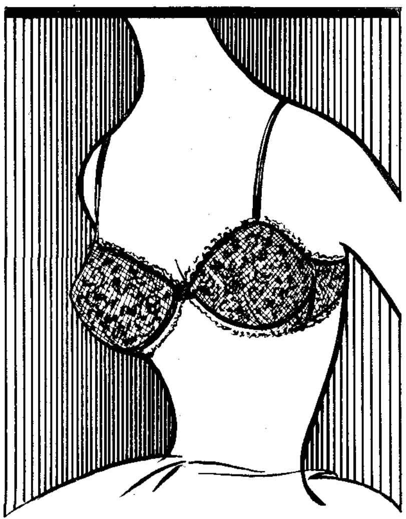
Me" (1956), "I Want to Live!" (1958), "West Side Story" (1961), "Two for the Seesaw" (1962), "The Haunting" (1963), "The Sound of Music" (1965), "The Sand Pebbles" (1966), "Star!" (1968), and "The Andromeda Strain" (1971), is still working mechanically when we have come to expect some sort of organic expression of personality on the screen.

The travelogue material in "Two People" (the great Henri Decae was the cinematographer) is very handsome—it looks like the sumptuous photographs in *Réalités*—but it's shot and edited impersonally, so it is only background, and the hero and heroine seem to be tourists. Peter Fonda is playing an American who deserted in Vietnam and has finally decided to go home and serve his prison sentence. "I'm tired of running," he says. "I want my life back." It's after he has made the arrangements to return that he meets Lindsay Wagner, a highly successful American model. This is a decent-hearted film, and, by Hollywood standards, daring in its generous treatment of the hero and his reasons for deserting. If we could believe in the lovers, the picture might have some of that droopy, romantically-doomed ambience that people used to enjoy at the movies. But Wise is not a romantic director; there are touches—such as the lights going on in Paris—and he tries hard in the lyrical, sexy-sweet Paris bedroom scenes, with the music pouring on syrup, but the game is already lost. The picture is dead smooth. Lindsay Wagner, a tall, large-featured girl with a big mouth, who has been "groomed" by Universal on TV and is making her movie début here, speaks her lines with TV proficiency, but she's not very likable, and she doesn't give off the torrid rays she's meant to; and although Peter Fonda, who has a righteous set to his mouth and jaw, is well cast and probably does his best-controlled acting, he doesn't have a core of tension. Something in him is still asleep, and perhaps always will be; he could be the Richard Carlson or David Manners of the seventies. The two leads are well used, but they are only used; maybe we've come to expect a little participatory democracy in movie acting. There's no freedom for them here, or for us.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.



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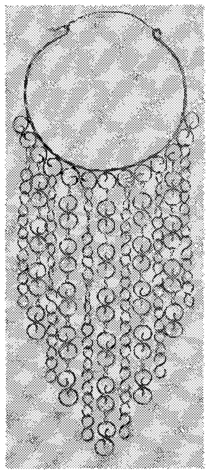

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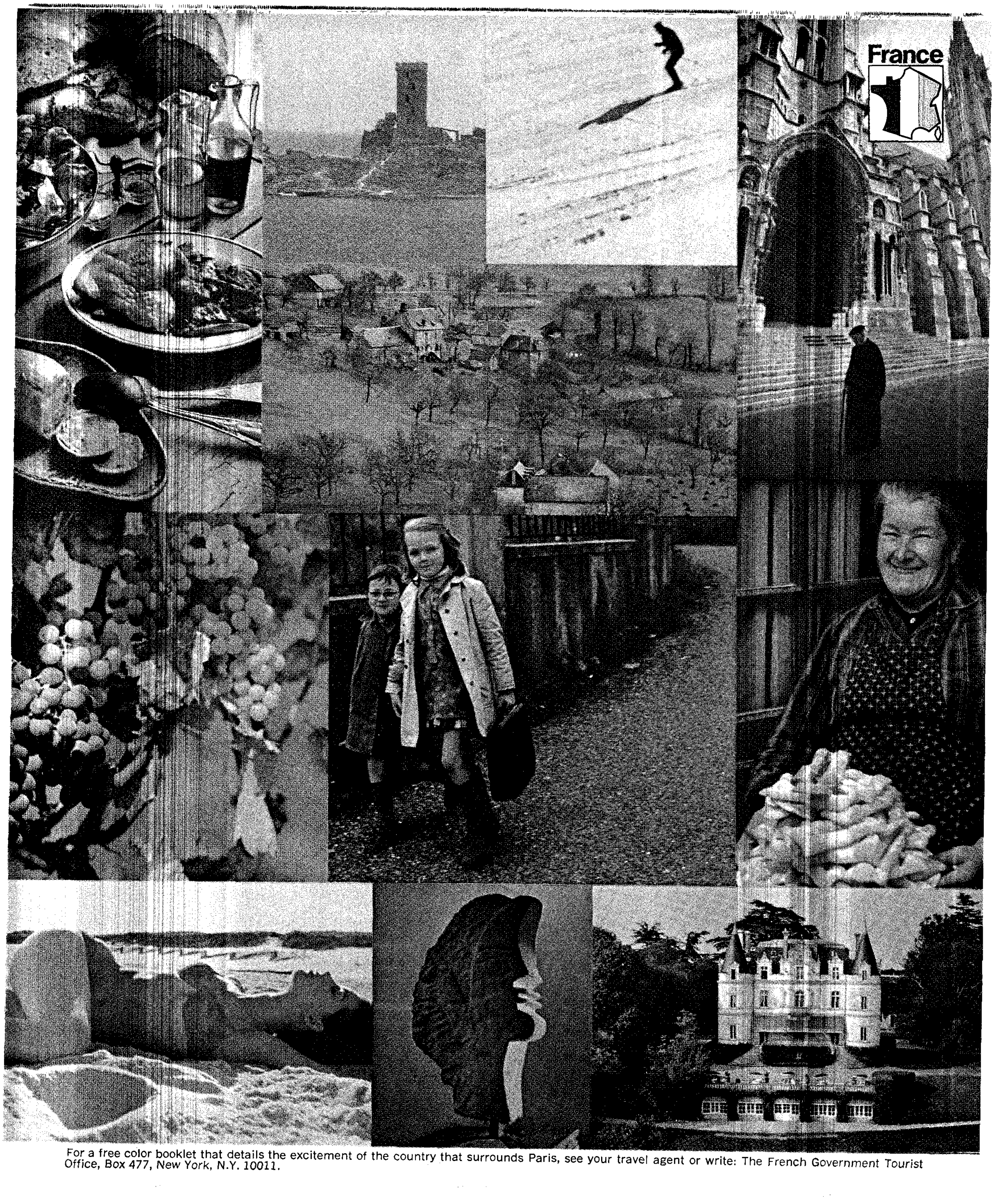

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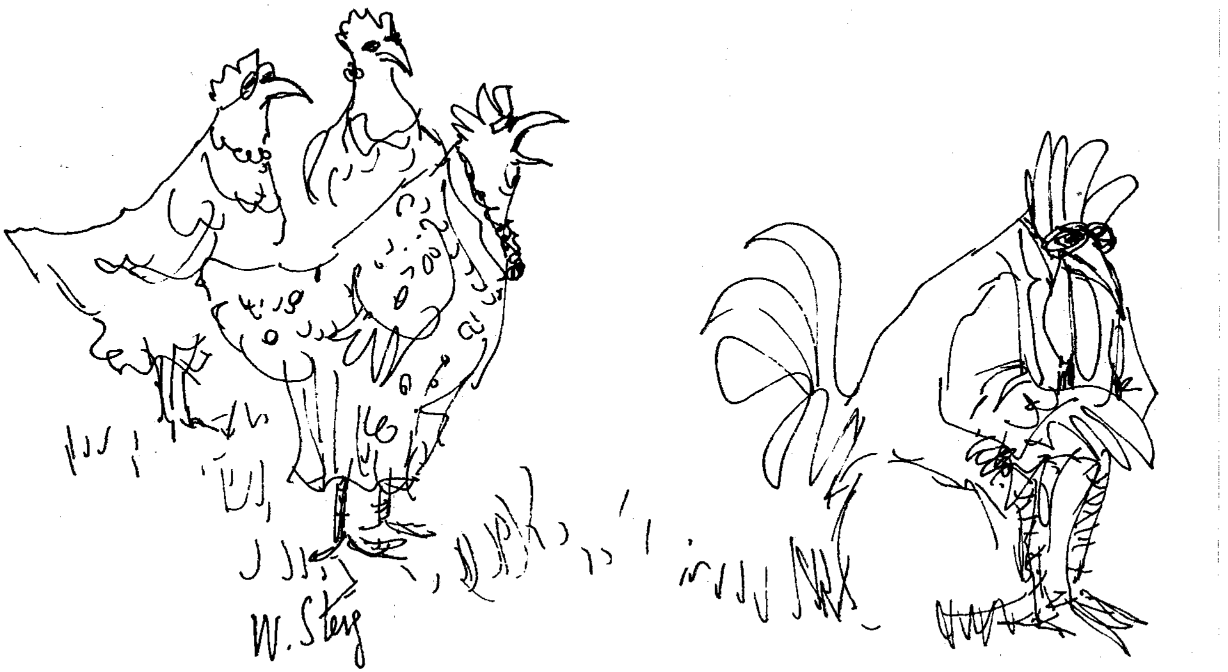
LETTER FROM LONDON

March 15

Londoners have been saying for so long that they expected the I.R.A. bomb brigades to start operating here that last Thursday's events ought not to have been the terrible shock they were. On that hearteningly lovely spring afternoon, when the astonishing rumors started, set off by the sight of a plume of smoke curling up over the trees or by the sudden, inexplicable seizing up of the traffic as police blocked streets and bus drivers leaned down to ask equally mystified pedestrians "What's up?," everybody's first reaction seemed to be one of dazed incredulity. Street-corner groups, made chatty with relief, as they used to be after a bomb came down in the war and left them still alive, said that it was surprising it had not been tried before in this vulnerable capital. That Thursday in particular, of course, was a car-bomber's paradise and a police nightmare, because the railway engineers' one-day strike had brought everyone crowding in to work by road, and great clutters of commuters' cars, demurely innocent or lethal, were permitted to sit all day in normally metered or forbidden spots around the government offices in Whitehall. As some Northern Ireland voices have been remarking tartly, the London bombs have quite literally brought home to the English an inkling of what it is like to live in Belfast. Most people seem to think that this is probably only a beginning, too, and there were renewed demands in Parliament for a tighter check on Irish coming over to Britain. The public mood seems more angry than alarmed. There are plenty of English who would like nothing better than to pull out of Ireland and leave it to its own fate, but this despairing solution is not being put forward any more than usual because of Thursday. The *Times* wound up its editorial on the outrage by wondering piously if the sudden, unbelievable thump of the bombs going off in the heart of London might not jog Britain, which some observers think is moving toward catastrophic battle on the industrial front, into realizing that "nations which allow themselves to become disunited can suffer worse things than the postponement of a wage claim or the inconvenience of a strike." It would take some jogging at the moment, in most citizens' gloomy view.

Until last week blew it clear out of every head, the major worrying topic was, of course, the critical divisions that have opened between the Government and the workers, up and down the country, who are trying their strength in head-on pushes against the statutory freeze on all wage increases, above a modest fixed limit, that has been clamped down until autumn. To those in the luckless ranks of the poorly paid, this limit seems derisory in contrast to the frightening, ever-mounting cost of keeping alive, though the price of everything except fresh foods is frozen, too. Some groups of employees, such as the gas workers (some not officially on strike, apparently, but taking job action, which seems much the same to exasperated housewives regarding the beige Sunday joint sulking in a suddenly cool oven) and civil servants (a patient army never before seen marching in Whitehall, as they did in a recent one-day demonstration), are protesting against their misfortune in being nipped by the freeze in the very act of presenting their wage claims.

The past week was no time to travel or to be taken ill. The staffs in hospitals who carry the trays, launder the linen, and perform similar highly important, meagrely rewarded jobs stepped up their strikes. The locomotive men's union has announced that in addition to last Thursday they intend to keep the Sabbath inviolate from now until someone or other comes to his senses. One unexpected result may be that lots of their thwarted passengers getting out the car next Sunday may decide to travel that way from now on. In between the official rail strikes, things have been highly uncomfortable, too, especially if you wanted to get to suburbs south of London. Every evening, the big stations are packed with commuters shifting from one tired foot to the other as they gaze up at sparsely filled departure boards announcing that one or two trains are about to dawdle off somewhere, stuffed with bodies trying to peer out from under elbows, umbrellas, and briefcases. Nobody has the least idea when or how this state of affairs is going to end, either. People have become cynically accustomed to a few weeks' strike that leads to fresh bargaining and a cave-in to the strikers, which the Government does its best to present as a non-defeat. But the public, it seems, is slowly coming around to the idea that this time is different, perhaps because it is beginning to know Edward Heath better and to suspect, with hope or fury, that he is not a man who cracks easily. He has gone on insisting that the country is approvingly behind his bringing in the law to check wages and prices after the talks with the unions last autumn failed to come up with a voluntary agreement—a rather sweeping assertion, Labour sup-



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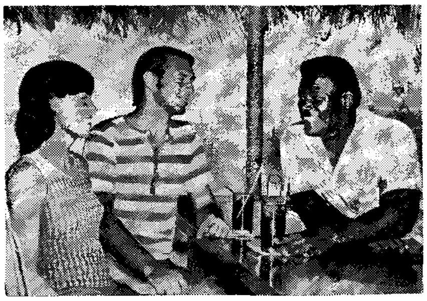

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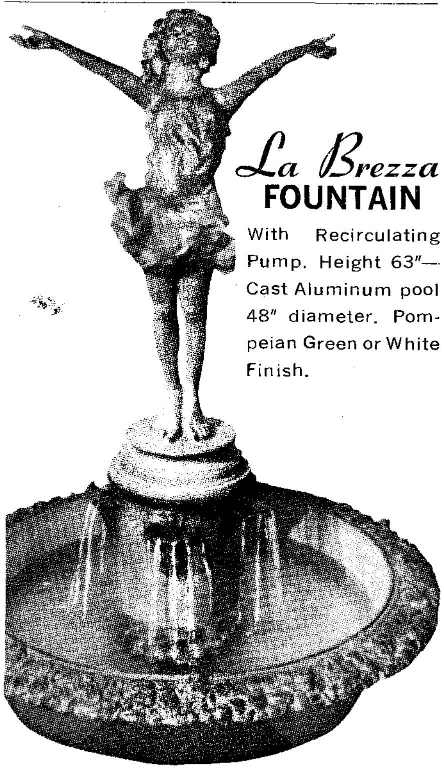
porters point out angrily, in view of the millions of trades unionists who appear to be looking for a chance to topple him and his Government. In business circles, too, the holding down of prices has been greeted with cries of keen anguish from the Government's own traditional supporters, who feel that this is not the Conservative Party they put into power last time. All the same—though it is always difficult to judge here in the prosperous South—it is probably true that the silent majority of anxious British do see the unpopular new measures as the last chance to heave Britain out of her ruinous inflationary troubles. What everyone is asking now, often doubtfully, is: Will they work?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Anthony Barber, was expected to supply a few hints when he presented his first budget since Britain became a member of the E.E.C. He had interrupted the monetary talks in Brussels with the eight other Finance Ministers to fly home and appear in the Commons with the shabby red Treasury dispatch case that is part of the queer mystique of the annual ritual. Its contents were found to be rather disappointing by all, including some critical Tory press commentators. Most people had expected him to do something, this year especially, to soften working-class opinion of the Government's pay freeze by lightening the social lot of the very poor, and possibly by clapping some new imposition on the rich that would make the Prime Minister's frequent talk of "fairness" a shade more credible to a skeptical teacher or hospital porter, for instance. So the Opposition and many people in the other parties were quick to belabor Mr. Barber for not at least deferring the handsome income-tax concessions that he gave last year to the well-off and that will, sure enough, start operating next month. The Opposition has since claimed that the rise in old-age pensions announced by the Chancellor would be quickly overtaken by inflation, and he was criticized for not stepping up family allowances or subsidizing certain foods, as had been hoped. Instead, there was the seemingly frivolous cutting of a hundred and ten million pounds off taxation by making candy and ice cream free of the new value-added tax, which should please dentists most of all in this nation of sweet tooths. At this point in the Chancellor's speech, it was rather comic to hear staid-looking Government backbenchers breaking into their lustiest cheers so far, as though they were iced-lolly addicts to a man.



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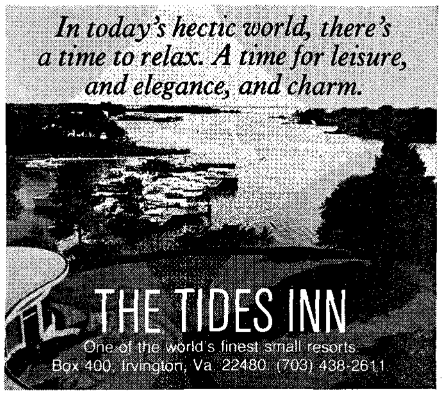

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Mr. Barber's proposals will be followed, it is expected, by a far tougher, pricklier bunch in the autumn or sooner.

THE Pre-Raphaelite painters are having a revival of interest among collectors, to judge by the high prices they are fetching in the salesrooms, so the Royal Academy's recent large exhibition at Burlington House devoted to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who scornfully never exhibited there in his lifetime, was a major art event. It was a wonderfully complete reporting of a life as well as of a painter, arranged clearly and imaginatively by Christopher Firmstone in sections like chapters. Its three hundred and seventy-odd paintings, drawings, bookbindings, stained-glass designs, samples of the decorated furniture he turned out for William Morris's firm, unexpectedly funny cartoons, and splendid photographs, taken by Lewis Carroll, of him and his exceedingly handsome mother and sister, Christina, were all selected by Mrs. Virginia Surtees, an American by birth who now lives in London and is the author of the scholarly two-volume *catalogue raisonné* of Rossetti's work. The most interesting, as well as the least familiar, things in the exhibition were in the earlier sections—bold black-and-white student drawings, very Goyaesque, of raffish men and women dancing and boozing, and the tiny, jewel-colored compositions, often illustrating his own or others' poems, that he squeezed oddly into a few inches, as though looking at them through a keyhole. At the end of his life, ill and suffering from a persecution mania, he painted larger and larger, more brooding, and monstrously voluptuous dream women. All the famous stunners were there—the Venuses and Proserpines, with their amorous curled lips and the almost Afro-Asian luxuriance of their crimped tresses, who later greatly influenced the French Symbolist painters and the six-foot divinities of Art Nouveau. The female face was Rossetti's obsession, but, with one exception, it had to be filtered through ever more boring literary fantasies. The exception was his wife, Elizabeth Siddal—the pathetic, copper-haired Guggums. A whole section was given up to some of the numberless exquisite drawings he made of her when he forgot the goddesses and simply recorded, with beautiful simplicity (as in the little candlelit study, lent by Lord Clark, of Guggums lying asleep in her invalid's armchair), a frail human being whom he loved.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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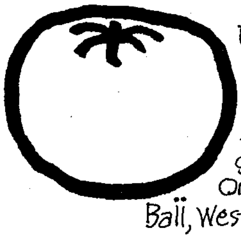

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THE RACE TRACK

Big Horse

SECRETARIAT is as good as ever—maybe better than ever. The Meadow Stable's handsome colt came back to the races at Aqueduct last Saturday in the Bay Shore Stakes and won it, as almost everybody had expected he would. It was a smashing performance, for although he beat Champagne Charlie, to whom he gave eight pounds, by a mere four and a half lengths, he had none of the breaks. He was fifth of the six starters leaving the gate, he didn't begin to pick up his field until he reached the half-mile ground, and he got a first-class bump from Actuality as he bulled his way through the traffic jam at the stretch turn. (Later, there was a claim of foul against him, but it was disallowed.) Once he was clear, it was all over but the cheering, and I can't recall when I've heard louder jubilation than there was as he passed the winning post. Oh, well, he's not merely big and beautifully made; there's something about him that makes people say he looks like a champion. Early in the week, I had a preview of him in his barn at Belmont Park, and he fairly took my breath away. He is light chestnut in color, with three white feet, and is tall and powerfully built, with good length for his height; he is deep through the girth, and has impressive shoulders and quarters, which give him tremendous propulsion. Yet all these endowments are so well in proportion that his general outline is symmetrical. Lucien Laurin also rates full marks; not many trainers nowadays would send their best three-year-old out for the first time under 126 pounds against seasoned colts to run seven furlongs on a track as sloppy as Aqueduct's was. Let's hope the weather will be better the next time Secretariat runs here, which will be in the Gotham Stakes, on April 7th.

THEY say that the best three-year-old at Santa Anita is Linda's Chief. Last Saturday, he won the San Felipe Handicap, which is the final prep for the Santa Anita Derby, on March 31st; he carried top weight, and came in three lengths ahead of Ancient Title. Out of the East was third. Luck seems to have run out for Sigmund Sommer since he lost Autobiography; Sham, for whom he paid $200,000, was a poor fourth in the San Felipe. Linda's Chief, you may remember, had quite a run of successes last summer. Secretariat snapped it in the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga.

MARIAN BENDER moved on to Pimlico for the Flirtation Stakes there on opening day last weekend, and ran her string of victories to six in a row. What next? Another three-year-old who attracted attention by winning there that afternoon was Cutlass—unbeaten in his three starts. A candidate for the classics, he's trained by Frank Whitely, Jr., the Fox of Laurel, who did so well with Cutlass's father, Damascus.

THE Delafield Commission, which Governor Rockefeller appointed last year to find out what has been happening to thoroughbred and light-harness racing, why the state's revenue from it (well in the millions) has fallen off sharply, and what to do about it, made its report last week. It runs a hundred and fifty-three pages. It blames off-course betting, as it is operated here at present, for the sharp decline in attendance and wagering at the tracks, and warns that if changes aren't made it is likely to kill the sport in New York. It recommends that the state take over the Off-Track Betting Corporation, reduce the pari-mutuel bite (cutting it, as an experiment, from seventeen per cent to fourteen at Aqueduct this fall), reduce the tax on admissions, which is now thirty per cent, and give more OTB money to the horsemen. As for OTB itself, the report recommends putting a five-per-cent tax on every wager (a $2 bet would cost $2.10) and channelling the play to gimmick betting—superfectas, exactas, and such. Needless to say, Howard Samuels, head of the OTB, and Mayor Lindsay have denounced the report and begun lobbying in Albany to keep their setup the way it is. The Legislature should have some interesting sessions before adjournment.

—AUDAX MINOR

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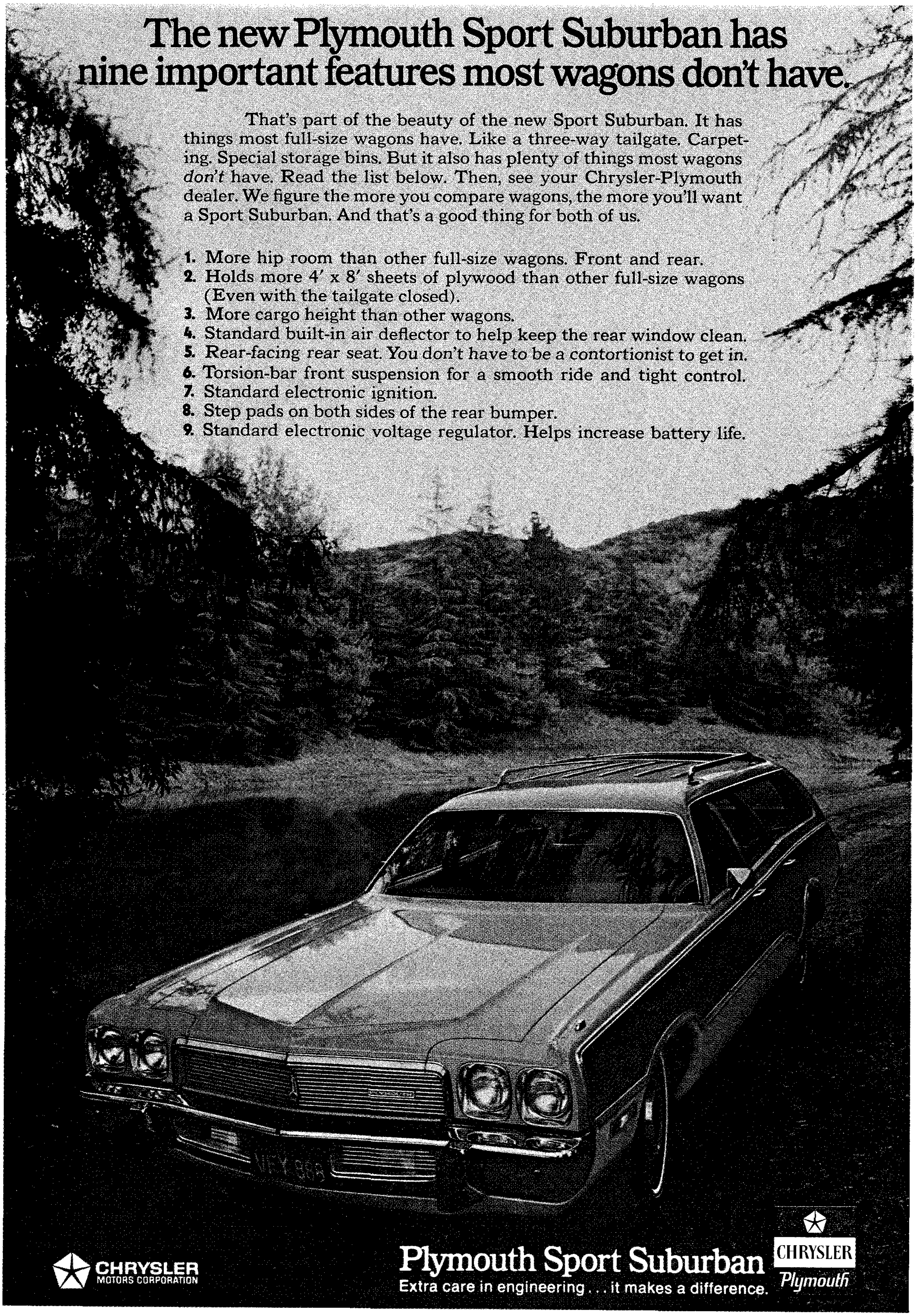

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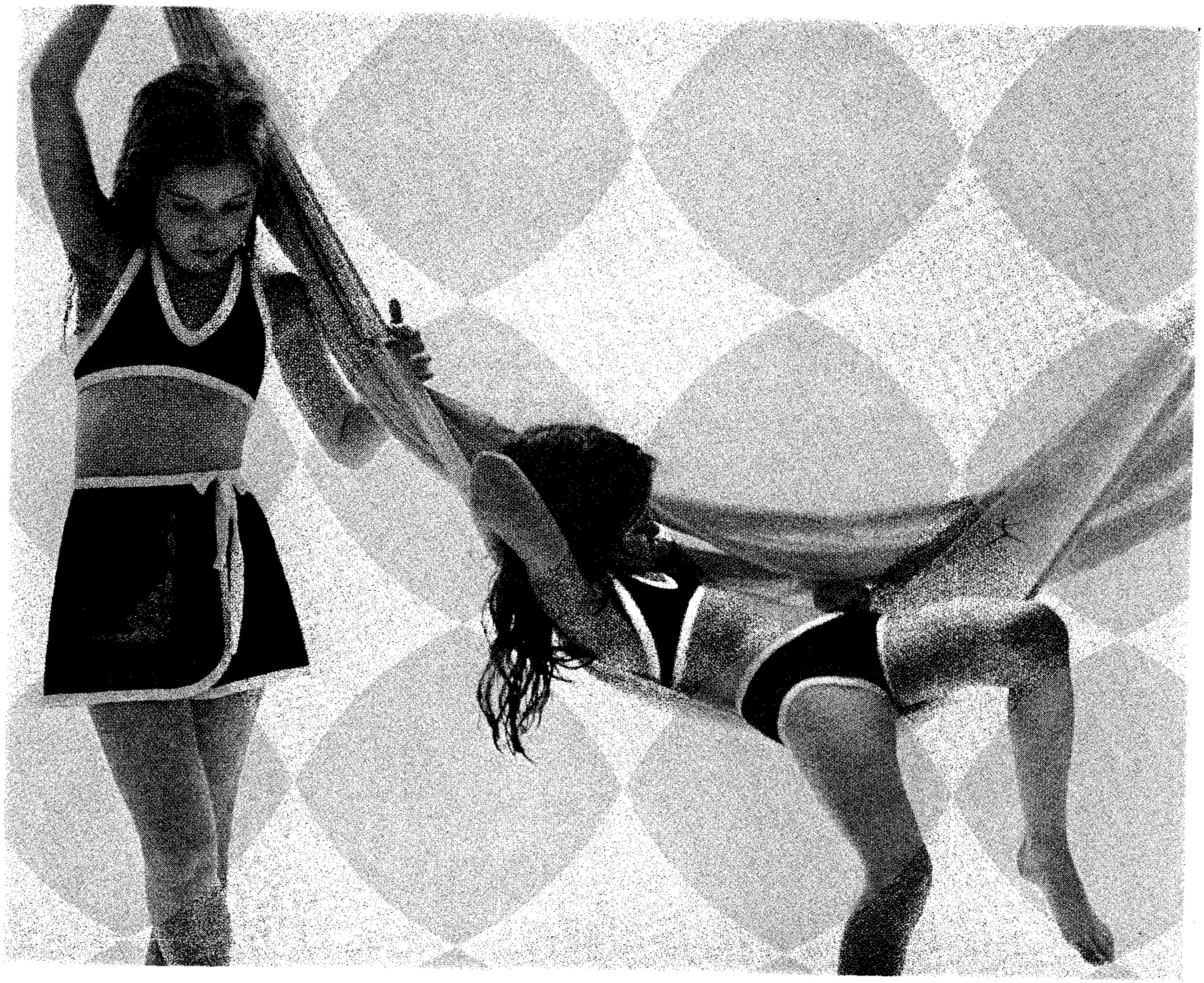

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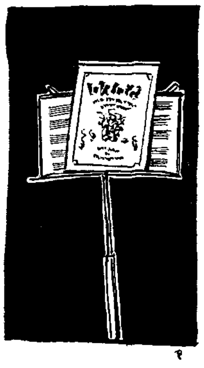
MUSICAL EVENTS

Branching Out

PHILHARMONIC HALL and the Metropolitan Opera stand as ancient monuments, new-built, to some fifty cherished and important years of musical history, but they are not the right places for hearing most of the music written during the seven centuries that today's music lover takes as his province. So in a week filled with interesting events none was more interesting and none, perhaps, of more moment than the concert of baroque music given by the Juilliard School in Alice Tully Hall last Friday. In innocence, I went along to it expecting to hear the music—by Bach, Rameau, Telemann, and Domenico Scarlatti—played on baroque instruments, at eighteenth-century pitch. America, after all, was the country where once I had stumbled into a gamelan class where not just a theoretical account of the thing, and not just a demonstration on a specimen instrument, but thoroughgoing practical instruction on a whole battery of instruments was in progress. America is the rich country where one expects technical teaching equipment to be superb whatever the field. And the famous Juilliard School would surely not be laggard in that field of baroque revival, which during the last decade or two has transformed both the content and the perspectives of our musical life. The instruments, however, were modern. This was the Juilliard's first venture of the kind. It was a good one. Albert Fuller (artistic director, incidentally, of the newly established Aston Magna Foundation, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, dedicated to the study and performance of baroque music) had fired his small band of instrumentalists with his enthusiasm for the period, and guided them toward the kinds of attack, phrasing, dynamic levels, rhythms, and ornaments that are required. They played with spirit and devotion; their zest and conviction were communicated to a packed and enthusiastic house. And when the Juilliard is equipped with baroque instruments the results will be even better. Let me chant once more that credo-refrain: the music of any age speaks most directly and eloquently to modern ears in the tones and with the accents of its own time.



The Overture to Rameau's "Zaïs," which opened the concert, is an arresting composition, bold and wonderful. Rameau is the most neglected of great composers. Telemann's D-Minor Quartet for flute, oboe, bassoon, and continuo (with a heavenly slow episode set into the finale) and Bach's Two-Violin Sonata were pleasing; Scarlatti's late, gravely tender "Salve Regina" is very beautiful (the soloist, Lorna Myers, has a rich, soft-grained mezzo, though the music calls for a voice quicker to speak, more forward, and able to trill); but the revelation of the evening was the Prologue to Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes." The difficulty of staging Rameau's theatre pieces lies largely in the dances, which are integral to the score, not detachable divertissements; one happy solution—as I noted when reviewing his "La Naissance d'Osiris" from Washington—is to re-create the dance style of Rameau's day. For this Juilliard performance, Wendy Hilton had set four of the Prologue dances—the entrée, a musette, a polonaise, and a menuet—to eighteenth-century sequences. Student dancers and student players had worked together on their execution, and Rameau's dance music made a new sense as we discovered how musical and choreographic images fit so fascinatingly together. There was nothing merely quaint or self-consciously archaic in the enterprise; the dancers' Ailey-inspired grace flowed through the heavier, formal movements notated by Feuillet in the early eighteenth century. Mr. Fuller's tempo for the *air gracieux* of cupids was, I felt sure, too brisk; if this number, too, had been danced, the proper tempo would have become apparent. Badiene Magaziner sang Hebe, the principal role, with the right quick, clear, forward tone and in good French; she was bright, fearless, and commanding in music that ranges boldly through the registers. Ahmed Tahir skipped Bellona's deep notes. (The goddess of war is here a bass.) Barbara Hendricks was a fleet, sweet Amor, though her French was unskillful. The choruses were omitted—but surely the Juilliard could have mustered a tenor to complete the harmonies of the finale. The next step is plain. With Mr. Fuller and Miss Hilton as guides, the Juilliard's music, dance, and drama departments must combine to stage in their theatre a complete Rameau opera. And after that they may as well show the City Opera how Monteverdi, and the Metropolitan Opera how Gluck, and the "Piccolo Met" how Purcell should be performed.

SINCE large orchestras still exist, composers still compose for them. Luciano Berio (born in 1925) is an inventive, colorful, and very canny composer, who draws inspiration from the remarkable interpreters for whom he writes (Cathy Berberian; the various soloists of his "Sequenze") and in return provides them with virtuoso vehicles in which both their art and his are advanced. For the Philharmonic and the Swingle Singers, in 1968 he composed his successful "Sinfonia" (expanded in 1970). His new Two-Piano Concerto, commissioned by the Philharmonic and first played at last Thursday's Philharmonic concert, is a distinguished and attractive composition, easily enjoyed. While not written "down" to its first audience, any more than were Bartók's American pieces (the Concerto for Orchestra and the Piano Concerto No. 3), it is, like those pieces—and like the "Sinfonia"—unformidable. The Concerto opens with a pan-tonal murmur from the two soloists, who are separated by the width of the platform. (Berio's only miscalculation is to start at a dynamic level lower than that provided by a coughing, chattering, and creaking audience.) Exclamatory incidents break through the gentle dialogue with increasing frequency until, after about five minutes, the orchestra enters. Berio uses a large orchestra (with triple or quadruple woodwinds, plus two saxophones) but does not use it very much. Knowing that the Philharmonic boasts a resident pianist of uncommon ability, Paul Jacobs, he assigns most of the virtuoso "accompaniment" to a third piano and otherwise writes fairly easy orchestral parts. Tuttis alternate with episodes where a single player—flute, violin, clarinet—engages with one or both of the soloists. Then the first piano has a rhapsodic cadenza of arabesque and filigree shot through with fleeting solos from various parts of the orchestra, and the second piano another, over long-held string tremolos. The soloists retire at last, before an orchestral *marche infernale* of miniature fanfares and repeated chords volleyed like grapeshot, and then they cut in again to launch a long, dazzling paragraph for the three pianos, an iridescent testudo of glittering tremo-

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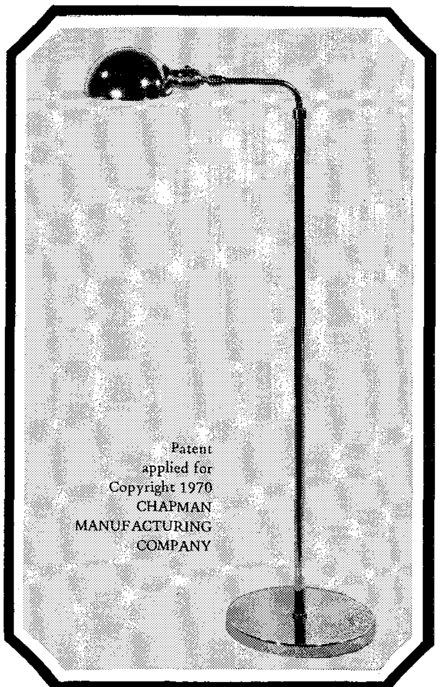
lando chords that Gottschalk might have envied. After a final brief tutti, the music drifts gently, unexpectedly, toward silence while the first piano insists on G-major and the second refuses to be bound.

The Concerto displays all Berio's virtues. His command of graphic musical gesture and his control of musical time conspire to make the score unfold before us like so many "scenes" of a drama. (Enter Clarinet; Enter Second Piano, with Followers . . . Exeunt; Scene change.) His ear, which has spent so much time analyzing the elements of musical sound, and his instrumental expertness insure a use of the instruments which is adventurous and unfailingly effective. The general form is clear. The details are finely worked and invite sustained attention. After a first, a second, even a third hearing, one only begins to grasp the subtle ways in which, it seems, the same "lines," repeated in a new set of circumstances, can lead to very different conclusions. The lines themselves are good; what Berio says is worth listening to, quite apart from the dexterous and elegant manners in which he says it. Currently the Concerto lasts twenty minutes, but the composer plans to enlarge it with some further dialogues between individual members of the orchestra and the soloists. I hope he does not alter the poetic dying fall of its sudden close.

It is surprising, and deplorable, that the Philharmonic concerts—New York's major orchestral series—are not broadcast as a matter of course. A work like this new concerto should have reached a larger audience than two hallfuls. No doubt it soon will: two-piano teams are prominent on the contemporary scene—what with Boulez's "Structures;" Stockhausen's "Mantra," for the Kontarsky brothers; Henze's "Moralities," for Rollino and Sheftel—and will want to tackle the Berio. The soloists of the first performance were Bruno Canino and Antonio Ballista, the most engaging team of all; their combination of lyricism and brio proved ideal. Pierre Boulez, associated with Berio since the early days of *Incontri Musicali*, Berio's Milanese review, was a lucid, masterly, and totally convincing conductor. I wish he could be persuaded to do more contemporary music.

SHELLEY hoped that his play "The Cenci" would be performed at Covent Garden. Alberto Ginastera hoped the same for his opera "Beatrix Cenci." In the event, Ginastera's piece



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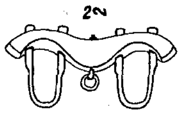

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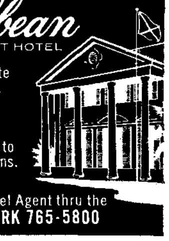

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was first given during the opening days of the Kennedy Center's Opera House, in Washington, in 1971, and last week it came to the New York State Theatre. Shelley's play, for which he thought Edmund Kean and Eliza O'Neill would be the ideal interpreters, is a highly "operatic" piece—and was flamboyantly produced as such by the Old Vic in 1959. But in any consideration of the modern theatre it also plays an important role, linked with the names of Seneca, Calderón, Artaud (whose famous version bombed so spectacularly in Paris in 1935), Barrault, and Peter Brook. Robert Edmond Jones left some stunning designs for it. Two operas by minor British composers, Roger Sacheverall Coke and Berthold Goldschmidt, have been based on the play, and Penderecki was at one time reported to be working on a version. " 'The Cenci' "—as Stuart Curran remarks in his elegant, admirable study "Shelley's 'Cenci': Scorpions Ringed with Fire"—"in somewhat altered form has the potential for a superb operatic libretto." Ginastera's librettists, William Shand and Alberto Girri, have altered it a good deal. Their two acts are cast as a series of short, largely sensational scenes, with narrative reduced to a minimum. Beatrice's trial is omitted; her rape, the murder of Cenci, and her torture are shown on stage. While not perhaps a "superb" libretto, it is a strong one, devised to need music for its fulfillment. Ginastera's music, alas, is not very interesting. There are some ingenious sound effects (notably an instrumental mimicry of Cenci's baying dogs). There are crashes, ominous "tension" passages, outbursts at the appropriate moments. Most of the time, the vocal line is a rather featureless declamation, without much character or dramatic life in it. The wretched little State Theatre program book gave, as usual, almost no useful information about the piece, but since the conductor (Julius Rudel), the producer (Gerald Freedman), the designers (John Conklin of the sets, Theoni V. Aldredge of the costumes), the choreographer (Joyce Trisler), the two principals (Arlene Saunders as Beatrice, Justino Díaz as the Count), and the two assassins were those of the première, this was presumably a re-creation of the Washington performance. Miss Saunders was capable but not very moving as a heroine whom Duse longed to play. Mr. Díaz, in, so to speak, a Chaliapin role, was vocally unimpressive, though his acting, in its hammy way, was quite powerful. (The State Theatre is no friend to voices; else-

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where the singers might have sounded better.) Gwendolyn Killebrew, as Lucretia, was fuzzy-focussed of tone. Vocally, the clear tenor of Gary Glaze, in the small part of Orsino, left the strongest impression. The piece was sung in Spanish. A bilingual libretto is published, and was on sale when one arrived in the theatre, but neither of New York's major music stores could provide it on the morning of the performance. Does no one here take opera seriously? All in all, the presentation was thoroughly efficient. It moved swiftly. The stage pictures were striking. But one cannot really recommend the opera to Covent Garden.

OTHER things in brief. The twelve Solistes des Chœurs de l'O.R.T.F., trained and directed by Marcel Couraud, form a vocal group of matchless virtuosity. Their Alice Tully Hall recital last week opened with their superb account of Messiaen's "Cinq Rechants." Ivo Malec's "Dodécaméron" exploits in a fascinating, brilliant, and shapely fashion their ability to simulate anything from electronic "white sound," wails, and whistles to the patter of exotic percussion. "Nuits," Xenakis's celebrated quarter-tone motet of cries, groans, and angry protests, strikes me as a contrived piece that palls quickly after a few hearings. A new work, Branimir Sakac's "Umbrana," gave the choir difficult but uninteresting things to do. The group is less impressive when it has to sing music of a more traditional kind; in excerpts from Poulenc's motet cycle "Figure Humaine," which in any case calls for a larger chorus, the phrasing was not shaped to the words.

The Minnesota Orchestra, which is celebrating its seventieth-anniversary season, brought Szymanowski's Third Symphony, "Song of the Night," to Carnegie Hall. It is a glamorous, rapturous outpouring, heady, sensuous, and intoxicatingly beautiful, with a text by Rūmi, the Persian mystic. But it was done, disappointingly, without chorus. This involves a cut of some eighteen soft-shimmering bars in the first section; the conductor, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, made another, needless cut in the central section. (In full, the symphony lasts only twenty minutes.) The orchestra played rather drably—hessian, where one wanted rich velvets touched by starshine.

Karl Weigl, who was born in Vienna in 1881 and died in New York in 1949, has been called "a figure of major importance." After hearing three string quartets and several smaller pieces, I think him hardly that but,

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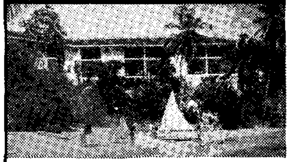

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rather, a minor composer whose works bear occasional revival, and fill in some of the background to that Vienna where Mahler and then Schoenberg, Schreker, Berg, and Webern were the giants. As Schoenberg once wrote, Weigl was "one of those who continued the dignified Viennese tradition." His Eighth String Quartet, given its first performance, by the Concord Quartet, in the auditorium of the Lincoln Center Library of the Performing Arts, on March 3rd, is a soundly made, unarresting composition with no harm in it and a good deal of careful craft. The recital ended with the second public performance—the first had been given a fortnight earlier—of Mahler's piano-quartet movement in A-minor, a student piece from 1876, tuneful, richly wrought, and sounding as if it might have been composed by Humperdinck.

A John Cage sixtieth-birthday "retrospective" in the McMillin Theatre of Columbia University brought up some attractive early works: a brief, chipper Clarinet Sonata of 1933; five E. E. Cummings settings of 1938 that sounded as if Britten might have composed them thirty years later; and a poised account of the "First Construction (in Metal)" of 1939. "Imaginary Landscape No. 4," though put on in style, with twenty-four distinguished musicians at the controls of the twelve little radio sets involved, had one of its less remarkable realizations, since nothing very interesting was picked out of the ether. —ANDREW PORTER

●

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[*From Who's Who, 1971-2*]

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 16

EARLY in 1968, when the contest for the Republican nomination was still open, the eventual winner talked now and then of the need for an "activist" President. No one at the time took this very seriously, and those who gave it any thought at all saw it as part of a strategy to pick up a few labor and liberal votes. After all, Nixon's great patron of the decade before had been a relaxed, easygoing President, and Republicans in general had heaped scorn on the modern Democratic Presidents—Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson—who had employed to the full, and sometimes enlarged, the powers of the office. The activist concept had been embraced by most liberals and more than a few conservatives, and when Nixon joined their ranks to this extent, it was commonly supposed that he was cashing in on what had become a popular view in some quarters. The general assumption was that if he became President he would bend his efforts to getting out of Vietnam and opposing any more domestic innovations and congressional runs on the Treasury. But it has been clear for some time now that he was altogether serious, and that he is outdoing just about all his predecessors in gathering to himself as much power as possible and wielding it with clear purpose and remarkable vigor.

Some of this was evident in his first term, though less so than in the early weeks of the present one. His attempts to transform the Supreme Court and his striking diplomatic initiatives were the work of a man as unlike Eisenhower as Eisenhower had been unlike his predecessor. But the real evidence that Nixon has more zeal for his personal consolidation of power than for the diffusion of authority on which he has expended so much rhetoric has come in the last couple of months, in which he has reorganized his own branch of government, defied the Congress on a half-dozen issues, and sought to establish personal control over institutions that few Presidents have ever regarded as adversaries. Most Presidents have found it advantageous to have on the White House staff and in the Cabinet men of varying backgrounds and gifts, and in some cases conflicting opinions—as distinct, of course, from conflicting loyalties—as well as men who had some authority apart from their positions in government. The practice gave substance to the doctrine, championed with much fervor by Richard Nixon, that the President of the United States, whatever his partisan ties, is "President of all the people." Nixon may hold to the doctrine, but for him it has a somewhat different meaning. He wishes to preside over a government all of whose members speak as he speaks and do as he tells them. In the Cabinet and in the White House at the present time, there is no one—with the possible exception of Henry Kissinger, a very special case—who serves the President and is at the same time known to harbor views differing in some degree from those of his patron. All in all, the aides are a rather drab and undifferentiated group, but in the President's mind this may be an asset, since he is able to stand out in their midst and impose his discipline with ease.

Last year's congressional elections and the recent Administration behavior toward Congress have increased congressional resistance to the White House, and it is currently an open question whether, no matter how strenuous an effort he makes, Nixon will get the legislative actions he called for in his astonishing series of State of the Union Messages. If he finally prevails, it will be only after some of the most acrimonious debate heard here in years. But what is as interesting and almost as significant as the outcome of any particular conflict is the nature of the requests—or, more properly, perhaps, the demands—he has been making. His latest "message"—No. 6, sent up this week—is in some ways the boldest and most extraordinary of the lot. In essence, it calls for a redrafting of the federal criminal code and, beyond that, for a narrowing of judicial authority and, by implication, for the imposition of a new standard of American morality. Although the trend of thought in the country as a whole and in its higher courts has been against capital punishment, the President thinks this a mistaken and wishy-washy brand of humanitarianism and wishes to reëstablish the death penalty for crimes that he regards as "capital." Beyond that, he wishes to return (in federal cases, which generally set the standard for state codes) to mandatory penalties—in some cases, to life imprisonment with no possibility of parole—for a whole series of crimes. He thinks his requests should be enacted, as he puts it, "without pity"—a chilling and shocking phrase for any American President, let alone a Quaker one, to use. While there is a powerful case for uniform laws on, say, the possession of marijuana, there is no case at all for taking from the judiciary the power of determining sentences on a case-by-case basis. There is no more sensitive or important part of the judicial function than this—the study of the mind, character, and record of the defendant—and if this function were standardized, the robes might as well be worn by any proficient clerk, provided he went about his business "without pity," as by a man of probity, wisdom, and compassion.

Congress may make some changes in the criminal code—several are called for—but it is doubtful if it will accept all the ones the President wants, and it is doubtful if even the Nixon Court would accept them all. As for other domestic reforms Nixon has proposed, he may have a slim majority on his side. The programs of the opposition may be worthier than his in many respects, but unless the Congress passing on them is willing to risk much more inflation or to trim the military budget by more billions than anyone has thus far proposed, the means to finance them may be lacking. In this likely case, though, we shall be a poorer society than is reflected by the account books, for what the Administration proposes in the name of "revenue sharing" is the destruction of federal social-service bureaucracies, which deserve no special consideration if a better alternative can be brought into existence, and a transfer to local authorities of most of the funds now being administered from here. This would be politically astute, because it would win for the White House a constituency it now lacks—governors and other high state figures—while further reducing the authority of Congress and of the professional bureaucracy here. Moreover, it would have—initially, at least—considerable popular appeal, for a good deal of power still resides in the American myth that there is more concern, understanding, and sound judgment in local units of government than in this

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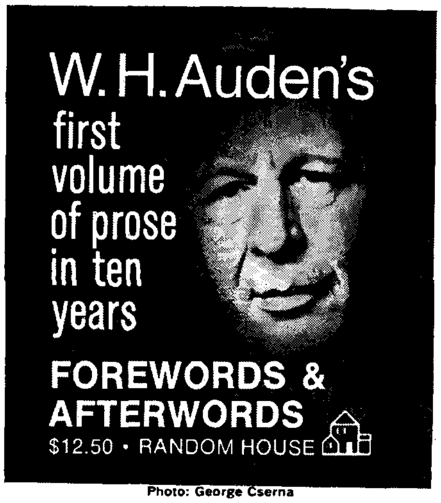

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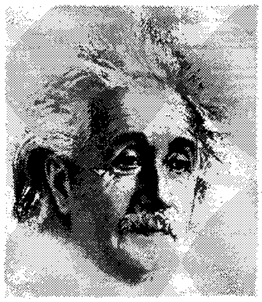
remote and (as the myth has it) heartless capital. Most close students of the problem believe that, despite the evidence of recent months, there are more Watergates in the lesser units of government than there are in this one, but the contrary belief prevails in many parts of the country. What is in any case certain is that national problems of health, poverty, and the like are more effectively dealt with in this national capital than they have ever been dealt with in the provinces, and that revenue sharing as envisaged by the Administration at present would result in a further impoverishment of the poor—in particular, the urban poor—and an enrichment of certain state governments that really suffer very little. It is doubtful if a majority in either house disputes this proposition, but the myth has its attractions for congressmen as well as for the President, and at the moment it seems likely that he will prevail. The spirit of resistance has been growing at a brisk pace in Congress, but it probably isn't up to denying a still popular President on matters where, it would seem, the voters still stand with him. If his domestic programs work out as inequitably as most of the scholars believe they will, the majority will in time abandon him—the latest Gallup Poll shows a three-per-cent decline in popularity—but, barring a severe worsening of the economy, it may stay with him through most of his last term.

EVER since a substantial body of Americans came to favor a cease-fire in South Vietnam, the military experts have insisted that no such thing was possible in a war of this sort and that even if we executed a unilateral withdrawal combat would continue for many months, if not for many years. In this, as in few other things, the military men seem confirmed in their judgment. A cease-fire has been accepted in principle by everyone, and our intervention has been scaled down to practically nothing, but the fighting goes on. No one is paying any attention to the pieties of the diplomats in Paris or elsewhere. The fighting may eventually slacken because the large powers see no future in it and decline to contribute matériel at the present rate, but the civil conflict has by no means been resolved, and may never be.

Until recently, the anti-war people here feared that if Hanoi persisted in fighting, and appeared close to success, we would once more become involved on a large scale, and perhaps try for the goal of complete military victory



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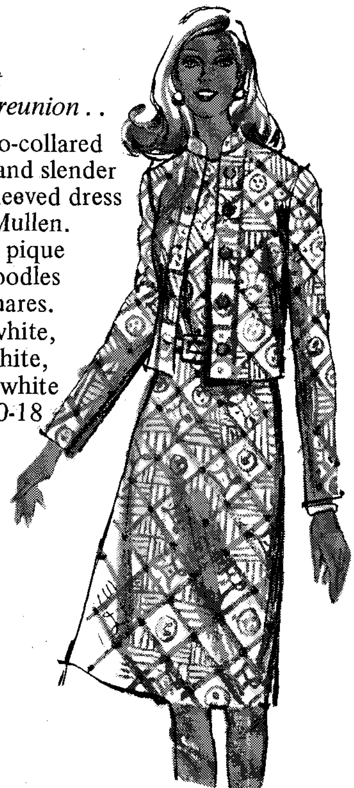

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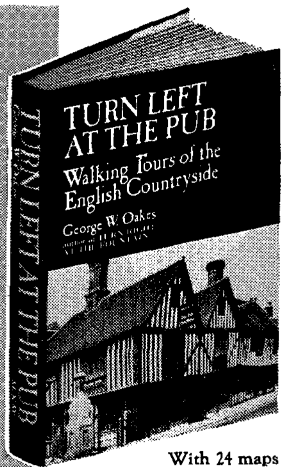

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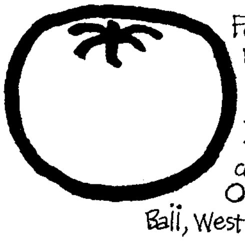

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we abandoned several years back. Something of the sort might have happened if the Communists had been able to mount a formidable offensive when we were just beginning to pull out ground troops, but now it seems all but inconceivable, partly because an attempt at military victory would be an admission of political defeat, and partly because it would destroy the Administration's recent diplomatic successes. Much of the support that the President has achieved in domestic affairs would count for nothing if he tried to lead us back to 1968, and the efforts at peaceful coexistence with China and the Soviet Union would almost certainly have to be abandoned. Still, the probability remains strong that in time North Vietnam will extend its power over nearly all of Indo-China. This development is almost written into the agreements that Henry Kissinger, with the President's backing and encouragement, has accepted. Dean Rusk used to say at almost every press conference he held that no settlement would be acceptable to the United States unless it contained assurances that North Vietnam would "leave its neighbors alone." But Kissinger and Nixon have always gone on the assumption that no such assurances would ever be given in their time, and they have not called on Hanoi for the kind of military withdrawal that we have undertaken. All they have asked is that Communist power south of the Demilitarized Zone be stabilized at its current strength in both men and weapons. This concession is no more than a face-saving device on our part, for we will have nothing but the roughest of estimates of the North Vietnamese presence, and there is little hope that the international supervisors can do any better than the huge intelligence apparatus we maintained during our years there. Besides, there remains the prospect of Hanoi's recruiting large numbers of South Vietnamese to the Communist political and military organizations. What in effect we have done is to accept the war in Vietnam as an essentially civil conflict—one that may end in a way displeasing to us but is in any case no business of ours.

All over Washington, there are people who are eager to point out that we could have negotiated this kind of settlement years ago and thereby saved countless lives and almost boundless destruction. There is probably a good deal of merit in this proposition, though it is not quite self-evident, for Hanoi, too, has made concessions that it once denied it would ever make, and much of Washington was adamant in its support of the Rusk doctrine. Still, a diplomat as skillful and energetic as Henry Kissinger might have brought things to a conclusion sooner if he had had an earlier start. There is nothing to be said for the prosecution of the war by the Nixon Administration, but the fact that things worked out as they did has had some unintended but nevertheless salutary effects in this country. The distaste of our people for the war and for military solutions in general has grown to heartening proportions. The Congress has become determined never again to abdicate its responsibility in foreign affairs. Some of this was in the making even before Nixon took office the first time, but, whatever may be said of his election, it has spared us what once seemed, even to those who favored immediate unilateral withdrawal, a consequence both inevitable and ugly—a prolonged and bitter dispute over the political responsibility for the war and its loss. That would surely have come, and with it a new hunt for scapegoats. But, with Nixon's continuation of the war, it became a bipartisan conflict, which makes it no more defensible but which at least removes its origins and its conduct from factional controversy.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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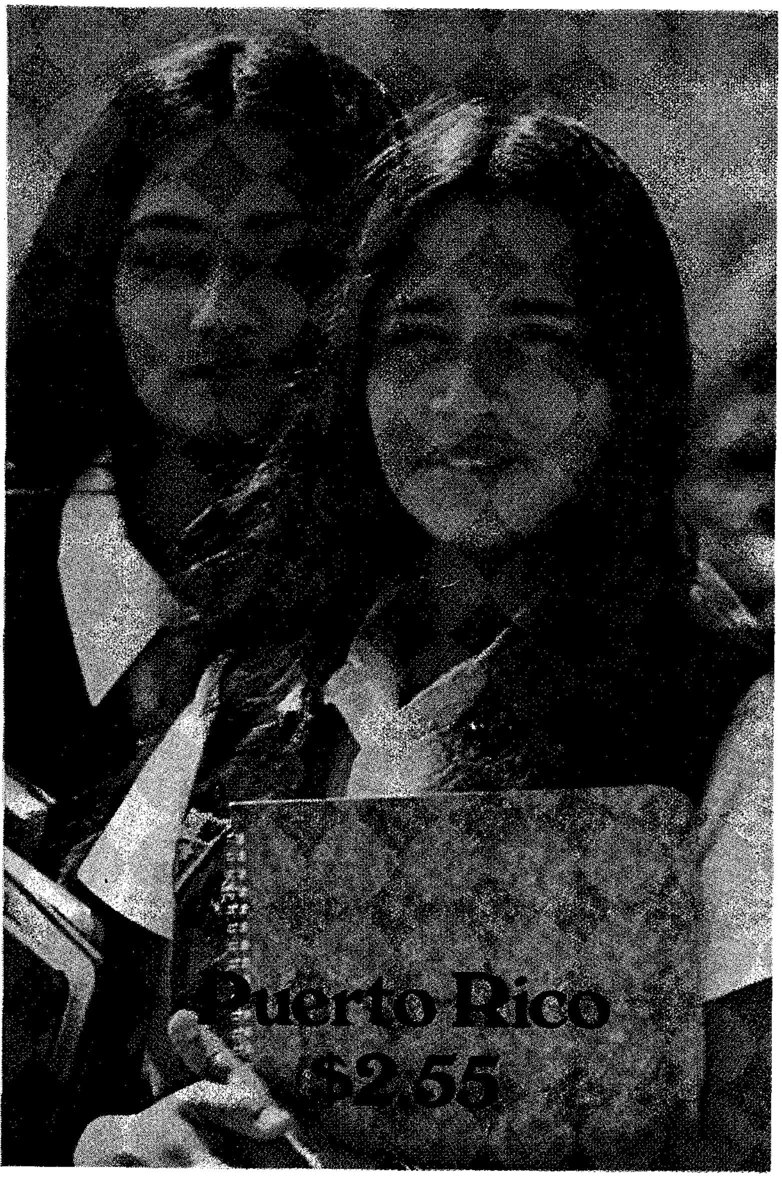

For business or pleasure, dialing a telephone call direct is the fastest way to get to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

From cities such as New York, Boston, and Chicago, $2.55 plus tax is all you pay for a three-minute station-to-station call you dial yourself between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. weekdays and all day Saturday and Sunday.

$4.65 plus tax is all it costs when you dial a call yourself between 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. weekdays. $3.45 plus tax from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

For rates from other cities, just check your local operator.

So do something nice for yourself. Use area code 809 and exchange greetings with someone in Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands.

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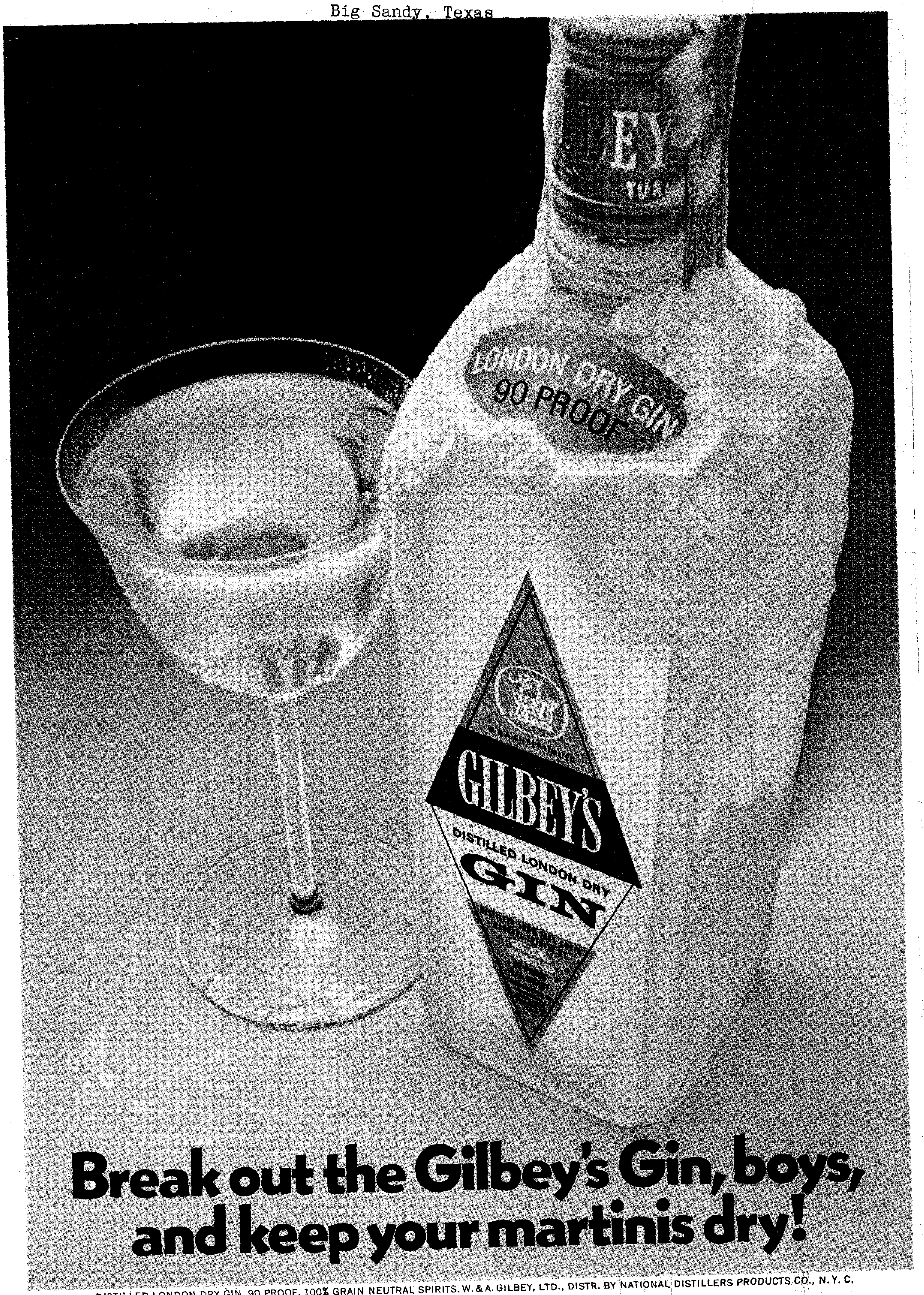
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Break out the Gilbey's Gin, boys,
and keep your martinis dry!

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